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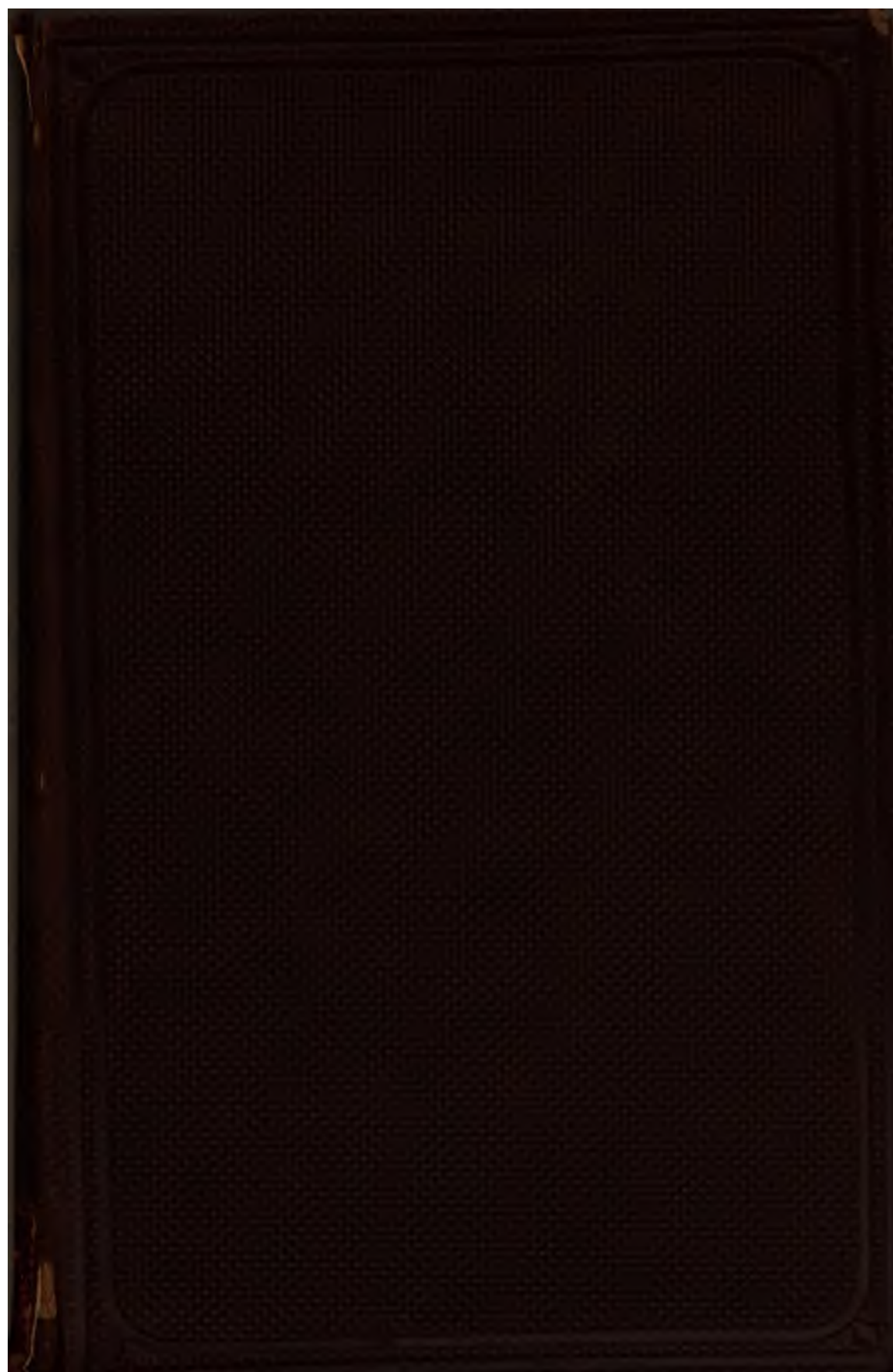
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A MEMOIR
OF
THE REV. JOHN HODGSON,

M.A., F.R.S.L., F.S.A.N.
VICAR OF HARTBURN,
AND AUTHOR OF A HISTORY OF NORTHUMBERLAND, &c.

BY THE
REV. JAMES RAINE, M.A., F.S.A.N.

RECTOR OF MELDON, ETC.,
AUTHOR OF A HISTORY OF NORTH DURHAM, ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

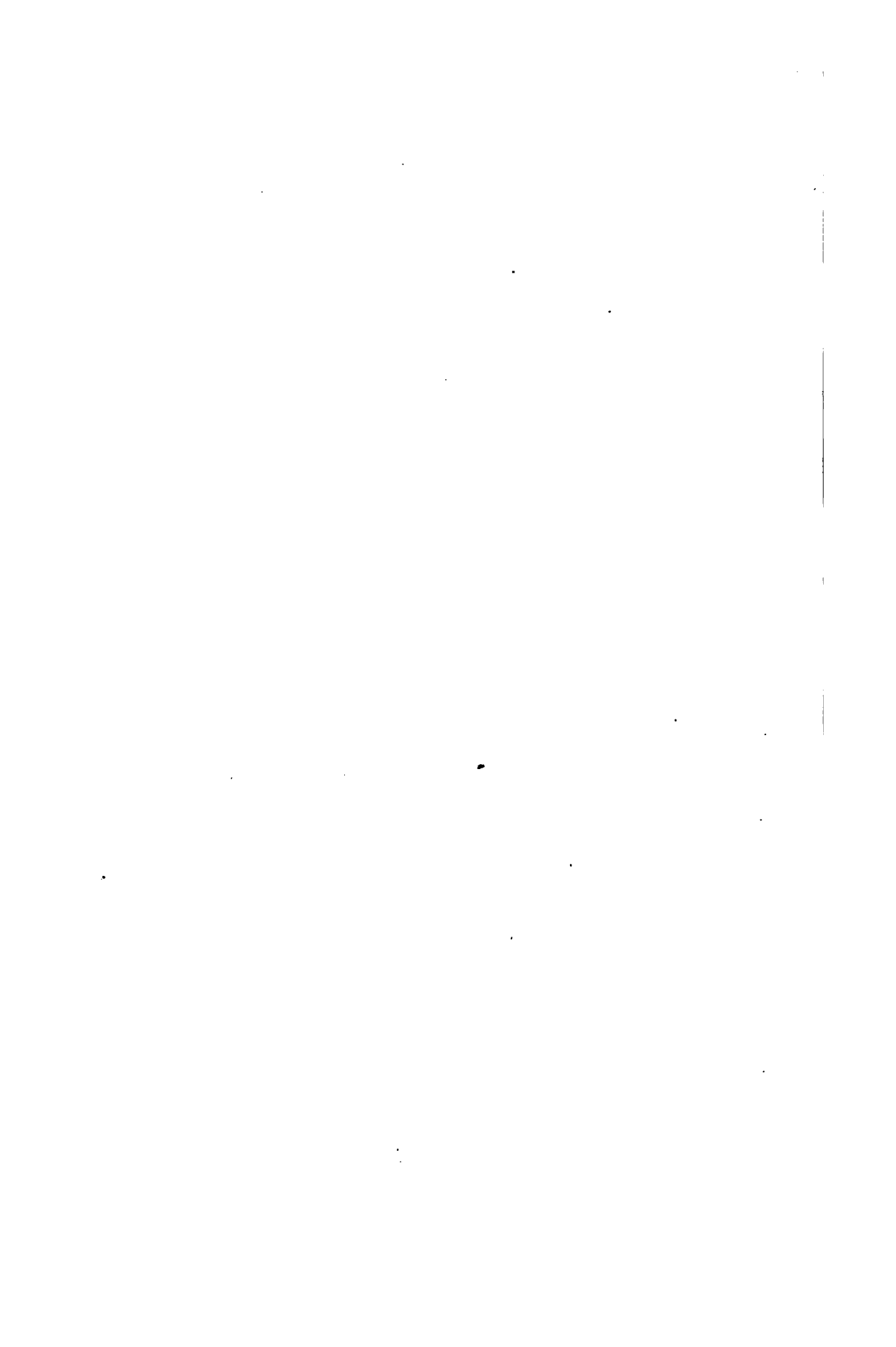
VOL. I.

"Historia præstat, ut qui ævo priore vixerant, vivere adhuc nostra
videantur ætate."—*Salmas. Pref. in Aug. Hist. Scriptores.*

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NOTICE.

IN compiling the following Memoir the author has had the use of the various letters addressed to Mr. Hodgson from an early period of his life till the time of his death, and also of such copies of letters in reply as have been preserved. The latter, however, it is much to be regretted, are not numerous. These letters and copies are contained in several volumes arranged in chronological order, under Mr. Hodgson's directions, a while before his death, with indexes of the writers.

He has also been favoured with numerous letters addressed by Mr. Hodgson to his various friends from time to time, of which no copy had been taken, and for the loan of which he begs to express his obligations. The great extent to which in this respect he has been benefited will abundantly appear in the course of the Memoir.

The letters by Mr. Hodgson to the various members of his own family have all of them been carefully preserved, and, having been placed before the author without reserve, have signally contributed to give a value to his narrative and illustrate the kind and affectionate character of their writer.

From the time in which Mr. Hodgson first settled in the county of Durham in 1801, as master of Sedgefield school, he appears to have kept a series of books of a miscellaneous nature, but chiefly containing *memoranda* respecting his school or parochial engagements. Of such entries in these books as refer to his personal history due use has been made.

Much private information is also recorded in his numerous note-books of historical collections for his various topographical publications, and the author hopes that nothing of that nature registered in those volumes has escaped his eye.

For a long period of his life it appears to have been Mr. Hodgson's custom to record occasionally and in an irregular method in the volumes and books above referred to such of his personal proceedings and thoughts as he wished to remember, but in the year 1833 he began, as it will be hereafter observed, to keep a regular journal of his daily life, the precise nature and value of which will best appear from the Memoir itself, towards the compilation of which that record has been so especially useful.

The other sources from which the author has derived his information, such as essays, sermons, &c. &c., printed or in manuscript, are sufficiently specified in the progress of his undertaking.

*Crook Hall, near Durham,
July 10th, 1857.*

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MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. JOHN HODGSON, M.A.

CHAPTER I.

Birth—Family—Swindale—Rosgill—His first school—Bampton School—Westmerland schools—Rev. John Bowstead—Schoolboy days and studies—Schools in general—Professor Carlyle's offer—Schoolmaster at Matterdale—Geology—Schoolmaster at Stainton—At Sedgefield—Mainsforth and Mr. Surtees—Sedgefield—Holy Orders.

“In addition to the interest felt by the general reader, the lovers of antiquarian and topographical research, now and hereafter, will have a characteristic anxiety to learn particulars of a writer who has furnished them with such a work as ‘Surtees's History of Durham.’”

With this paragraph the late Mr. Taylor of Witton-le-Wear commenced his Memoir * of Mr. Surtees of Mainsforth; and with it I, also, preface the following account of the life and character of the late Historian of Northumberland, the Rev. John Hodgson; with the hope of interesting in the course of its progress not merely the general reader, or the antiquary and topographer, but also the poet, the naturalist, the geologist, the experimental philosopher, and the parish priest. Not only was Mr. Hodgson a poet of considerable merit, and a county historian of the highest

* Written to accompany the Fourth Volume of Mr. Surtees's History of the County Palatine of Durham, which, at its author's death, was ready for publication. Mr. Taylor's memoir has since been reprinted by the Surtees Society in an octavo form, with numerous additions. For this second edition the author of the present undertaking had a melancholy pleasure in making himself responsible.

order, but he had also devoted much time, and that successfully, to botanical, geological, and philosophical studies, solacing with such pursuits many a weary hour of ill health, from his boyhood till the day of his death, and benefiting in the end, not only his own generation, but posterity by his researches and discoveries—and, as a humble, painstaking, contented parish priest, he put the finishing stroke to his character, and left behind him a signal example for imitation. This is the man to whose “memory,” in the words of Bishop Hacket,* “I wish well—I profess it; and would have him live in honour, though he be dead; not with me, or a few more, only; but with the succession of men.” I may be indulged in another quotation from the same author. “When a worthy man’s fame survives, through their help that light a candle for that use, that others in succession of ages may perfectly behold him, it is a grateful service, to put one day more, as it were, to the Life of Nature; but a day that may be longer, perhaps, than the mortal preceding life thrice told over.”†

In writing the following memoir, the pattern which I propose to imitate to the best of my power, is one set before me by him to whose memory I dedicate my labour of love.

In the progress of Mr. Hodgson’s great undertaking, the History of the County of Northumberland, there arose before him, as it were from the grave—for divers of them had been long forgotten—many worthy and learned men, claiming, from their connection with the district in former times, a record in his pages; and he has, in consequence, left behind him, interwoven in his history, various proofs of his devoted regard for their talents and their memory. The biographical pictures of these old Northumbrian worthies, which he has drawn, in his history and elsewhere, “amiable acts of piety” as he himself terms all such attempts, I propose to follow as my guides; and it is my most earnest hope to be able in some measure to imitate in the following narrative the pattern of gentlemanly feeling and truth-telling simplicity, which are so conspicuous in his own short biographical sketches of the men whom he has rescued from oblivion.

Mr. Hodgson was born at Swindale, in the parish of Shap, in

* Life of Archbishop Williams. The Proem, p. 3.

† Ib. p. 2.

Westmerland,* on the 4th Nov. 1779; and was baptized at Shap nine days afterwards. His father was Isaac Hodgson, and his mother was Elizabeth, daughter of William Rawes, of West Sleddale, another hamlet in the same parish. Of this Isaac the more remote ancestors had been seated in Patterdale, and other places in the parish of Barton, which forms the margin of a large portion of the lake of Ulswater; but his father had resided at Rosgill in the parish of Shap, to which he himself removed his family soon after the birth of John his eldest son. The Hodgsons were, as it appears, a numerous clan in that district, deriving their name from an early ancestor with the Christian name of Roger, of whose son (Roger's son) Hodgson is a corruption, through Hodge, a familiar name for Roger. Hodgson himself, in his after-years, frequently signed himself John Fitz-Roger, at length or by initials, in his communications to magazines or other periodical literature. Isaac Hodgson, the father, on whose memory the son always dwelt with the most affectionate regard, is described in the parish register, in connection with the baptism of his son, as a waller or stone-mason; and afterwards, in the same document, upon the baptism of his second child, as a slater. By his mother Elizabeth Rawes, or, as she was more frequently called, Betty, the subject of our memoir, one of a numerous family, having five brothers and four sisters, all of them younger than himself, was related to the Rev. William Rawes, M.A.; who had settled in the county of Durham, first as master of the school at Witton-le-

* This was the mode in which, at a later period of his life, Hodgson began to write the name of his native county; and for the following reasons:—"I observe (says he) that the present mode of spelling this name is Westmoreland. The old and proper way of spelling it in Latin was *Westmaria*, and in English Westmerland, which means the lands of the western meres or lakes; for in ancient times the name was not confined to the district now constituting the county of Westmerland, but to the district in which the lakes of Westmerland, Cumberland, and Lancashire are situated: just as *Northumberland*, formerly applied to the Saxon kingdom of that name north of the *Humber*, is now applied to the county of Northumberland alone." *Letter to his son in 1831.* And again "There is not (says Dr. Burn) one ancient record that we have met with—where it is not expressly called Westmerland, and not Westmorland or Westmoreland. The Latin word is *Westmaria*, sometimes *Westmeria*." *Preface to Poetic Trifles, printed at Whelpington in 1832, by John Hodgson, jun.* With such authority before me, it is my intention to write the word in the following pages according to its true derivation.

Wear, and afterwards of that at Houghton-le-Spring, where he died about thirty years ago. It was this connection with Mr. Rawes, which, as we shall see afterwards, led in process of time to Mr. Hodgson's crossing Stainmore and becoming master of a parish school with a small endowment situated at Sedgefield, a place at no great distance from his cousin, who resided at Witton-le-Wear above mentioned.

Of the valley of his nativity, Hodgson thus writes in after-years: "Swindale, to me, wild and craggy as it is, was, and continues to be, in my remembrance and affections, one of the dearest spots upon earth. I knew every rock and frowning precipice in it, from the Druid's Stone to the black and precipitous front of Wallow Crag." In truth, as is generally the case with those who live at a distance from the place of their nativity, this little valley became towards the close of his life the subject of his thoughts by day and his dreams by night; and we shall see what efforts he made to revisit it at the very end of his days, when the least mental or bodily exertion gave him pain.

When Hodgson was only seven or eight months old the parents of the boy quitted their habitation in Swindale, and moved a mile or two down the stream of the Lowther to Rosgill, where the Hodgsons had previously resided for two generations; and of Rosgill also we have his recollections towards the close of his life. "I had cousins in Swindale, and while I resided at Rosgill I used to gather shells of snails, the beautifully-banded *helix nemoralis*, on the limestone grounds about us, and carry these to my young friends there, who admired and preserved them as curiosities, because shells of that kind were not found in their own valley, on account, as it was supposed, of having no limestone in it."

But at Rosgill the boy had other cares than those of gathering shells for the amusement of his cousins in Swindale. He was, as he informs us in his Journal of 1844, sent to school to Mrs. Jackson, a female relation, of whom he thus writes, giving at the same time his reminiscences of a very important event in his history, his becoming a pupil in the endowed Grammar School of Bampton, in the adjoining parish, in the seventh year of his age.

"Mrs. Richardson, mother of Admiral Richardson of Hunger Hill near Bampton in Westmerland, was, as well as Mrs. Jackson, a cousin

of my father. Mrs. Richardson died before I could well remember her. Both she and Mrs. Jackson were schoolmistresses here at Rosgill. They lived on the opposite side of the street to my father. I remember Mrs. Jackson very well; for, stepping on a duck in the dark entrance into the school, she struck my face with her birch-rod so severely, that it made me black and blue; and my mother took me to Bampton, when I was about seven years old, and Mr. Bowstead examined me, and found me fit to enter into the Grammar School. I remember that Mrs. Jackson's stripes swelled so much, that I was not able, on the day of the sad accident, to go to the horseraces at Knipe Scar Head. Mrs. Richardson fixed her son in Mr. Bowstead's house, where he was educated till he went to the navy."

The counties of Westmerland, Cumberland, and that part of Lancashire on the north side of Morecambe Bay, have long been most remarkable for the number and high character of their endowed grammar schools, and for the zeal with which their small landed proprietors, or statesmen, as they were called, persevered in devoting one son at least out of their families to the profession of holy orders. The endowments of the schools were in general too small to encourage their masters in an indolent and discreditable neglect of duty; and the general character of the lads of the hills and dales for painstaking perseverance and emulation, in acquiring a sound education, afforded much, in the way of reward, to a zealous and conscientious teacher, who saw himself engaged in an honourable and fruit-bearing labour. On the subject of these schools, their history and utility, the reader is referred to Mr. Hodgson's own statements and opinions in his *History of Westmerland* in the "Beauties of England and Wales," p. 41, &c. a book of which somewhat will be said hereafter. At the commencement of the present century, and for some time before that period, the curates and incumbents of small benefices in the diocese of Durham were almost all of them West Country men, as they were called, many of them excellent classical scholars or mathematicians, or both, and most of them well versed in worldly wisdom, in its better acceptation; and further, from the economical way in which they had been brought up, able to live with respectability upon small incomes, realised, partly by the then scanty salary of a curacy, and partly by school-keeping, an

occupation which they seldom failed to follow in their respective localities.

The master of Bampton school, when the little seven years' old boy from Rosgill first entered within its walls, was the Rev. John Bowstead, a teacher then, and for many a long year afterwards, in the highest repute; and when such a man as this pronounced young Hodgson "fit" for his school, it is not unreasonable to suppose that certain indications of good natural talents had manifested themselves to the examiner. Mr. Bowstead, who had been himself educated at Wrea, near Carlisle, and had been appointed to the mastership of Bampton school in 1775, was in his after-years, as a fit recompence for a long life of painful and conscientious toil, rewarded by his nephew, Dr. James Bowstead, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, with a stall in Lichfield cathedral, and by Dr. Percy, Bishop of Carlisle, in 1832, with the rectory of Musgrave. He died in November 1841, in the 86th year of his age, having, as he boasted before his death in good Westmerian phraseology, "eddecated three hundert preests, I hev, at hev ee."*

Mr. Hodgson never forgot his obligations to this venerable man. In his *History of Westmerland*, in the "Beauties of England and Wales," he speaks of him in the year 1811 in terms of respect, as the author of several poems, as having presided over Bampton school for the last forty years, and as having "much gratitude due to him from his pupil." In 1814 he recommended his former master to be an honorary member of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle; in the same year he presented to him in person, at Bampton, his *History of Westmerland*; in 1825, he requested his acceptance of a snuffbox with a Latin inscription, recording that year as the fiftieth of his mastership; and, soon afterwards, he sent him a copy of his engraved portrait. Of Mr. Bowstead, one word more. He is described, so late as the year 1831, as fishing whole days on Hawes Water, and "a strange old man for talking." A very characteristic portrait of him was published soon after his death, which was much prized by his scholars.

From the age of seven until he was about nineteen, Hodgson gives

* Mr. Atkinson's Memoir of Hodgson.

us, in his occasional reminiscences, not much information respecting his pursuits or studies. In the Ode to his mother, to be afterwards mentioned, he blames himself for spending many idle years at school. He was devotedly fond of fishing in the pure streams and lakes of his native valleys; and so late as the year 1834, having for a long time laid his rod aside, upon going out with his son William, the poor boy whom he soon afterwards followed to the grave, to fish in his own sparkling Hart, he says in his Journal that his "former fondness for angling would soon return if encouraged." The following anecdote from his own lips, late in life, proves that he also knew at that early period how to manage not only a rod but a gun. "My father," says his son Richard, "told me that he knew the late Lord Ellenborough, when he was a boy at school. Mr. Law often came, when on the circuit, to Bampton; and once Mr. Bowstead sent him with that gentleman to shoot snipes at Bampton Mires, as the likeliest lad in the school to be of use. It was blowing full from the west, and Mr. Law went with his face to it, but could not kill a bird. My father told him he must not do so, but that he must begin with his back to the wind. He could not at first see the reason, but gave the gun to my father; who, when a snipe rose, waited till it turned to the wind and then shot it." The fact is, that, from the nature of its feathers, the bird cannot fly with the wind, but turns to face it, ceasing for a while from its zig-zag motion; and that is the time to shoot it. My informant proceeds to state that the future Lord Chief Justice was so pleased with the boy and his intelligence that he invited him to join him a few days afterwards at Appleby, during the Assizes; and, upon his appearing, placed him upon the bench near the judge.

That Hodgson wasted, or considered that he had wasted, much valuable time in his schoolboy days would appear from the following reminiscences of this period of his life. They touch upon painful subjects; but they are too important to be passed over in a faithful memoir of their writer. They speak of difficulties, and disadvantages, and privations, of which he evidently had abundance.

"Antiquities, as a subject of research, I had from early life a love for, but I never walked in academic bowers. At Bampton, some books,

at the age of fifteen or sixteen, came in my way, such as Whitehurst's Theory of the Earth, and Dr. Watson's Chemical Essays. I was delighted with them, but lost in them for want of means and guides—no classes to meet on such subjects—employed in drudgeries—penniless and forced to pay—idle too, and liked to fish and wander in a small district, and neglecting the difficulties of classical learning from want of being kept hard at work.”

And yet that he prosecuted his studies with more than usual zeal and success is certain. During this period he stored his mind with a considerable stock of classical learning, acquired more than a superficial knowledge of mathematics, and became a chemist, a botanist, and also a geologist to a certain extent; having, as he informs us in another place, had “his attention insensibly directed to this latter pursuit from a period which he could not exactly ascertain.” In the school library he found Whitehurst's Theory of the Earth above mentioned, which, as he informs us in another part of his Journal, his imagination delighted to revel in, whenever he could escape from the intricacies of grammar, and the then to him unknown beauties of the ancient authors of Greece and Rome. “At present,” says he, in 1831, “I have very little recollection of the contents of the book, but that it made me fond of searching after different kinds of rocks and organic remains;” and he informs us that “Bampton was a place peculiarly favourable for the study of the mountain limestone formation.” His passion for angling, in which he had “more delight than dexterity,” led him up the sides of all the mountain streams and lakes in the neighbourhood, and familiarized his eye to their geological appearances. He became a frequenter of the Crosthwaite and Keswick Museums, and made many contributions to their treasures. An account of his geological proceedings during this early period is contained in a very remarkable letter to his son, written in 1831, and printed hereafter. But he was also a poet during his schoolboy days. The writer has heard him speak of his early compositions in verse—what schoolboy has not written odes and pastorals full of Damons and Phillises and sheep and goats? “My father,” says he, “had an uncle, who lived in the parsonage house at Newchurch; and I paid my first visit to him in the summer of 1792 or 1793, and he gave me a copy of Gay, which

first introduced me to the 'Rural Sports' of that poet of nature." It is believed that none of the compositions are preserved of which this present of Gay may have been the origin.

Of Hodgson's schoolboy days we have one anecdote, which indicates that, if he was in general intent upon the acquisition of knowledge, he was also not indifferent to the amusements of his schoolfellows. It was determined by the boys to perform in the school Home's Tragedy of Douglas; and to him was assigned the part of Old Norval, probably from his grave deportment, for which he was from his boyhood remarkable; and from that day he was known in the school by the name of Old Norval. It is more than probable that the master, Mr. Bowstead, had something to do with the giving and keeping up of this appellation; for the author was once informed, but whether by Mr. Hodgson or the late Mr. Birkett, of Kelloe, another most able Bampton scholar, he does not remember, that Bowstead rejoiced in giving names to his scholars, founded upon some peculiarity, serious or ludicrous, for which he was always upon the look-out. But in the demeanour of one boy there was, for a long time, according to my informant, no tangible point for the master to lay hold of; until, on one unlucky day, he was caught riding upon the back of a large female pig, and kicking it violently with his heels. The master shouted for joy, and Peg-a-sus was ever afterwards the name of the lad.

Hodgson has now reached his nineteenth year, having for at least twelve years enjoyed all the advantages of an excellent school. The general system of education, it must be admitted, was not then carried on in our country grammar schools to the same extent as it is now. Composition in Latin and Greek, whether in prose or verse, was at that time not much required in university examinations, and therefore it was not much cultivated in schools. Neither were the elegances of the ancient authors attended to, as they deserve, or any comparison instituted *inter legendum* between them and the classical authors of modern times on kindred subjects. In general he was accounted the best master who had the most intimate acquaintance with the ordinary rules of grammar, and whose head was the best dictionary. In the usual regular routine of the week a theme, generally in English,

occasionally only in Latin, was set to the boys; and in doing this at Durham, Dr. Britton, in his day justly held to be a first-rate scholar, took care to tell his boys, that if, in its composition, they quoted scripture he would knock them down. Now and then a clever boy broke through such trammels, and took flight into the regions of taste and imagination. That Hodgson had been one of those was proved by his conversation in after-life, when in the society of scholars and gentlemen. His mind was evidently stored with the beauties of the classical authors, whether of Greece or Rome, and, before his memory failed him, he was apt, but not obtrusive or pedantic, in quotation from their writings.

Here then was a youth eminently calculated to adorn a university, and become a sharer, in due time, in her honours and emoluments; but, unfortunately, means seem to have been wanting to enable him to take the first step in so honourable a career. "If Providence," says he when writing to his wife from Oxford, in 1821, "had thrown a university life in my way, it does appear to me that such a life would have been best suited to the construction of my mind. But it has not been my lot to be sheltered under academic bowers; and I have no right to repine that it has not been so." Exhibitions or other university advantages belonging to the school of Bampton there were none. It had produced such men as Gibson, the naturalist; Mill, the biblical scholar; Gibson, Bishop of London; Gibson, provost of Queen's; and a long line of learned men who had been successful in the world in their day; but none of them had remembered the place of his education in a beneficial manner. Hodgson was, therefore, compelled to move in a more humble sphere at home; and at this very time, when he was in an unsettled state, an offer of employment was made to him, the particulars of which it may be well to give in his own words, as they are contained in a letter addressed by him to Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Bart., in 1843, two years before his death.

"When I was at school at Bampton, forty-three years since, Professor Carlyle, then Chancellor of the diocese of Carlisle, was anxious that I should go with him, as his secretary, in the expedition he made with Lord Elgin, as Ambassador to the Ottoman court. I ardently wished to have been able to go; but instead of sailing through the Hellespontus,

and seeing Hæmus and Rhodope on the right of the Propontis, and Caucasus and Taurus on the left, I was content to become in that year (1799) the schoolmaster of Matterdale, in Cumberland. It was however very curious that, four years afterwards, the Professor was appointed chaplain of Bishop Barrington; and I had to be examined by him at Newcastle, for deacon's orders."

The remainder of this very interesting letter belongs to a subsequent page of Mr. Hodgson's history. The reason why he failed in this ardent wish is not stated. To have accompanied such a man on such an expedition, was an employment for which he was peculiarly well qualified; and the result might have placed him in a sphere more suited to his character and attainments. Dr. Carlyle was Arabic Professor in the University of Oxford, eminently skilled in the Oriental languages, and at that time engaged in collecting manuscripts from all quarters for a revised edition of the Greek Testament.

The village school at Matterdale, of which Hodgson became master on the 8th of June, 1799, as he elsewhere informs us, possesses a slender endowment of 11*l.* per annum for educating poor children; and is situated in the narrow and picturesque valley of that name, terminating in the lake of Ulswater. Here it was that his geological pursuits began to assume a character, and lead him into courses of thought and reflection; laying in his mind the foundation upon which he continued to build fabrics of geological results and discoveries during the remainder of his life. Before this period, even so early as 1794, he had been an observer of the structure of the rocks in his native vale and its neighbourhood: now he is something more than a mere observer. He begins to make them the subject of his study, with such aids and assistances as fall in his way. His letter to his son in 1831, above referred to, and to be printed hereafter, gives a minute account of his proceedings in this department of science, at the period at which we have arrived; and in the same letter we have a curious incidental proof that he was upon the look-out also, at the same time, for subjects of archæological interest. "In passing," says he, "over Moor-Duvoch, in 1800, I had observed a stone, which I then supposed had some characters upon it with which I was unacquainted. In walking from Askham to Pooley-bridge,

in May 3, 1811, I was anxious to have a second sight of it, but sought it in vain." In 1817 he was more successful. "I did not," says he, "in this search forget to look for the stone that attracted my attention in 1800, and reached it soon; when I found it to be a large detached mass of gräuwacke, shewing its conglomerate origin in several rings and segments of circles, eaten by the weather into its surface, as sharply as if they had been cut with a sculptor's chisel; and thus the long-encouraged vision of a Saxon or Latin inscription, in Runic or some other antique characters, vanished in a moment."

But at Matterdale Hodgson did not long remain. After what he calls "a frightful summer and winter," he became the master of another village school at Stainton, in the parish of Dacre, near Penrith, and here he was residing occupied in teaching the children of the village, when, in the beginning of the year 1801, upon the recommendation of his relation Mr. Rawes, at that time master of the school of Witton-le-Wear, and afterwards the well-known and highly respected master of Kepier School in Houghton-le-Spring, he was appointed to the mastership of the school of Sedgfield, in the county of Durham. Mr. Rawes, as it appears from his letter to Hodgson, dated on the 31st of January in the above year, had been solicited by Mr. (afterwards Lord) Barrington, the rector of Sedgfield, to recommend to him a proper person to take charge of his school, the emoluments of which, as it was stated, consisted of an endowment of about 18*l.* or 20*l.* per annum, with from twenty-five to thirty scholars at from 7*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* per quarter. Hodgson lost no time in making application for a situation so superior in point of income to any thing to which he had been accustomed; and on the 23rd of February following he received the appointment, and also a licence from the Bishop of Durham, a short time afterwards, to exercise his vocation. I find no traces of any subsequent intercourse, friendly or otherwise, between Hodgson and his relation Mr. Rawes, with the exception of a letter from the latter on the subject of the Felling subscription in 1812, and his acceptance of a sermon by Hodgson in a later year, and yet they lived at no great distance from each other, until the death of Rawes in 1827, in the 63rd year of his age.

Hodgson has hitherto been acquainted only with his own native hills and dales; and as such wild and romantic scenery as that of Westmerland and Cumberland has, in general, a tendency to fix a stamp and impress of independent character upon its youth, with that stamp he was strongly and honourably marked when he turned his face to the east, to cross Stainmore, and settle as it were under another climate and in a new land upon the eastern coast of the island. He travelled by coach to Bowes, and thence walked by way of Witton-le-Wear to Sedgefield, with but few accompaniments. No coach had then begun to run in that direction, and when, during his residence at Sedgefield, he had afterwards occasion to visit his home from time to time, it was on foot that his journeys were made; and he never failed to avail himself of such opportunities to add to his stock of geological, botanical, and antiquarian knowledge. The rocks of Stainmore and the vale of Tees, which lay in his way, afforded him an ample and novel field for observation, and his antiquarian zeal was excited by new objects, the Norman castles of Bowes and Barnard, and the monastic ruins of Eggleston. He did not then, however, or ever afterwards, forget his own Abana and Pharphar, the lakes and streams of his native valleys; or the majestic hills on which he had been accustomed to gaze from his boyhood. The memory of them never faded from his mind. He thus writes, after an interval of thirty years, when he had been long settled in Northumberland.

When I was at Alston, last summer (1830), I went with some friends, Sir J. E. Swinburne, his son-in-law Mr. Bowden, and Mr. Hedley of Chesterholme, to the top of Hartside (a high hill on the confines of Westmerland), to let my "aching sight" have a view of the "visions of glory" to be seen from thence. The new road led us in a wrong direction to have a prospect over Lowther and the Shap and Bampton fells, which I longed most to see: but I ran alone to an eminence, where I got a momentary glance of them all, and afterwards wrote the following lines.

For a further mention of these verses the reader is referred to the geological letter of 1831, printed in the sequel in its order of time.

Hodgson had been scarcely two months settled at Sedgefield before he communicated to an old friend at Dalemain, near Stain-

ton, an account of himself and his position in his new locality. The reply to this letter has been preserved; and it is very characteristic of its writer, who appears to have been a good hearty farmer, writing a neat hand, and overflowing with village news.

We are all very glad to hear that you approve so well of your present situation, and hopes that, in time, it will turn to your advantage: although you are so much confined at present, it may be better afterwards.— William Thompson began our school, the Monday after you left it, with about 25 scholars.— I have seen your father twice, but had no time to have any discourse with him. All articles of living here continue extravagantly dear, and more so than when you left us.— Senhouse has left off his writing, and has begun weaving, for present pastime.— William Todd is a man of no small consequence.— I desire you will not think anything about the contents of your former letter, as I can very well judge of your situation, and will always be very glad to hear from you, and hopes that you will not fail to come and see us when you come into this country, and heartily wish you all the prosperity that you can desire and deserve.— William Fell's principles are upon the levelling system; his children do not know what the catechism means; but, as a teacher, he is excellent for any young man going into trade—he is very changeable and wants to get rich in no time, which he does not yet find the way of doing. Mr. Percival's wheat looks well.— Mr. Hasell's man Walter is to be married at Whitsuntide.— &c.— I have received of Lanc. Thompson 10s., and of Thos. Thompson, 4s. 4d.— I am S^r, yo^r most obed. serv^t, EDMUND BOWMAN.

It seems to be pretty clear that Hodgson had tabled with this talkative but hearty man, and that there was a money account between them, Hodgson being the debtor; but there is a frankness in the letter which must have removed any temporary uneasiness from his mind.

At Sedgefield Hodgson was kindly received. Mr. Barrington* was a nephew of the Bishop of Durham; and his curates were Mr. Hollingsworth and Mr. Stopford. Mr. Hollingsworth had been, or was soon afterwards, a popular preacher in a proprietary chapel in London; but eventually he became Vicar of Halt-

* Afterwards, in 1813, Viscount Barrington, upon the death of his brother.

whistle in Northumberland, and afterwards Rector of Boldon, both in the patronage of the Bishop of Durham. He died at Boldon in 1839. From this gentleman, as we shall see afterwards, Hodgson received much kind advice upon a trying occasion; and at all times many proofs that in him he had a friend. To Mr. Stopford his obligations were still greater, and of a more durable kind. From him he received important help in the studies to which he had had no opportunity of paying attention at Bampton; and probably also the rudiments of Hebrew, a language which he afterwards cultivated with considerable success. Mr. Stopford had pupils of his own who were above the age of boyhood. To some of these, as it seems probable from letters before me, Hodgson gave instruction in mathematics; and with all of them he appears to have associated on a friendly footing, interesting himself in their studies, and benefiting from them in return. With many of these young men, for some time after they had gone to the university or out into life, he kept up a correspondence; and their letters, in reply to his, address him in the warmest terms of friendship and respect. With Mr. Stopford himself, his acquaintance ripened into friendship, and continued till the death of that gentleman in 1816 as Vicar of Brantingham, in the East Riding of Yorkshire. He had previously held the perpetual curacies of Kyoel and Lowick in North Durham. Whilst they were resident at Sedfield, Hodgson and he, as we shall see afterwards, were upon the point of being employed in collating two Greek manuscripts of the New Testament, of high antiquity, with the most approved English edition. The rector too was not backward in appreciating Hodgson's deserts as a scholar, and in after-days, when all official connection between them had ceased, never failed to treat him and speak of him with kindness; frequently inviting him to spend a few days with him at his house in the College in Durham during his residences as a prebendary. "Mr. Hodgson," said Lady Barrington to him one day, during one of those visits, in the hearing of Mr. Surtees, "you look very unwell; what can we do for you?" "Lady Barrington," said he in reply, "I thank you for your kindness; but, if I must tell the truth, I shall never be well again till I get back to my own quiet home. Your late hours destroy me."

Of Hodgson's own scholars whilst he resided at Sedgefield, many seem to have come from a distance, some from Newcastle, for the benefit of his tuition; and with one of them, Benjamin Braidley, a Sedgefield boy, of whom he had lost sight for many years, he was delighted towards the close of his life to enter into a correspondence, which will be noticed hereafter. Mr. Braidley's letter of May 1835, to be printed in the sequel in its order of time, gives the names and subsequent history of several other boys who had been his contemporaries in Hodgson's school.

I have before me a book containing a few memoranda by Hodgson at this period, but they are of little importance to his personal history. They consist chiefly of scraps of original poetry in an unfinished state, extracts from poems by others, from John de la Bruyere's Characters of Theophrastus, Hume's History of England, &c. He informs us, in another place, that at this period he met for the first time with Boswell's Life of Johnson. Here also he appears to have been a member of a book-club, to which he pays 5s., and also of a friendly society, which costs him 10s. 10d. He has dealings with Christopher, a bookseller in Stockton, of whom he purchases Stillingfleet and Hooker, not forgetting a sermon case, in anticipation of a curacy in due time.

In November 1801, the money affair with his Westmerland friend again distresses him; and in reply to a letter on the subject, on the 21st of that month, Mr. Bowman once more writes to him in the same hearty way. His letter is dated on the 8th of December.

"I beg of you," says he, "not to think anything of what you mention in the first part of your letter; as, I assure you, it is of so little consequence as not worthy of notice; and when you come into this country will always be very glad to see you, and hopes you will not return without spending a little time with us, so long as it can be made agreeable, and can very readily forgive you for not seeing us again when here last. We are very sorry to hear of your bad health, and should recommend, if you could, not to confine yourself so much; as it may lay a foundation of bad health that you may never recover. And I think you are right in pursuing the Church, as there is little doubt but in your situation you will in time gain preferment.—Mr. Percival has been employed a good deal since you were here in watching his corn from the sparrows, in cutting, getting it in, and in thrashing it; which has

produced eight bushels from one and a quarter peck of seed. The Miss Mounseys continue single."

This letter informs us that Hodgson was at that time beginning to think of entering into holy orders. He is now approaching his twenty-third year, and his bad health was probably leading him to the conclusion that school confinement might send him to an early grave. An offer, however, is now made to him tempting him to enter into an engagement of a very different kind from either the one or the other, an offer which few persons in his situation, with a very limited income arising from a most troublesome and confining occupation, and labouring besides under the most uncertain health, would not have gladly accepted. It may be as well to state the nature of this offer, and his reasons for declining it, in his own words.

"Mr. Fishwick (of Newcastle) offered me at Sedfield 300*l.* a year as Director of the Lemmington Iron Works (near Newcastle); which I declined, as wishing to pursue a literary, rather than a mercantile life; though I believe that the chemical skill required in conducting a concern like that of Lemmington would have led me into inquiries and researches which would have been very delightful to me."

This memorandum is written beneath a note in the handwriting of another person, and in the following words:—

"Mr. Fishwick of Newcastle has called upon Mr. Hodgson at Sedfield; and, should Mr. Hodgson think anything further of the subject, he will please to send a line to Aubone Surtees, Esq. banker in Newcastle."

This offer, which proves that Hodgson's character, as that of a trustworthy person and of a scientific mind, was well-known and appreciated, was probably made to him by the recommendation of Mr. Aubone Surtees, a banker in Newcastle, who had under Mr. Stopford's care sons, with whom Hodgson for a long time afterwards kept up an affectionate correspondence.

It would appear from a letter before me, dated 16 December, (1801,) that, by way of amusing his leisure hours, Hodgson had now begun to turn his attention to topography, and that he had written to the Editors of the "*Beauties of England and Wales*," a work then in a course of publication, to offer his services so far as the county of Durham was concerned. In his reply of the

above date, Mr. E. W. Brayley regrets that he had not paid his correspondent a visit at Sedgefield during his personal survey of the remarkable places in the county, and solicits any information respecting Sedgefield and Hardwick (the only places in it which he had not seen), not contained in Hutchinson's History. This application led to an engagement in a later year, from which we have the "Northumberland" and "Westmerland" of that very useful publication.

From Sedgefield, Mainsforth, which will for the future be a place of name and fame in the county, is distant only three or four miles; but it does not appear that there was at that time any intercourse between Mr. Surtees and Mr. Hodgson. Nor indeed, all circumstances considered, is it to be wondered at that the two should not have come into contact with each other. Surtees was then fresh from Oxford, and in full possession of no mean patrimonial estate. Hodgson was a poor youth, toiling hard in a village school. And yet what seeds of union there were between the two, and how those seeds grew up and flourished in after years!—both born in the same year, the one kind-hearted and generous to an extreme, the other, although a poor humble schoolmaster, a gentleman in thought and habit, stamped with the strongest impress of an honest and independent mind, the very man after Surtees's own heart; both deeply read in the best authors of Greece and Rome, both poets, both ardent admirers of nature and her operations, both, even then, in their very entrance into active life, laying plans for developing the history of their country. One thing is most certain, that if the two had fallen in each other's way, then, for their mutual pleasure and advantage, would have commenced the sincere friendship which it was left for an after-year to originate and cement. It was Hodgson's fate to outlive his friend, and deeply, as we shall see, did he lament his loss.

In 1802, Hodgson appears to have obtained a title for Holy Orders, as on the 1st of May in that year, I find the Bishop of Durham writing to him, and consenting to receive the signatures of the two Sedgefield curates, in addition to that of Lord Barrington, to his testimonials, as he was unknown to any beneficed clergyman in the neighbourhood. At the same time, and for the same

object, his old friend and master Mr. Bowstead writes to him respecting a testimonial for that portion of the preceding three years during which he had resided within the diocese of Carlisle. The name of the curacy which he had obtained as a title does not appear, but it was probably that of Sedfield itself, as may be inferred from a letter by Mr. Hollingsworth to be hereafter noticed. This curacy would appear to have been suddenly obtained; and Hodgson as suddenly called upon to undergo the necessary examination. And now comes what Anthony à Wood, the Oxford Chronicler, would have termed a *sad passage* in his history. I have heard him say that the time was fixed by Lord Barrington without his knowledge, and that, being completely taken by surprise, he urged the necessity of a little delay for thought and preparation. But the day was appointed, and, his request not having been granted, he made his appearance to undergo the trial. The bishop's examining chaplain at that time was Dr. Burgess, prebendary of Durham and rector of Winston, a mild amiable man, and a consummate classical scholar, the Editor of Burton's *Pentalogia*, of Dawes's *Miscellanea Critica*, and of various theological works; but well known for his strictness, and something more than strictness, in conducting his examinations. The Bishop of Durham had a prescribed set of books, with which he expected his candidates for Holy Orders to be acquainted; and so particular was his chaplain that, as we have been informed, he not only required the matter, but not unfrequently the very page of the book in which it was written, in reply to his questions. It was, besides, his habit to diverge from the prescribed path into unknown fields, with which it was no discredit to any young man to be unacquainted; and so notorious had this strictness and this habit become, and such terror had it inspired, that, although in those days the Bishop of Durham held only one ordination in each year, yet, upon one occasion, only one candidate ventured to present himself for examination. In the year 1803, Mr. Barnes, the late vicar of Berwick-upon-Tweed, was, as the writer has heard from his own lips, the only person who appeared, and that for Deacon's Orders. Candidate for the priesthood there was none. The chaplain had heard of Barnes's classical reputation, and, by way of prelude to graver matters, introduced the

subject of Bentley *versus* Boyle, on the Epistles of Phalaris. The conversation became animated; till at length the examiner said, "Mr. Barnes, I shall give you no further trouble." Before such a man Mr. Hodgson, who, as we have said, had enjoyed no time for preparation, and was at all times timid even to excess, lost all confidence in himself, the moment he entered the room; and he was rejected. They who knew his character and the acuteness of his feelings can easily picture to themselves his state of mind when he returned to his school and its confinement, bowed down to the ground with disappointment. He had failed in the object on which he had long set his heart; he felt himself branded with disgrace; and he had before his eyes the dreary prospect of a continuance of that wretched state of health which the open-air duties of a parish might have alleviated, or even removed entirely. At this period his case was an unhappy one. His depressed feelings soon began to co-operate with his bodily infirmities; and he almost immediately afterwards, what is not to be wondered at, appears to have formed a resolution to escape from Sedgefield, at whatever risk, regardless of consequences. But he consulted a friend, and that friend gave him good advice, which he wisely followed.

FROM THE REV. N. J. HOLLINGSWORTH.

"Dear Sir,

Bath, Aug. 6, 1802.

"Accept my sincere thanks for your kind letter.—I hope to see you at Sedgefield in about a fortnight.—You will not, I hope, determine anything hastily with respect to your situation at Sedgefield, as, if even you should resolve to quit it (which will not I trust be the case), it would be advisable to delay this till a situation for your admission into Holy Orders may offer elsewhere. In the meantime you will, of course, profit by your improved state of health, in making such additional preparation as you may think requisite to qualify you for being a successful candidate in the diocese of Durham.—I remain, Dear Sir, your obliged friend, N. H."

In December 1803, still anxious for a change of situation, he made inquiries respecting the second mastership of the Free Grammar School of Kirby Hill near Richmond, then vacant; but in consequence of a letter from the Rev. Thomas Jackson, a name

never to be mentioned by the author without feelings of the deepest respect and gratitude, he declined any further application in that quarter.

In the commencement of the following year, having been at last from continued bad health compelled to resign the school of Sedgefield, he accepted the mastership of that of Lanchester, a village about seven or eight miles to the west of Durham, the duties of which were lighter, and, besides, he had hopes of obtaining a curacy in the neighbourhood. In this expectation he was not disappointed. Before many months had elapsed he was fortunate enough to obtain a nomination to the cure of Esh and Satley, to be held in conjunction with his school, and he rejoiced in the prospect now before him. Since his unfortunate attempt to obtain Holy Orders in 1802, much time had elapsed, and he had been making due preparation. During the latter period of his residence at Sedgefield, he had purchased from Christopher, a bookseller in Stockton, the works of Hooker and Stillingfleet, and he had no longer Dr. Burgess to be afraid of. That amiable and learned man had been raised to the bench of Bishops, and Dr. Carlyle, of whom we have above spoken, was appointed in his place. How Hodgson fared in his next attempt, he himself informs us in his letter to Sir W. C. Trevelyan, written in 1843, and already referred to in a preceding page.

"It was however very curious that, four years afterwards (that is after 1799) the Professor was appointed Chaplain of Bishop Barrington, and I had to be examined by him at Newcastle for Deacon's Orders; after which he put into my hands two very ancient manuscript copies of the Greek Testament, and begged me to collate them with Wetstein's copy. He had several other copies, which he purchased in different Grecian monasteries. I thought our friendship was going to be firmly fixed for some time, but he died at Newcastle (in 1804) before I could be ordained. Your letter about Greece reminds me of these circumstances; but my head, I fear, will not allow me to write another paragraph."

In his Journal for 1841, Apr. 21, we find a further mention of these two precious manuscripts. One of them, it appears, was to

be collated by Mr. Stopford, the curate of Sedgefield. After Dr. Carlyle's death, they were given up to his executors.

Having passed his examination, upon a title to the sub-curacy of the chapelries of Esh and Satley, in the parish of Lanchester, Hodgson, armed with letters dimissory from the Bishop of Durham, was admitted into the order of Deacons by the Bishop of Carlisle, at Rose Castle, on the third day of June, 1804. I have heard him say that his journey to Carlisle was on foot, and, further, that, having neglected to take with him a gown for the ceremony, one was kindly lent to him by the Bishop (Dr. Vernon, afterwards Archbishop of York), with this good-natured wish, "Mr. Hodgson, this is the gown in which I myself was first ordained, and I hope it will be as lucky to you as it has been to me." This same anecdote is told in Mr. Atkinson's short but pleasing memoir. From his account it would appear that Hodgson's want of a gown on the occasion arose from his having missed the coach in Newcastle, and his having, in consequence, been obliged to leave his small portmanteau behind him and make the best of his way on foot to the ceremony of the ordination.

To anticipate his history for one year, it may be here stated that he was ordained a priest by the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry (acting for the Bishop of Durham) in Durham Cathedral, on the 29th of September in the following year, and on the same title. Dr. Haggitt, one of the prebendaries of Durham, was his examiner on this occasion.

CHAPTER II.

Lanchester—Esh and Satley—Collegiate Church—Lanchester School—Roman Camp and Antiquities—Poems—Longovicum—His cousin Harding.

THE year 1804 sees the subject of our Memoir settled in the sub-curacy of Esh and Satley, chapels of ease in the parish of Lanchester. These two chapelries, although at that time, as at present, separate benefices, were then held by one incumbent; and of this incumbent Mr. Hodgson was the representative. In all probability his salary was very small, the curacies themselves having been left in extreme poverty by the dissolution of the collegiate church of Lanchester, to stalls in which their duties and revenues had been attached before that act of spoliation was carried into effect. In the church of Lanchester, before the dissolution of religious houses, there were a dean and seven prebendaries, each having his specific duties within this extensive and important parish, and each having his own share of its revenues, in recompence for his services. It is not easy to understand why the act of spoliation should have extended to collegiate churches; but no county suffered more severely from its operation than that of Durham. The great parishes of Darlington, Chester-le-Street, St. Andrew's Auckland, and Lanchester, comprising a very large portion, perhaps nearly one half of the county, were by royal sacrilege robbed of their natural rights; and at the present day any small income which they may happen to possess is chiefly derived from Queen Anne's Bounty or other accidental sources. In each of these collegiate churches there was, before they suffered from the hand of violence, a staff of clergy with a due division of labour, and a competency for their pains. In their stead we have now lay impropiators, who take all and give little in return. Such was the state of the chapels of Esh and Satley in point of religious services for a long period after the dissolution, that a century has not elapsed since they had only duty once a month

performed by the curate of Lanchester, the mother church, in the best way he could. "I feed my fell cattle only once a month," said an incumbent of Lanchester who died only in 1778. This was surely not a subject for a joke.

With respect to the chapel of Esh, there is one little piece of history, in which, if he had been acquainted with it, Mr. Hodgson would have felt much interest. Here, at the altar of St. Mary, on the 10th day of August, 1303, King Edward I. made an offering of seven shillings, on his way from Durham to Hexham; and on the same day, during mass in his private chapel, he made another offering of three shillings, in honour of St. Lawrence, at Lanchester. The king was at that time on his road to the borders of Scotland, where he died at Burgh-upon-Sands, in the February following.

Mr. Hodgson did not take up his residence at Esh or Satley, but at Lanchester itself, three miles from either chapel; the chapels themselves being about the same distance from each other. Happily the districts were not then so populous as perhaps they are now, but even at that time the curacy must have been one of no small labour and responsibility. He could not afford to keep a horse, and therefore he must have had many a long and weary walk in all weathers, as we say in the North. His Sunday duties appear to have been morning and afternoon service at each chapel alternately, with the usual week-day ministrations. Once only does his name occur in the Esh register, and that is in attestation of a marriage on the 30th July, 1804.

Some opinion may be formed of the extent of Hodgson's personal property at this period, from the circumstance that its removal from Sedgfield cost him only the small sum of 4*s.* 9*d.*, the distance being not much less than twenty miles by the round-about way of Durham. After he had become settled at Lanchester, his first purchase was a fishing-rod, wheel, and hooks for 22*s.* The pleasure which he had derived from angling in the lakes and streams of his native Westmerland again revives. At Sedgfield he had had no opportunity of indulging in this amusement, without going to a distance; but here, at Lanchester, every facility was thrown in his way. Two well-known trout streams were at his very door, the one running through the village, and

the other joining it a mile below. He buys also gunpowder, but no mention is made of a gun or of shot. The one he could borrow, the other he could purchase in the village. His payment for board and lodging seems to have been at the rate of 14*l.* per annum; and, such being the fashion of the day, he buys hair powder, for the first stock of which he pays 1*s.* 3*d.* These few notices are extracted from a collection of memoranda, begun at Sedgefield, of which some use has been already made. In this book I find reference made to a journal kept by him in 1802, which has not been preserved. From the attempts at poetry in the book before me, I select one, which, whatever its merit as a composition may be, is very striking for its piety. The fourth line is unfinished.

"A PRAYER.

Eternal source of never-ending love,
From whom all goodness, all perfection flows!
Let no fond passion in my bosom move,
But such.

Frail, as the earliest flower of early spring,
And more unstable than the passing gale,
Thy succours I implore, Eternal King,
To guide my footsteps through life's dreary vale.

Tear from my heart the latent seeds of pride,
And prune the wild luxuriance of desire;
For each day's want a competence provide,
Then let me, when Thou wilt, in peace expire."

But here also, as has been already stated, he was a school-master. To eke out the slender income of his curacy he was obliged to teach the village school; and of his doings in this school I have heard him tell many amusing anecdotes. The school itself consisted of two very humble rooms, one above the other, and the communication between the two was by a ladder. The boys were aloft, and sadly did they sometimes misbehave in the absence of the master. "I found them better to manage," said he, "than the girls, and therefore I put them above, and I could always frighten them well by going a few steps up the stee, and showing my black head, of which they were afraid."

"Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale."

"Now, my little girl," said he one day to a child repeating the above lines, "tell me what is meant by this *tale*?" "My daddy's cow tail," was the reply.

There was at that time belonging to this school an annual payment of ten pounds, settled upon the Greencroft estate by George Clavering, Esq. a former owner, for teaching a few poor children; but, owing to some family disputes, or some other cause, it was not paid during Hodgson's mastership. The arrears however, amounting to 25*l.*, were honorably given to him in 1813, long after he had left the place; as he had conscientiously performed the duty, notwithstanding the withdrawal of the salary. Of the other children, some were taught at the usual rate of 3*d.* or 4*d.* per week; others at the rate of 7*s.* 6*d.*, and others at that of 10*s.* per quarter. From his account book he appears to have had much difficulty in extracting his poor fees from the parents of some of his scholars. One single entry may suffice. "Dec. 10, 1804. Received pay for Walton's children of New Houses. My bill was 9*s.* 11*d.*, but I only took 9*s.* in money; the rest in scolding. The bill ought to have been 15*s.*"

This was weary work for such a man. But he had clerical duties to cheer him, and private pursuits and studies for his consolation in his solitary hours. "At Lanchester," says he, "I commenced my knowledge of the coal formation." On this acquaintance and its results, much remains to be said in a future page.

But, in addition to clerical duties and geological inquiries, he begins to be a poet and antiquary in earnest. He had not long been settled at Lanchester before his antiquarian zeal awoke from its slumbers. In 1801 he had offered his services to the Editors of the "*Beauties of England and Wales*," but the county of Durham had been surveyed before his letter was received, and his assistance was not required. From that time we hear of no search after old stones with supposed Runic inscriptions, as upon Moor Duvoch in 1800, nor of any other attempt at gathering sweets in the flower-strewn field of hoar antiquity. Here, however, at Lanchester, was a mine of the most exciting antiquarian wealth, in which had laboured Camden, and Horsley, to say nothing of those *Dii Minorum Gentium*, Gale, Stukeley, Hunter, Hutchinson,

and last, though not least in his own honest estimation, Cade; under whose feet wherever he trod there sprung up camps and military roads, with the peculiar faculty of changing their sites and directions according to his will and pleasure. By all these, in their order of time, had the Roman camp at Lanchester been investigated and described; but each succeeding year had brought to light new records, numismatic or lapidary, of its ancient inhabitants, calling for elucidation. Here, then, was a field for an active mind, and just at the very time there came into the valley a man in the vigour of youth, with every necessary power of investigation, and already in no slight degree stung by the *cæstrum* which goaded on honest old Aubrey to "this wearisome task of searching for antiquities, which (as he goes on to say) nobody hereabout hardly cares for, but rather makes a scorn of it. But, methinks, it shews a kind of gratitude and good nature to revive the memories and memorials of those who are long since dead and gone."

To Hodgson, whatever progress he might have made in archæological pursuits, which was perhaps not much, a Roman camp was a subject of novelty; and we have abundance of proof that he lost no time in commencing and vigorously prosecuting the study of this branch of our national antiquities. In the progress of his inquiries he was told that, on the subject of the camp at Lanchester, some valuable information could be afforded by Mr. Richard Waugh, a person who resided at East Morton, not far from Durham; and in reply to his application to that gentleman he has preserved the following letter, proving its writer to have been a man of an inquisitive mind and accurate observation. Of his own letter Hodgson has kept no copy. It may be stated that his correspondent resided at one time, as it appears, at Lanchester. He died in 1808. In his will he is described as "of Gateshead, merchant," and he left behind him a manuscript collection of local words and phrases, with respect to which I find Hodgson making anxious inquiries in 1813, after he had taken up his residence at Heworth. The result of these inquiries was, that the book was, on the 22nd Nov., in the possession of Mrs. Emerson, of Hillgate, in Gateshead. "She sought for it," says he, "yesterday, but did not find it, but she knows she has it, and will send

for me when she has found it." It does not appear that the book was ever found. A collection of Durham words, formed now almost a century ago, would be peculiarly valuable at the present time; and I have placed the above memoranda upon record to the intent that they may be of use in any search which may be made for its recovery.

"TO THE REV. MR. HODGSON, LANCHESTER.

" SIR,

East Morton, 5 May, 1806.

" Yours of Saturday morning was handed to me in Durham. I shall willingly give you any small information I have respecting the Roman station at Lanchester. The altar you allude to is a small votive one, and was in good preservation the last time I saw it at Hollin Hall: but since that it was in possession of the late Mr. Callender of Newcastle, who gave it, along with some other antiquities, to P. Crosthwaite of Keswick, in whose museum I suppose it still remains.

" The inscription I have not by me; it being among other old papers of mine in Gateshead; but I will seek them out, and send it you in a few days. About 18 or 20 years ago, a considerable number of Roman copper coins, with a stylus and other things, were found at your station. Mr. Hopper (now of Hamsteels) got these; who tells me he gave them away; and thinks they are at present in the collection of Dr. Mitford. I am not certain whether I have a copy of their inscriptions preserved, but a description of them was printed in the Newcastle Chronicle, at that time, about 1787 or 8. The station has been supplied with water from the sources of the Smallhope, above Knycheley, a distance of about three miles. Mr. Tho. Fenwick, of Dipton, and myself, traced the course of the aqueduct, from its head down to the west side of the station, where there has been a reservoir. It begins about a mile to the S.W. from Knycheley mill, near a house called Dyke Nook; where an embankment has been thrown across the rivulet, to collect the waters of three fine springs—thence skirting along the heath, till it crosses the road on the west side of Mr. White's woodlands, where it enters his plantation, and passes on a little way south of the house, distinguishing its track by the superior size of the trees, which are more luxuriant by its edges than in other parts of the grounds; then, continuing its course eastward through the new-inclosed fields on the north side of Home-Moor Hill, takes a sweep to preserve the level and comes on 'tween

Newbiggen and Upper Houses, and over the old inclosed ground, where it is nearly obliterated, till it crosses the Wolsingham turnpike to the station.

"This watercourse is now dry, and has been neglected, I suppose, ever since the Roman town and station were abandoned; as the head-stream has found its way down the ancient course of the rivulet, and now supplies the corn-mill at Knycheley. Mr. Fenwick would, I dare say, point out this aqueduct, so as to give you a better idea of it than any description can convey; and I wish you every success in collecting materials for a history of the place. Mr. Fenwick was mentioning that he has lately got an altar that was found at Ebchester, which I have not seen; you may likely take an opportunity to examine it.

"When at Lanchester the other day, Smith's Botany was lying in Newton's; which induced me to suppose you are paying attention to the native plants in the neighbourhood. As this part of natural history has long been a favourite pursuit of mine, you would oblige me much by communicating the *habitats* of any of the rarer species you have observed; as it may add to the catalogue of the Durham and Northumberland plants lately published.

"I am, Sir, with respect, yours, &c.

"RD. WAUGH."

Here is a kind and sensible letter, which, as we shall see, excited Hodgson to make further inquiries touching the subject now beginning to engage his attention. The concluding paragraph of the letter gives us the further information that Hodgson was at that time beginning to turn his thoughts to botany, a science in which he afterwards made considerable progress, and which afforded him much gratification in his after years. A few days afterwards he writes again to Mr. Waugh, and also to the keeper of the museum at Keswick, respecting the altar above mentioned. I give their letters to him in reply. Of the result of his investigations and inquiries respecting the camp, more will be said in my notice of his poems, written here at Lanchester, in which "*Longovicum*" makes so conspicuous a figure as the result of his Roman inquiries.

"TO THE REV. JOHN HODGSON.

"SIR,

East Morton, 17 May, 1806.

"The Roman coins, of which the following is some short account, were found in a field on the east side of the station at Lanchester, belonging to Miss Ornsby, where it was ploughed out in the spring of 1788

"No. 1. A laureated head, legend very perfect, IMP · C · M · AVR · SEV · ALEXAND · AVG.; and on the reverse, PIETAS · AVG. Figure, the type of Piety at the altar. This coin must be of Alexander Severus.

"No. 2. A female head, IVLIA · MAESA · AVG.; and on the reverse SAECVLI · FELICITAS. The figure is stolated, at the altar, holding in the right hand a patera with a star, which shews her to be deified; in the left an hasta with a caduceus.

"No. 3. A laureated head, IMP · ANTONINVS · AVG. On the reverse, VICTORIA · AVG. The figure Victory gradient or passant, holding in the right hand a laurel, in the left a palm.

"No. 4. A female radiated head, legend perfect, SALL · BARBIA ORBIANA · AVG. Reverse CONCORDIA · AVG. Figura sedens, dextra pateram, sinistra cornucopiam. The wife of Alexander Severus.

"No. 5. Of copper. A radiated head. On the obverse, IMP · C · VICTORINVS · P · F · AVG. On the reverse, PIETAS (as in No. 1 nearly).

"A large coin of very bad brass, one and a quarter inch in diameter and one-eighth in thickness: legend defaced. On the reverse a figure which I take to be *Quies*, a goddess among the Romans.

"The four first numbered coins are of a substance like tin. There were also two more of copper and one of lead, defaced.

"A copper wire four and a half inches long; one-eighth of an inch in diameter, sharp at one end, with a moulding one inch from the point; the other end is flat. I conjecture it to have been a Roman stylus or pen for writing upon waxed tablets.

"A piece of lead which has been about an inch in diameter, and one-twelfth in thickness, having a small triangular piece of copper fixed in the middle: it seems to have had legends on each side, but now totally defaced.

"A kind of hollow-headed nail of brass with a flat shank, one inch long, one quarter broad, flat at the end, and having near it a round hole one-sixth in diameter; to what use it may have been applied I

am not able to form the least conjecture: it is finely coated with the 'sacred rust of antiquity' so much esteemed by antiquaries.

"The three following coins were found some time the same summer.

"1. A laureated head, CAES · NER · TRAIAN · OPTIM · AVG · GER. Reverse, P · M · T · P · CVI · P · P · S · P · Q · R. *Figura stans, dextra balancem, sinistra palmam.*

"2. A laureated head, P · SEPT · GETA · PIVS · AVG. . . . Rev. . . . Cæsar paludatus, stans, dextra ramum, sinistra hastam, cum tropeo a tergo.

"3. A laureated head, IMP · ANTONINVS · PIVS · AVG. (*Elagabalus*).

"The last and finest of these coins which I have seen is the following: it was found in June 1789, in Miss Ornsby's field when weeding.

"A fine struck laureated head: legend, IMP · CONSTANTINVS · AVG. On the reverse a very perfect figure of Sol gradiens, holding in the right hand a lamp, in the left a globe; five rays about the head. SOLI INVICTO · COMITI. In the exergue, PTR: under the right hand T: under the left F. This coin is in copper, nine-tenths of an inch in diameter, weight fifty-and-a-half grains, beautifully covered with an iron-coloured rust: it is more perfect than any of the foregoing, both in respect of the head and figure on the reverse, and also the formation of the letters; they being squared at the heads and feet like the modern Roman alphabet now used.

"Rev. Sir, yours truly,

"RD. WAUGH."

[On the back of the letter is a drawing of a Roman altar at Mr. Tho. Wilkinson's, Hollin Hall, 1788. Face nine inches high: between six and seven inches broad. Inscription, D VICTORIE VOT · S · V · L · M. S.]

"TO THE REV. JOHN HODGSON.

"DEAR SIR,

Keswick, June 2, 1806.

"I received yours of the 30th ult., and indorsed send you as good a drawing of the Altar as I am able; but the latter part of the inscription is not legible and left blank. Breadth at the middle seven and a half inches. Breadth at the two ends eight and a half. Thickness at the middle four and a half. At the two ends five. On the centre of the top is indented the representation of a small saucer with a cup topsy-turvy in its middle, viz. like as an indent made in clay with a six pound cannon-ball in its middle, flat side down. The altar is free-

stone, of a large grit, and when fresh broke of a cream colour. I shall be very thankful to receive any very curious article by carrier, if not too heavy, and am, Sir, your humble and very obedient servant,

“PETER CROSTHWAITE.”

[Here is a bad drawing of the altar mentioned in Mr. Waugh's first letter.] “N.B.—The figure on the side of the stone like the handle and shank of a key, projects above the surface of the stone, and its parts are about three-quarters of an inch in diameter I have no other antiques from Lanchester.”

At Lanchester also the poetical tendencies of Hodgson's mind began to expand and manifest themselves in a more conspicuous way. The following pleasing stanzas were written here in 1805, although they were not published till 1810, when his mother, to whom they are addressed, was in her grave. She was buried on the 25th Aug. 1809. His father died in 1807, in the 54th year of his age. The small volume in which the stanzas are contained will be noticed hereafter.

TO THE AUTHOR'S MOTHER ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Full six and twenty winters now have swoln
With angry turbulence the stream that laves
The meadows, where my boyish feet
Their dark prints left in morning dew,
Since I was born.

O, my dear Mother, with what envious speed
The years of mortal beings roll away !
Like couriers through some beauteous vale
We haste, and the receding view
Escapes us fast.

In memory's eye the finish'd moments seem,
A mighty prospect, dappled o'er with gleams
And gloom—with sorrow and with joy :
A land diversified with wilds
And flowery plains.

Far back, in dim diminish'd form, appear
The days of childhood, like a distant hill
With ether blue ; and nearer rise,
A wild of barrenness, the idle years
I spent at school.

There is my entrance in the vale of life !
 Dark as a forest in a winter's night,
 All through whose boughs translucent streams
 Of love and bliss, and hope and fear,
 Like moonlight flow.

High on the foreground, in colossal size,
 Manhood, in strange variety, presents
 A picture over which the mind
 Hurries with pain, or gazing views
 With fond delight.

Before me blackness palpable is spread,
 Through which conjecture travels but in vain :
 Another birthday I may see ;
 Or, long ere that, be lifeless clay—
 'Tis mystery all !

O could I wings across my shoulders bind,
 With speed far swifter than the swiftest gale
 I'd rise impatient from the earth,
 Cleave the long wilderness of air,
 And come to you.

While life shall flutter at my mother's heart,
 Dear, very dear, the dawning light shall be,
 Which first, on dewy-glistening wings,
 Maternal prayers for me upbore
 To Mercy's throne.

Nor shall forgetfulness obscure the day
 When o'er my cheeks the emblematic drops
 Of pureness fell, and holy hands
 Upon my infant temples made
 The Christian sign.

For when I lose remembrance of her love,
 Who watched with anxious hope my rising years,
 Farewell to all the bliss of life !
 Farewell my God, and farewell all
 That's worth a thought.

But this was not the only poem written by Mr. Hodgson at Lanchester. I have before me a small volume of the most unpretending appearance, with the following title, "Poems written at Lanchester by John Hodgson, clerk. London, 1807," of which little book an account must be given, not merely because it is its

author's first appearance in print, but because it demands a notice from its intrinsic merit, and the light it throws upon the thoughts and feelings, and, it may be added, the amiabilities, of his mind at that early period of his life. One more remark may be made,—that he was an acute observer and ardent admirer of nature in her various operations is proved in every page of this little volume. The poems which it contains were written, as their author informs us, in periods of ill-health and the depression of spirits which the long continuance of such ill-health never fails to bring along with it. What a merciful gift must a mind so constituted be, under such painful and almost hopeless circumstances, to the man to whom it is vouchsafed! As long as Hodgson could so observe, and think, and write, he wanted not consolations in the midst of afflictions of whatever kind or severity.

The book contains a poem called "Woodlands," "Longovicum, a Vision," and five "Odes." It is neatly printed, in a duodecimo size, by David Akenhead and Sons, Newcastle, and extends to nearly 140 pages. With Mr. John Akenhead, Hodgson maintained a long and cordial friendship after his settlement on the banks of the Tyne in 1806.

In the preface we have the following statements as an apology for the boldness of its author, in thus appearing before the public. These statements are chiefly deserving of a notice here on account of the personal history which they contain.

"At a time when the claim to poetical talent seems no longer to be attributed to innate power, or to any peculiar complexion of the human mind, when the press every day teems with polite and well-finished verse, it may demand an apology to offer to the public a work trifling and unimportant as the present volume.

"And after I have confessed it is neither from the flattery or the persuasion of my friends, nor from any confidence in the merit of my own performance, that I send it into the world, I hope I may be credited. To say I am entirely unanxious about its favourable reception would belie my feelings. Authors of every description must be agitated with some expectation of the good opinion of their readers, and, if I have any motive for the publishing this volume, it certainly originated in a desire to draw myself from obscurity into notice. My scheme may be blameable, and every way unsuccessful. But when I recollect

the pleasure I had in composing these poems, and the hours of sickness and anxiety they have alleviated, I shall never look back with penitence on the time I have bestowed upon them.

"During a residence at Lanchester of a little more than two years my time was chiefly occupied in educating the children of the village, and attending to the duties of an extensive curacy. But my health had required some relaxation from professional employment; and that was chiefly sought for in the society and hospitality of the families in the neighbourhood, in wandering into the fields, in botanical recreations, in searching for antiquities about the Roman station, and in occasional attempts at poetry."

"Woodlands," he proceeds to state, "which has been chosen for the subject of the first poem, is situated near Lanchester, in the county of Durham, and is the estate of Thomas White, Esq. Prior to the year 1777 it was a wild heath. For improvements in it, according to the Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c., Mr. White received their gold medal ten times, and their silver medal once. The following description of it previous to its inclosure is from Mr. White's own report:—

"The ground of this plot, whilst in a state of nature, was covered with ling, fern, broom, and bad grass, and rushes in the wet places: the high parts of it very bad land, of a channelly quality, and not many inches from a grit-stone rock: lower down the hills the land is of a better quality, affording a tolerable depth of soil, but was then very cold and swampy for want of draining. The features of this inclosure are rather gentle than bold, inclining from the north and south down to a narrow valley in the middle, which continues from east to west through the adjacent country, over which a small but petulant trout-stream wantonly meandered in so many ridiculous mazes as choked its own progress, and rendered the whole of the small valley, containing about eleven acres of my best and most sheltered land, almost useless.'"—*Transact. of the Soc. of Arts, &c.* vol. v. p. 10.

"Of the second poem (the author proceeds) the notes I have given supersede the necessity of any explanation in my preface: and the pieces I have ventured to call Odes are, perhaps, more in want of a sufficient apology for their insertion than of a history of their composition." "*Gateshead, June 1807.*"

It forms no part of my duty to exercise, even if I were able, the province of a critic; but it may probably appear to many of my readers that, as a whole, the poem of Woodlands is no

ordinary composition, and there may be many who will thank me for placing before them the following extracts, some of which, on account of their personal nature, appear to demand a place in a memoir of their author, if even there were no better reason for bringing them forth from a book which is now but little known.

Now Flora, loveliest of the train of spring,
Her temples wreath'd with many a blushing flower,
And loose robe floating on the sunny light,
Calls out her children from the sleep of death.
The humble speedwells, with cerulean eye,
And deep-ting'd violet, with fragrant breath,
Adorn the shade: scatter'd o'er every mead,
The golden spangles of the pile-wort glow;
And through the leafless woods the anemone
And fair oxalis, like yon world of stars
That crowd the galaxy, serenely smile.

Meek offspring of the earth, your fragrance breathe
O'er hill and dale! In all your mingled hues,
Burst from your seeds and little folded buds!
O'er you, as well as man, the Almighty's eye
Watches for ever; and the lily's bell
Is still as white, as beautiful, as sweet
As in the morning when the obedient earth
Heard the Creator's mandate, and ye sprang,
Seed-yielding herbs, tall trees, and grassy blades,
All-jocund into life. How many hours
Of sweet society I found with you,
When grief and sickness every evening drew
The wings of misery above my head!
And (hardiness may laugh) but I have thought
'Twas cruelty to pluck you in the bloom
Of life, and implicate your bleeding stems,
E'en though to make a garland for the brow
Of her I most admire. With you I claim
A mortal kindred; for, like me, to death
Obnoxious are you all. But then, alas!
My death is passage to an awful state,
In which no change of circumstance can be.
A grain of wheat, committed to the earth,
Produces wheat, consimilar to itself,
And souls their moral likeness still shall keep—
Be rude and restless in the world to come,
Or, blessing others, happy in themselves.—p. 14, &c.

Spread like a mantle o'er yon sloping hills,
The forest now appears. It feels the vernal lymph

Ascending its innumerable veins,
 And, pleased, its dappled livery reassumes.
 For commerce or for war, in future days,
 Of slow maturity, the sapling oak
 Unfolds his princely honours; and the lime
 Weds his young branches to the shady beech.
 Clust'ring and dark, the Caledonian fir
 Puts on a brighter hue. The lofty spruce,
 That on Norwegian hills by twilight seems
 A sable pyramid of dizzy height,
 Extends the branches of his gradual wheels,
 And throws his length'ning spears into the sky.
 The larch, fair native of the towering heights
 Whence storm-fed Po, impatient down the brows
 Of Viso, comes to kiss the blooming flowers
 Of Parma's pastures, like some beauteous maid
 At Hymen's altar, bends with graceful boughs.
 Its robe is bridal, set with dangling flowers,
 Of which the yellow male affords a dust,
 That by the Zephyr's ministerial hands
 Borne to the purple bride, with joy, insures
 Fecundity. And, trembling like a hart
 Entangled in a hunter's toil, the poplar shakes
 His hoary tresses o'er the murmur'ing brook :
 Dark alders too, the many-leaved ash,
 The supple osier, and the slender birch
 Put on the vesture of the youthful year."—p. 24, &c.

Tell me, ye dead ! is not your ceaseless work
 To adore and imitate the God who made
 Your glorious habitations, and to search
 With unabated zeal into the plans
 Of Wisdom infinite ? O happy life,
 And happy spirits, whom no ills molest !
 A few short years, and we shall all enjoy
 This high, this full beatitude with you.
 Brothers—is this no phrenzy of the soul ?
 Oh, yes ! dear sister, I shall meet with thee ;
 The anguish that my mother felt, and all
 My father's tears, that wet thy early grave,
 Shall then be quite forgotten in our joy.
 Methinks I see thee in yon distant star
 Astronomers the fair Arista call,
 With all our humble kindred, bending down
 To sing high anthems to the KING OF KINGS,
 And, while imagination fills my ear
 With angels' harmony, my eyes weep joy.

O ! may this dear delusion oft possess
 My soul,—this little visionary gleam return
 To dissipate the clouds of human ills,
 And gild my prospect into future bliss.—p. 36, &c.

Within the shadow of a southern hedge,
 The mower hangs his scythe upon a bough
 Of feathery larch. Exact, as is the sun
 To climb the dizzy summit of his course,
 His little daughter brings a clean repast,
 Prepar'd by her who shares his toil and bliss.
 The prating beauty on his shoulders hangs;
 Dangles the flexures of its father's hair,
 And wakes a trembling pleasure in his veins.
 Here is a lesson for the idle crowd,
 Whose limbs are lax and weary with the toil
 Of most laborious drivelling. Round his head
 He twines his tawny arms, and lays him down,
 Possess'd of all the luxury of rest.
 Light is his heart, not many are his cares;
 His mind upon a level with his state;
 And if he never felt the throb of him
 Who wanders in the flowery paths of thought
 With science and with poesy, he feels
 No looks of envy thrown into his soul;
 No shock electric, from the hand of pride,
 To paralyze the body of research.—p. 38, &c.

The poem of "Longovicum" is, as its title at length informs us, "a Vision." Its author sees in a dream a female "form divinely fair—with flowing robe and braided hair" moving upon a cloud "whose milky hue—was ting'd with shades of clearest blue" and singing to her harp the history of Longovicum under the Druids, the Romans, the Saxons, and the earlier period of Christianity. The verse is harmonious, and some of the pictures are very striking. But the poem was perhaps chiefly intended to serve as a text to which might be appended numerous learned and interesting notes relative to the history of the Camp itself, the result of reading and personal observation. These notes, which are occasionally illustrated by woodcuts rudely carved by the author himself, prove that to Hodgson's short residence at Lanchester must be attributed that faculty of patient inquiry into the subject of Roman antiquities for which he was afterwards so highly distinguished, and which, in process of time, led to such signal discoveries in other and more extensive fields. He now

for the first time writes upon subjects to which happily so much of his after leisure was devoted, and he writes to the purpose. To Lanchester in fact we owe "The Roman Wall."

A few of his more general remarks upon the camp and its situation and condition at that time may be extracted from his pages. Mr. Surtees made much use of the whole in his *History of the County*, vol. ii. p. 303—307.

"The Roman station (writes he, p. 67, &c.) the history of which has been attempted in this little poem, is situated near the village of Lanchester in the county of Durham. From the present extent of its ruins and the variety of curious inscriptions, coins, and sculptures that have been dug from them, it is certain the place was once of considerable importance. But its history is so much involved in obscurity, and so many of the records of its ancient strength and extension have perished with its less valuable remains, that its name is now disputed and its founder unknown."

He then discusses at length the opinions of preceding writers respecting the real name of the station in times of old, and proceeds—

"The scene of this Vision is supposed to lie about the middle of the south wall of the station. Within the last century, and in the memory of many people yet alive, the whole site of the station was overgrown with thorns, brambles, and hazels. But its irregular ruins have now for several years been levelled by the plough, and its area, and the ground on the outside of its walls, been usefully employed. It still, however, exhibits one of the most conspicuous remains of a Roman camp now to be seen in South Britain. That many valuable antiques should be destroyed by the workmen, who prepared its site for agricultural purposes, was to be expected, and that its remains have for many ages continued to be removed for building the church, the village, the farm-houses, the fences of the neighbouring inclosures, and even to be buried in the highways, is more than probable. It has often, indeed, been visited by very eminent antiquaries, especially by Dr. Hunter and Mr. Horsley, and several of its inscriptions and coins have met the eyes of the curious. But, it is to be feared, many of these records of its history are irretrievably lost. The late proprietor of the farm at Hollingside remembered the spot when it was covered with fallen pillars, and while the towers of the wall were still visible. His dwelling-house was in a great measure built from its remains, and the masons he employed, according to his own description, pre-

ferred the stones that were carved to those that had been used for ordinary purposes. "*The grave stones that were a' covered wi' letters made excellent throughs!*" One stone in particular, he affirmed, made a yard of wall, and had a beautiful female figure cut on one side, which the masons turned inwards. This figure is said to be in the west gable."—p. 74, &c.

"While I resided at Lanchester I not unfrequently met with fragments of altars, hand-mills, mortars, and other curiosities, in the field-walls, and the walls of the cottages and farm-houses, but was never fortunate enough to be gratified with a new inscription. Two of the votive altars I found, had the figures of toads cut upon them; a third had a *patera* and *urceolus* on its sides; and a fourth, though neatly hewn, was without any emblematic representation."—p. 78.

"Its form is a parallelogram, the length of the vallum or wall from east to west being one hundred and eighty-three yards, and its breadth from north to south one hundred and forty-three yards. Like all Roman camps, it had a gate in the middle on every side, from which were streets traversing each other at right angles at the centre. Of the east and west gate and the street leading between them there are yet evident traces. The corners of the wall were round and guarded with towers. The vallum itself was eight feet thick at the foundation, gradually decreasing by parallel steps from the surface of the inside to four feet at the top. It was strengthened on the west by a fosse. The other sides had the advantage, in case of a siege, of the sloping of the hill. The Pretorium was situated near the north gate, and evident vestiges of it are still remaining. The stone has been brought from a hill about a mile east from Lanchester. There are traces of two aqueducts, each at least two miles long."—p. 91. &c.

At a subsequent period of his life, when resident at Heworth, Mr. Hodgson communicated to the *Archæologia Æliana* (vol. i. p. 118) Observations on one of these aqueducts, and also Remarks upon certain heaps of Iron Scoria in the parish of Lanchester.

Of the odes contained in the same little volume one is addressed to the West Winds; two to the Rev J. Cowper, a school-master at Swindale, the author's birth-place; one to a Bee; and the fifth and last to a Lady. We venture to print the first at full length. It was a great favourite with the late Mr. Surtees, no ordinary judge of poetical elegance, long before he was acquainted with its author.

TO THE WEST WINDS.

Whither, ye timid zephyrs, have you flown,
Ye people of the west wind, tell me where
You stretch your aromatic wings,
And in what gardens of the sun,
At morning, breathe

Your pleasant odours? Have you southward fled,
With spring to linger on the breezy shores
Of Ebro, or the olive's leaf
To paint with everlasting green
On Tajo's banks?

Perhaps you sport upon the golden sands
Of Niger, and, in heat meridian, dip
Your wings upon Anzico's plains;
Or in the cocoa-vestur'd isles
Beyond the line

Kiss the young plantain, and to dance and song
The simple natives call. O! ministers
Of health, and medicines that cure
The soul with sickness woe-begone—
O back return,

And brace my languid limbs, and on my cheek
With hands benevolent your crimson lay:
Come and repair the dreadful waste
Committed by the boisterous tribe
That rule the north.

From the fair pastures of the bright-horn'd bull
Descending, on the orient shafts of day,
A thousand sylphs of heat are come
To strew your grassy road with flowers,
And bid you hail.

Already has the primrose decked for you
Her fragrant palaces, and wide unfolds
Their vestibule with yellow doors;
The purple-spotted orchis too
Prepares his halls

Of curious workmanship, where you may spend
Your festal mornings, or, beneath the gloom
Of solitary midnight, rest
In caves, that azure crystal seem
To eyes like yours.

Come in the globe-flower's golden laver, wash
 Your little hands with dew-drops, and in seas
 Of evening tears, upon the leaves
 Of alchemilla, gently plunge
 Your beauteous limbs.

Will you not sip the woodruff's od'rous lymph,
 And banquet on the ambrosia it affords?
 Will you not on the wortle * sit,
 And luscious nectar drink beneath
 Its ruby dome?

O! you shall revel on Eliza's lip,
 Madden with rapture on its coral bloom,
 And in her gentle eye behold
 The infant softness of your form
 Reflected bright.

Come then, O genial winds, and in your way
 Visit the fairest fountains of the sky,
 And in the hollow of your hands
 Bring each a precious drop to cheer
 Returning spring.

On the subject of the above volume of poems, however, we must not omit to give Mr. Hodgson's own opinion. The following is an extract from a letter written by him to his wife at Heworth when he was in London in 1821. "3 March. I must not omit to tell you what the Bishop [of Durham, Dr. Barrington] said when I entered the room to dinner. 'O here he is; we have just been talking about you. I have been saying that you are not only an excellent antiquary but an excellent poet. I assure you I have read your poems all through more than twice, and I have been advising the company to do the same; they are full of genius.' I do not mention this from vanity, because I have none about the work, which the Bishop honoured with his opinion. I often wish, on account of its faults, that every copy was burnt." I myself have frequently heard him express the same desire, especially during a pleasant excursion from Durham to his old scenes at Lanchester on Oct. 14, 1836. Our company, including Hodgson, consisted of Mr. Townsend, Mr. Dobie Wilson of

* *Vaccinium myrtillus*, bilberry or blaeberry. The stamina of this shrub form a very beautiful dome.

Glenarbach, in Scotland, Mr. Ornsby, and myself. Hodgson was our guide over the camp, every line and stone of which seemed fresh to his memory ; although thirty years had elapsed since his connection with the village had ceased. But he strongly deprecated any mention of his poem of Longovicum, which I happened to have in my pocket, and regretted that the volume in which it was contained was in existence. With the same feeling, he in the preceding year (1835) thus writes in his Journal, on the 22nd of May: "Finished the account of the trees here (at Hartburn) for Mr. Loudon, and sent him, to be returned, a copy of the foolish poems I wrote at Lanchester, as he requested.' And yet the book had been popular, not only at the time of its publication, but long afterwards; and he had received numerous testimonies in its favour from competent and disinterested judges. Two may be mentioned: "I shall be happy," says Mr. Surtees, by letter on the 29th April, 1812, "in any opportunity of your personal acquaintance; not only on account of the valuable assistance you promise me, but from the great pleasure I have derived from your poems:" and Mr. Tate of Richmond thus writes, 3 March, 1829: "The sympathies of my heart are with you ever—When I last saw John Ingram (Dr. Zouch's nephew), who once lived at Staindrop, it delighted me to hear him speak in such high terms of admiration about your little Book of Poetry. Ingram is a man of very fine cultivated talent."

But of the poem of Woodlands more must be said, at the risk of being thought tedious by those who have not, like Hodgson, studied nature and her proceedings, and for whom the eternal language of hills and dales and streams has no charms. Such subjects as these, it must be admitted, have been much abused in what has been called poetry; but there may be some who will be of opinion that Hodgson's feeling of intense veneration for outward nature is expressed in no ordinary way.

From a memorandum in his Journal it appears that, about the year 1830, Mr. Hodgson revised the poem of Woodlands with a view to a new edition. The alterations and additions which he proposed to make are many of them before me; and they are of such a character as to cause a regret that his design was not carried into execution. The additions are numerous and important, proving

that time had matured the judgment of their author, and had furnished him with new ideas, and a still more happy mode of expressing himself in poetic language. I shall probably not incur much blame if I give from the manuscript the following extracts. The poem itself is already before the world. The additions and emendations may never see the light except partially in the present pages.

But how shall I the rural pipe attune
To peaceful measures, while tempestuous winds,
Fitful and loud, upon my roof descend ?
The sturdy plane-tree stoops : the moon, alarm'd,
Flies like a hunted stag from cloud to cloud.
While rudeness thus usurps the reign of night,
How shall I sing of influences of stars
Or inspirations from the midnight hours
That pour their soothing o'er the anxious soul ?
How shall I paint the mead,
With blooming hawthorn hemm'd around, and streams ;
With butter-cups that drink their spangled hue
From golden rivers of the opening day ?
How think I wander in some shelter'd nook,
Where, in the blushing noons of early spring,
The daisy courts the sun with open disc,
And tufts of primrose grace the hazel banks ?
But contrast teaches us the worth of things,
And gives the highest relish to the joys
That stand in sight of danger or of pain.
Hence the strange pleasure that the landsman feels
In safety, when he sees the tempest turn
The ocean's surface into whitening foam,
Or on its curling billows bear aloft
The gilded vessel and its gallant crew,
Like leaf autumnal, or an empty gourd,
To dash to atoms on the deaf'ning shore.
Hence the lone herdsman, on a mountain-brow
Secure, the thrill of pleasing horror feels
While war's dread din from all the plain below
Comes thick'ning up, and lightning's horrid glare
Through smoke and dust from thick battalions join'd,
And trench'd artillery on the carnage gleams.
Then, while depression weighs my spirits down,
And tempest riots in the troubled air,
Go, Fancy, forth and contemplation hold
With woods, and cultur'd fields, and lawns,
With warbling birds, and Flora's lovely train.

And tell, how White, with irrealistless word,
Drove startled Barrenness from all her rights
Of old possession ; and morasses deep
And wind-swept hills in woods and verdure clothed,
Such as in genial climes spontaneous rise
By winding margin of a mighty stream.

And while in thought I tread yon silvan aisles
Through all the seasons of the changing year,
In morning's balmy air, in heated noon,
Or veiled in shadows of the dewy eve,
And trace Divinity in Nature's laws,
Be far, my soul, from adulation's shrine ;
Pour thou no incense on the altar there—
Its perfumes all thy youthful energies
Will kill, forbid thy pinions far above
The intrigues of life in freedom's car to ride
And make thee crouching sycophant, but fit
To be a great man's Sunday visitor,
The piteous object of his alms and scorn.
But be thou bold, and generous : from fear
Or envy never let my heart refuse
To useful merit its reward of praise.

Departed spirit ! daughter of my friend,*
From Heaven, thy home eternal now, O send
On me the lambent tongue of fire and powers
Thy aged father's broken heart to heal ;
His troubled mind with holy charm to touch
Of consolation, and to lead his step
Backward through scenes where he and nature vied
The desert and the wilderness to clothe
In garments such as floated once around
Patan's rich places and the ancient groves
Of Gehol. Thou hast pass'd the gate that leads
To life eternal, and the scenes with thee
Are all of certainty and joy : but do not
Angels of the world, of faith, and hope
Remembrance bear, and sympathize with those
They left behind, obnoxious to the pangs
Of mortal partings and the pains of death ?
And he, thy sire, of memory's dearest thoughts
Is worthy 'mongst the worthiest. They who
Were mighty born have mighty works to do,
And often do them not. The coronet
Within its magic circle has a spell,
That binds nobility to offer all

* Mr. White of Woodlands.

Her wealth and mental powers before the shrine
 Of pomp. The hot-house bears the fragrant pine
 While corn-fields cease from culture. Indian palms,
 And balmy flowers that nature gave to climes
 Within the Equator blossom now in air,
 Britannia in ten thousand furnaces
 Is forced to heat, while millions of her sons,
 For want of daily bread, are forced from home
 For friendlier shelter and for better fare
 Than home could give, in foreign climes to seek.

The following extract savours strongly of the first Georgic of Virgil.

Where the smooth land with vegetable soil
 Abounds, and dark and friable but thin,
 And near to barren sands, is found below,
 Then, O ye husbandmen, beware to let
 Your coulter shine. The granary hence few times
 Replenished, and ten centuries' constant rest,
 Without manure your folds can ill afford,
 The pilfered treasure from your injured fields
 Cannot restore. Here, if the earth inert
 By decomposing lime converted be
 To pabulum fit for herbs that love the mead,
 Enchantment quickly to the feast shall raise
 Fescue and poa, and the clover white,
 And odorous vernal grass, delight of sheep.
 But if its face with willows low, and heath,
 And mouldering brinks of pools uneven be,
 Ere drought unusual make it gasp with thirst,
 Or withering toughness root of shrub or rush,
 Or spongy hillock touch, the parers then
 With hooked spades in regular lines should lay
 The loathsome bearded turf. Few days elapse,
 And numerous hands to winds and sultry suns
 In columns straight the sever'd earth expose,
 Till fuel dry 'tis pil'd in rows of cones
 On flaming embers, task of sportive boys,
 Laborious, but congenial to their minds.
 By gentle breezes fann'd, the flame ascends
 In lambent spires—a blaze that mocks the sun,
 And far and wide in light blue volume spread,
 The smoke with peaty odour scents the air.
 Now strew the ashes alkaline around,
 And covering friable of clay or sand
 Or earth calcareous add, and plough the land,
 And harrow, till the whole be smooth and plain;

And last of all, when April's lengthening days
 A streaming vapour from the moist land draws,
 With even hand the well selected seed
 Of various grasses to its care commit ;
 But guard thy labour well from hoof of horse,
 Or heavy cattle, till the roller's weight
 Or summer's heat compactly bind the sward.
 One winter past, and spring shall nurture here
 A herbage thick of deeply-tinted green,
 That from the scythe in fleecy loads shall turn
 The rich reward of well-directed toil.

Whilst resident at Lanchester Hodgson discovered in the county of Durham another cousin, a youth of the name of Harding, a native of his own valley of Swindale, and three years younger than himself, with whom he entered into a friendly correspondence on subjects of literature, &c. The young man was a teacher of writing, and perhaps also of arithmetic and mathematics, in the school of Mr. Rawes, who had by this time removed from Witton-le-Wear to Houghton; and certainly it is not easy to conceive a more beautiful hand than that in which he writes his letters. The two appear to have met occasionally, both at Lanchester, and afterwards at Gateshead; after which period all intercourse between them seems to have been interrupted for many years; until in 1839 they again begin to write to each other: and in one of his letters Harding, who then and had long resided in Liverpool, gives an account of his history during this long interval. He had been a private tutor in several respectable schools, had married, and had become the father of eight children, six of whom were then alive and in the way of doing well. Of Hodgson's letters to this gentleman I have unfortunately no copy,* but that they were full of kindness and information is manifest. To one of them, the contents of which may be surmised from the answer it received, Harding made a long reply, from which, although I am anticipating the order of time which in general it is my intention to pursue, I make the following interesting extract.

"In looking over your note, which I do with renewed pleasure, I am particularly struck with the account you give of the dreams you relate

* It is probable that these letters may be procured in time for my purpose.

in reference to the scenes of our early youth. What you say about Swindale is to me very affecting. It recalls many tender scenes, that are past and gone, and which can never be recollected in this world; but the hope of a recognition and happy reunion to our relations in the next is, as you justly intimate, our only solace here. I set a high value upon what you call your proxy, as it does 'revive in my memory the lineaments of an old friend.' It reminds me of Cowper's feelings on the receipt of his mother's picture; and I wish I had talents to pay an equal tribute. The account you give of your topographical labours, considering too your clerical duties, is to me quite astonishing; and am glad to find that the composing of this work has afforded so much rational amusement, and, I would hope, some reasonable profit. The silence being now broken, I shall be happy to hear from you freely, as often as may be convenient. Your affectionate cousin,

"J. HARDING."

CHAPTER III.

Gateshead—Neville's Cross, a poem—Presented to the Living of Jarrow with Heworth—C. Ellison, Esq.—Ancient History of Jarrow—Duties and Emoluments of Jarrow and Heworth—Creation, a poem—A painter—History of the River Tyne and the Roman Wall.

IN the summer of 1806, after having resided at Lanchester for nearly two years and a half, the subject of our memoir became Curate of Gateshead under Dr. Prosser, at that time its rector, prebendary, and afterwards Archdeacon of Durham. Of Dr. Prosser in after years Hodgson had little to say, except that he made his curates wear a hat of a peculiar kind at visitations. Hodgson kept his hat to the last, as a curiosity. He leaves the vale of Lanchester, however, with considerable regret. With the two principal families then resident in the parish, the Whites and Greenwells, he had lived upon amicable terms. But his connection with such friends was severed by a distance of eight or ten miles only; and after his departure it appears to have undergone no interruption. The Whites, in particular, ever afterwards considered him as a friend of their house, and invariably, as is proved by their letters, communicated to him their joys or their sorrows; until Woodlands passed into the possession of another family, and they themselves became scattered residents in other and distant localities. The estate has passed into other hands. Much of the timber planted by the first Mr. White, having gained its growth, has been cut down; and the land upon which it grew, having been greatly benefited by the improving process it had undergone, is now devoted to pasture and tillage. Woodlands, however, still retains many beauties.

Proofs are not wanting that Hodgson was duly estimated by his Lanchester friends, and his welfare an object of their anxiety.

Soon after his departure from that valley, Mr. Walker, the incumbent of the parish church, died; and, such was the feeling of the people in Hodgson's favour, after his connection with them

had ceased, that they unanimously joined in a petition to the Bishop of Durham, its patron, for his appointment to the vacant benefice. The petition however was not attended with success, and the unsuccessful candidate has preserved a letter from his kind old friend Mr. Stopford of Sedgefield, at that time perpetual curate of Kyloe and Lowick, near Berwick-upon-Tweed, condoling with him on his disappointment. There is something very pleasing in the letters of this gentlemanly man. Others will present themselves to our notice hereafter.

"I do not forget you. I am not unmindful of you. My daily prayers and wishes are for your health, prosperity, and peace, as well as for the health, prosperity, and peace of all other friends and relations who justly merit my esteem and love. I easily foresaw that the application of the parishioners of Lanchester in your favour would avail nothing, but rather the contrary.—But be not grieved at your disappointment. Be not anxious about such things. Conscientiously discharge your ministerial duties, and leave the rest to the disposal of an all-wise, good, and gracious Providence. I beg to recommend to your notice my son Theophilus, the bearer of this. I hope you will have frequent opportunities of seeing him and giving him good counsel and advice, which to young persons, in such a place as Newcastle, is highly necessary.—Your sincere friend,

"W. STOPFORD."

The duties of the parish of Gateshead were of a most laborious kind. The population in 1801 was 8597, and there was at that time, I believe, no chapel of ease to assist in accommodating so many people. But Hodgson was no longer a schoolmaster; and therefore his leisure hours, few though they were, were at his own disposal. Here too was a new field for his inquisitive mind, and here he converted to a good use the opportunities which were thrown in his way for acquiring sound practical knowledge in the various departments of science in which he took a delight. If during his residence at Lanchester, he formed his first "acquaintance with the Great Northern coal-field" under such limited circumstances as that neighbourhood afforded, here he became located in the very centre of mining operations, surrounded by pits in full working, and so abundant in produce as to encourage their owners in sparing no expense in working them in the most

scientific way. Here also, in other respects, he found the human mind in the greatest activity. Enterprise and commerce, with all their remunerative concomitants, were flourishing on both sides of the Tyne, and elaborate machinery for almost every variety of purpose was in full exercise, giving employment to thousands. Here then was a wide field for a mind like his, taking nothing upon credit, but investigating with eye and thought every thing connected with science or adventure which fell in his way, and suffering no opportunity of gaining practical information to pass away unheeded. The only literary employment in which he appears to have been actually engaged, during his residence in Gateshead, was the publication of the poems written at Lanchester, of which we have already spoken. To the painful discharge of his clerical duties and to the acquisition of useful information he appears to have devoted his energetic mind with constancy and patience—with success we may hope in the one, under the blessing of the Almighty; the fruits of the other were not long in making themselves manifest.

Hodgson's Journal during his residence at Gateshead, if it deserves the name, is of a very miscellaneous nature, and kept apparently with no great regularity. It comprises notices of his various public and private ministrations as a clergyman, his sermons, visits to the sick, distribution of charity money, &c. &c. Many entries are made in short-hand of a peculiar character, in all probability of his own invention. It contains also a few notes of his personal expenses. Entries of a more general nature are neither numerous nor important. He became, it appears, a member of the Literary and Philosophical Society in Newcastle, attended lectures there, gained the acquaintance of Mr. Adamson, his future colleague as secretary of the Antiquarian Society, and received much notice from his own parishioners. The following memoranda are perhaps worthy of being brought to light as specimens of the entries which the book contains:

———"To write a poem for the benefit of Newcastle Infirmary on Charity—to make it chiefly didactive, but intersperse it with moral tales and enliven it with anecdotes."

"I went to-day with Mr. Ornsby of Darlington, an excellent scholar, to George Gray's room. He was painting a half-sized picture of Bruce

the schoolmaster. On observing that he did not put his name to all his pieces, I said 'But it is not a matter of moment, they will always be recognized.'—He seemed pleased, and said, 'An artist's style is like a hand-writing, peculiar and easily known.'"

"April 16 (1808). Dr. Prosser was collated to the Archdeaconry of Durham."

"May 5. Thursday. Went to Durham, under an expectation of dining in residence with Dr. Prosser (his late rector). But, though I had been pressed to go over, any day I was at liberty, I was not invited to dinner, or next to not invited: 'Perhaps, my dear, Mr. Hodgson will stop and dine with us this evening.'"

The Journal also contains a notice that the sum of 114*l.* 16*s.* had been collected in the parish of Gateshead (chiefly by Hodgson's means) for the benefit of the widows and children of numerous poor fishermen belonging to Newbiggin and Blyth in Northumberland, who had lost their lives at sea in a storm. He had soon to undertake a similar task at home and in his own parish, under circumstances of a more painful kind.

It has been said above that Hodgson did not engage in any literary work whilst he resided at Gateshead, but a little book has been preserved, which from its hand-writing induces me to alter my opinion. It contains the beginning of a poem, in blank verse, on the subject of the Battle of Neville's Cross, near Durham, extending to upwards of 200 lines, written with considerable spirit; and also numerous historical notes and extracts from printed authorities on the same subject, together with memoranda for his own guidance in the management of the poem. An alphabetical list is prefixed of persons engaged in the battle on both sides, and the plan is laid down for a poem as it appears of considerable length. It has been already said that what is written is in the most unfinished state, but we may venture to give by way of specimen a single extract, which is spirited and poetical. The Scottish king is addressing his nobles, and exhorting them to make an inroad into England

——shall Scotland's thanes
Still tributary live, still hear the cries
That widows and that orphans for revenge
Morning and evening through our wasted towns
Unceasing utter, and in scabbards still

Suffer their swords to slumber? She who held
 All Europe's states in tribute, and her sway
 O'er Asia's plains extended, and compell'd
 The tawny Moor her prowess to obey,
 Never by guile or force could bind in chains
 The sons of Caledonia; and shall we
 Tamely submit to see the sacred soil
 That fed our fathers, and through countless years
 Has been the abode of liberty and peace,
 Held in subjection by a king whose realm
 Neither in bounds nor beauty of its fields
 Surpasses ours? What shall we say, my thanes;
 Shall we unsheath our swords and freedom seize,
 Or let them slumber, and continue slaves?

Upon the cession of Dr. Prosser Mr. Phillpotts, now Bishop of Exeter, was collated to the vacant benefice; and with him Hodgson was making the necessary arrangements respecting his curacy when he received the following letter from Cuthbert Ellison, Esq. of Hebburn Hall, near Gateshead:

"DEAR SIR,

Hebburn Hall, May 23 (1808).

"If your engagements will allow you to breakfast with me to-morrow morning at nine o'clock I wish to see you on particular business. I am yours truly

"C. ELLISON.

"Rev. Mr. Hodgson."

The Journal above referred to explains this "particular business." Hodgson is no longer a stipendiary curate, but the incumbent of one of the most antient and famous parishes in the whole North of England; the representative of a college of holy men who from Jarrow and her sister establishment of Monkwearmouth shed the light of learning, sacred and secular, over the widely extending kingdom of Northumbria.

"May 15. Monday. At Mr. Harvey's. Evening. Mr. Glover (curate of Jarrow with Heworth) died. Mr. Willis gave me some expectations of obtaining the curacy of Jarrow and Heworth."

"May 17. Mr. Robinson curate of Boldon died suddenly in his way from Hebburn Hall."

"May 22. Mr. Barras's. Mr. Akenhead's. Mr. Willis. Strong encouragement to hope."

"May 24. Breakfasted with Mr. Ellison, and had the living of Jarrow offered me, without any solicitation, or ever being, but once, in

Mr. Ellison's company before. Dined with him in the evening. My obligations are great to Mr. Dodd, Mr. Ellison's steward, but especially to Mr. Willis (his solicitor). Wrote to my mother, Mr. Stopford, Mr. Phillpotts, Mr. J. Rawes, Mr. White, Jun., Mr. Greenwell (both Lanchester friends), Mr. Marshall."

This is the commencement of a series of acts of kindness extending over many years which Hodgson received at the hands of Mr. Ellison, for whom, and his family, he entertained the most sincere feelings of respect and gratitude to his dying day. In turning over an immense mass of correspondence for these pages I have been much struck with the way in which Mr. Ellison writes to him on all occasions ; treating him not merely as his parish priest, but as a friendly adviser on many important occasions, and almost as a member of his own family. To anticipate in some measure the course of time, as a specimen of the delicate and gentlemanly way in which Mr. Ellison was in the habit of conferring a favour upon him, when he knew it was needed, the following letter is here presented to the reader. Hodgson in this year was slowly recovering from a most severe illness, and Jarrow with Heworth could not afford to pay the bills of wine-merchants.

" DEAR SIR,

Hebburn Hall, 8th Jan. 1821.

" I will not fail to forward the letters I received from you to-day,* and I am very sorry for the cause which prevents me from shaking hands with you before I emigrate.

" Will you do me the favour to accept of 6 doz. of port wine, of the year 1807, for which I have not a sufficiently rapid consumption.—

" Yours very truly,

" C. ELLISON."

On the 1st June following the Bishop of Durham wrote as follows :

" REV. SIR,

Mongewell, 1 June, 1808.

" Nothing can be more honourable to Mr. Ellison, more flattering to you, or more satisfactory to me, than the motives which have induced him to give you such a proof of his favourable opinion. That

* Mr. Ellison was at that time a representative of Newcastle in Parliament, and his franks were of great use to Hodgson in his literary correspondence.

you will answer his laudable purposes in the appointment by an exemplary discharge of all the duties which it imposes, is not with me matter of doubt. I have given directions for preparing your licence, which, when signed, shall be forwarded to Mr. Burrell.* I am with much regard your sincere friend and brother

“S. DUNELM.”

His old friend Mr. Stopford also writes in terms of congratulation.

“DEAR SIR,

Kyloe, May 26, 1808

“Yesterday evening my son, on his return from Belford, left here a letter from you, which conveys to us the pleasing intelligence of your unsolicited, and consequently unexpected, promotion. We all greatly rejoiced, and we heartily congratulate you on the pleasing event.

“I am an entire stranger to Mr. Ellison, but I must always esteem the man who has penetration to discern, and generosity to reward, modest, unassuming merit.

“I now entertain a pleasing hope that in a little time you will have leisure and opportunity of paying us a visit. We shall be all very glad to see you. Please inform us by a few lines when we may expect you.

“We hope you frequently see Theophilus. We commend him to your friendship and protection. We understand he has been some time unwell; we hope to receive a favourable account of him when you write.

“I pray God to bless you; and am your sincere friend and humble servant,

“WM. STOPFORD.”

When Mr. Hodgson's private pursuits and line of reading in his leisure hours are considered, he cannot but be considered as having been fortunate in obtaining this preferment; although the income of the curacy afforded an inadequate compensation for the spiritual services of so painstaking a man. If Lanchester had been robbed of its rights by the strong arm of the Dissolution, so had the church of which he now becomes the incumbent.

* Mr. Burrell's fees for licence, &c. amounted to 10*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.* To pay this sum, among others, Hodgson borrowed 50*l.* of his friend Mr. Robert Akenhead, out of which he pays 27*l.* for a mare and 8*l.* for a gold watch.

Jarrow had been in times of old a mother church, famous for its antiquity, and renowned as a seat of piety and learning in the Saxon period; and Heworth had been an unendowed chapel within the limits of its jurisdiction. But ancient endowments had been sacrilegiously set aside, and Hodgson found his preferment in point of emolument, population and all other circumstances considered, the poorest of the poor. But upon this subject more will be said after few words shall have been devoted to the early history of the parish.

If Mr. Hodgson found at Lanchester a Roman camp, for the amusement of his leisure hours, he finds at Jarrow, not only a station of that people, of a lower class it must be admitted than that of Lanchester, but also a church boasting, and with no empty boast, of having been founded in the Saxon times, and pregnant with ecclesiastical associations of learning and piety and academical renown. The position of Jarrow, on the very verge of the Tyne, where that noble river combines with the sea at high tide in forming a large estuary, now called Jarrow Slake, led, without question, to the settlement upon that precise spot of both the Roman and the Saxon. The sea, and security, were both within reach, when danger approached on the side of the land, and such a situation was in consequence not to be neglected.

The Roman remains at Jarrow, which Hodgson studied deeply from year to year, consist of traces of a road extending from the camp at Lanchester to the mouth of the Tyne, by way of Urpeth, Gateshead Fell, the modern Wrekenton, and Jarrow itself, to South Shields, where altars have been found, one of which is at the present time preserved in the library of the Dean and Chapter of Durham. In a communication to the society of Antiquaries of Newcastle, written in 1822 (*Arch. Ælian.* ii. 123), Hodgson proves this road to be a branch of the ancient Wrekendyke, and when requested by the builder of a village on the line of the road, near Gateshead, to give a name to the new settlement, he called it by the appropriate name of Wrekenton, which it will now always retain. But further: during the progress of certain repairs in Jarrow church, in 1782, two Roman monuments, or inscribed stones, were found in the walls; and two square pavements of Roman brick were observed in the earth when the road was

altered near Jarrow Row. Besides, the whole ground to the north of the church has been ascertained to contain a series of foundations bearing every character of Roman masonry—and further still, in addition to these Roman *indicia*, as Leland would have called them, a regular line of masonry has been traced from east to west (parallel to the wall of the church-yard), till it terminated in the site of a round-tower, near the south-west angle of the cemetery, and on this very spot was found a silver coin of the emperor Aulus Vitellius.*

To come down to Saxon times:—the monastical church of Jarrow (we may be indulged in giving a few particulars of its origin and subsequent history) was founded in the year 681 by Benedict Biscop, a Saxon of noble birth, who had held office in the court of Oswy King of Northumbria, and who, at the early age of 25, had abjured the world and had become an ecclesiastic. Jarrow was the second of his monastic foundations. The church of St. Peter at Wearmouth (afterwards Monkwearmouth) had been the first, in the year 675. An inscription upon stone, of unquestionable antiquity and in good preservation in the church records the dedication or consecration of Jarrow in the year 685, and soon afterwards, until their destruction by the Danes, the two establishments appear to have been united in one fraternity, with the education of youth as one of its principal objects. It is recorded by Bede that at one time there were not fewer than 600 scholars receiving their education at Jarrow or Wearmouth. “But Jarrow (we quote from Surtees, p. 69) derives its principal honours from its connection with the Venerable Bede. An ancient and not an improbable tradition fixes the birth-place of Bede to the small hamlet of Monkton, nearly adjoining Jarrow. Bede himself states, generally, that he was born within the jurisdiction of St. Peter and Paul, that he entered the monastery

* These notes are chiefly extracted from Surtees, ii. 68, &c.; see also Hodgson's own account of Roman Jarrow in the *Hist. of Northumb.* vol. iii. pt. ii. p. 230. In a letter to myself, on the 31st of March, 1832, he says—“Jarrow has much that is very curious about it. The name is derived from the old Saxon and Danish term *Gyr*, a *carr* or *marsh* subject to be flooded. The Isle of Ely had the same name; and in contradistinction to this was called “*Suth Gyrvy*.” The inscribed Roman stones mentioned above fell into Hodgson's hands upon the death of Brand, and he gave them to Mr. Ellison. They are now at Hebburn Hall.

at seven years of age in 684, was ordained deacon at nineteen by John Bishop of Hexham in 696, and received the full order of priesthood from the same prelate in his thirtieth year (707). 'From the date of my attaining the priesthood, until this my fifty-ninth year, I have never ceased to compile annotations and glosses on the Holy Scripture, for the edifying of myself and my brethren!' In another passage he adds that he spent his whole life, from childhood to age, within his own monastery. To these naked dates, and to this simple and authentic account, little can be added; but the sequestered habits of Bede may demand the attention of those who, blind to native talent and home-bred worth, despise all learning and undervalue all accomplishment which is not tinged with the flavour of a foreign growth. The lamp of learning trimmed by the hand of a simple monastic, who never passed the limits of his Northumbrian province, irradiated from the cell of Jarrow the Saxon realm of England with a clear and steady light; and when Bede died, History reversed her torch, and quenched it in deep night."

But Jarrow and her sister of Wearmouth were, in the year 867, along with similar religious institutions on the eastern coast, laid waste by a band of invading and plundering Danes; and, after having been for a long time unoccupied, became by the gift of Walcher Bishop of Durham, in 1075, the property and residence of a few Benedictine monks, who had migrated from Winchelcumbe to the North of England, and who eventually, in 1083, were removed to Durham, to constitute the germ of that afterwards splendidly endowed Benedictine convent. The Winchelcumbe monks, however, were no sooner settled at Durham than, mindful of the historic fame and sanctity of the two churches which they had so lately occupied, they established a few members of their body in the churches of Jarrow and Wearmouth, which now became separate but dependent fraternities, obeying in all things the will of the church of Durham, of which they were offsets, removeable at pleasure, but with fixed sources of income, of the receipt and expenditure of which an annual account was to be rendered at home. The two churches, therefore, became cells, as they were called; and so they continued till the Dissolution. Many of the annual account-rolls here spoken of, and

numerous inventories of the ecclesiastical furniture, goods, &c. of the two cells, extending from 1303 to the Dissolution, have lately been made public by the Surtees Society, and much light has consequently been thrown upon their history and domestic economy during that period.

Of architectural interest the church of Jarrow has much to boast of peculiar to itself. There is over its chancel-arch the unique and memorable historical inscription in 685, above spoken of, and numerous fragments of the original Saxon fabric are preserved in the second structure, which mainly belongs to the early Norman period of the Winchelcumbe settlers in 1075. The tower is very characteristic of that early style, and there are extensive remains of monastic buildings of the same date upon the brow of the hill on the south and west of the church.

These few notices may suffice with respect to the church of Jarrow, with which Mr. Hodgson becomes connected as its minister, a place with everything to excite and keep alive his historical and antiquarian zeal. The Roman, the Saxon, the Dane, and the Benedictine monk of Durham, all figure before him; each with his own national feelings and characteristics, but all of them belonging to the great family of man: and that he at one time meditated a detailed history of the place in all its bearings, appears from the following note by Mr. Surtees (ii. p. 67): "I am the less anxious to give a more detailed account of this interesting spot, both because I feel it impossible to collect, from its present mutilated state, any certain account of its original appearance, and because I am aware that the subject is turning in the mind of a genuine antiquary who has every local advantage." To the subject of this contemplated history we shall return by and by.

It is in general, however, easier to write books than to find means for sending them forth to the world. The income of Jarrow was barely sufficient to procure the ordinary necessities of life for its incumbent. And here again we may have recourse to somewhat of history to account for the present poverty of such an ancient church.

To the monks of Jarrow, the convent of Durham had appro-

priated the tithes of the townships of Jarrow and Heworth (strictly so called), together with the responsibility of providing for the due performance of parochial service in both places, reserving to themselves the tithes of the other numerous townships within the parish: that these duties were duly performed by the monks may not be doubted; but, as the annual revenue of the cell of Jarrow did not at the Dissolution amount to 200*l.*, it was dissolved by the first spoliatory statute, and in consequence its revenues (the above tithes included) fell away for ever from the church into the hands of the Crown or its grantees, and until recent times, under the operation of Queen Anne's Bounty, and other charitable aids, the emoluments of the curacy consisted only of a pension of ten marks (6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*) per annum, payable by the lay impropiators (the owners of what had belonged to the monks, and which had in their time been devoted to sacred purposes), together with the surplice fees. The population of Jarrow and Heworth amounted in 1811, three years after the commencement of Hodgson's incumbency, to 6,303 souls. The income at that time, from all sources, was not more than 116*l.* per annum. There was no glebe house, and the distance between the church and its chapel was four and a quarter miles, and the circuit of the parish was considerable; so that a horse was required, and yet Hodgson could only afford to keep a horse for the first two or three years of his incumbency, afterwards he borrowed or walked. But it may be convenient to anticipate here somewhat of the subsequent history of the parish in point of its emoluments. Things had not long continued in this state of poverty before Hodgson made an effort to procure an augmentation to his benefice from the fund of Queen Anne's Bounty, but difficulties presented themselves, and for a while he gave up his attempt in despair. In 1815 however he was more fortunate; Jarrow was in that year augmented with 500*l.*, 200*l.* being contributed by Lord Crewe's trustees, and 300*l.* by Queen Anne's Bounty. In 1818 another sum of 500*l.* was raised, 100*l.* being contributed by the Pyncombe trustees, 100*l.* by Hodgson himself, and 300*l.* by parliamentary grant. In 1819 again Hodgson succeeded in obtaining from the governors of Queen Anne's Bounty two additional allotments of 200*l.* each. This sum

of 1,400*l.* in all was afterwards laid out in the purchase of a small farm called Lough House, in the parish of Stamfordham, for the benefit of the living.

From the commencement of Mr. Hodgson's incumbency, divine service was performed in the morning or afternoon at Jarrow and Heworth on alternate Sundays; but, as he resided at Heworth, this latter place had always an evening service, in addition to that in the morning or afternoon, according to its turn; so that, over and above his other ministerial functions, such as reading prayers thrice, baptisms, marriages, funerals, &c.* which were generally very numerous, Hodgson preached three sermons every Sunday.

"That's a wonderful man, that Mr. Hodgson," said a gentleman one evening in Durham, in a crowded room, whilst looking on and talking over a whist table. "Ye'll hardly believe it, but he has the churches of Heworth and Jarrow, and he has so many duties every Sunday, of one kind or another, that he's never done; and yet after all he gives a second evening service at Heworth; but he is sometimes so tired that he can only read the exhortation and confession before he begins his sermon." "That's very wrong," spoke a reverend personage, "very wrong, Sir; quite contrary to the canons." "The canons," replied the first speaker, "the canons, did you say? Why as to the canons, *just that*," snapping the forefinger and thumb of his right hand with such a noise that there was an instant silence in the room; "the canons, you know, my Lord, say a clergyman is not to play at cards, and there you are, a bishop, with the ace of trumps in your hand." The bishop was the chaplain of 1802, by whom poor Hodgson had been rejected in his examination for Holy Orders, and the gentleman, who is happily still alive, was a privileged person in the habit of telling plain truths in a way peculiar to himself, a man who has not unfrequently said a good thing, and, with all his peculiarities, has done many a kind one.

In the year 1809, after he had resided a year at Heworth, Hodgson began another poem, with the exalted title of "The Creation," in which however, he made but little progress.

* A portion of land was inclosed within the chapel yard and consecrated as an additional burial-ground for the chapelry of Heworth, in Sept. 1808, a few weeks after the commencement of Mr. Hodgson's incumbency.

Eight closely-written pages in octavo contain the whole of his labours on this high theme, before the design was abandoned. Some of the lines, which appear to be in a finished state, are harmonious and full of character. One extract may suffice. He thus addresses Truth, in the opening of the poem :

——— "O holy spirit, come and breathe
 Thy own celestial ardour through my soul !
 There is a valley in the moon, where oft
 On herbage wet with fragrant dew thou lov'st
 To walk by crystal waters, and repeat
 The joyful hymn to which unnumber'd harps
 Of angels sounded, when th' Almighty touch'd
 Our infant world, and it began to move.
 O take my fancy to the sacred spot !
 O place her in a grove within the sound
 Of rushing waters, and where zephyrs cool
 By fountains fringed with amaranthine flowers,
 Shed from their emerald wings a thousand sweets ;
 Teach her thy hymn, and, pointing to our globe,
 Tell her how darkness fled, and youthful light,
 Clad in bright purple and with radiant wheels,
 That ting'd the lingering gloom, surrounded, rose
 From out the dawning East; how chaos felt
 The genial sunbeams warm her muddy hills,
 And earth and sea began to teem with life."

At this time also, Hodgson began to draw landscape scenery, buildings, &c. in water colours. A few of his endeavours in this way are contained in the volume intended to have been occupied by his poem on the Creation; but they are of a very humble character. In 1810 he attempted a picture in oils of Pliny the Elder, contemplating the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in A.D. 79, which was tossing about in his house till 1841, when he bestowed upon it a frame. This picture will be mentioned hereafter.

CHAPTER IV.

Marriage—History of Northumberland in “Beauties of England and Wales”—
Survey of Northumberland—Rev. A. Hedley—More Poetry—Sits for his portrait
—Letter of advice—History of Westmerland in “Beauties of England and
Wales”—Mr. Surtees of Mainsforth—Picture of Newcastle.

On the 11th of January, 1810, Mr. Hodgson became a married man; the object of his choice was Jane Bridget, daughter of Mr. Richard Kell, a stone merchant residing at Heworth Shore, in his parish, and afterwards the affectionate mother of a numerous family, the sharer in her husband's joys and sorrows for thirty-five long years, and the very comfort of his life in his long afflictions before he was removed out of the world.

The following letter gives intimation of an intention on the part of Hodgson, immediately after his marriage, of which there is no other trace, and which was certainly not carried into execution at that time, or at any later period under that title. The writer is Mr. David Stephenson, an architect of considerable note at that period in Newcastle; the contributor of a plate of miscellaneous antiquities to Brand's History of that town in 1789, and the architect of that fantastic edifice the Church of All Saints.

TO THE REV. MR. HODGSON.

“DEAR SIR,

Newcastle, Feb. 9, 1810.

“The communication of your intention of favouring the public with an History of the river Tyne and Roman Wall gives me much pleasure, and be assured that any assistance I am able to afford you shall be most cheerfully granted.

“I shall, from time to time, forward you such *remembrances* as may lead to the purest sources of information on your subject; and I trust I need not add that you are at perfect liberty to introduce my name, when connected with the matter before you. My library contains some books not very common. They are very much at your service, if at all connected with your inquiries. I shall just mention, Grose's England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland—Percy's Reliques—Ritson's Ancient

Songs—Hollingshed's Chronicle of Scotland—Bentham and other pre-faces on ancient architecture, &c. &c. Pray have you seen the Diary of Roger North? It contains some curious anecdotes relative to the sports on the Tyne. If in town, favour me with a call. In the mean time forgive all hurry in writing in the middle of our timber customers, and bustle of a counting house. Faithfully yours,

“DAVID STEPHENSON.”

Forgive me introducing my congratulations on your marriage into a P.S. Believe me, you have every wish of mine and my family for your happiness, and Mrs. Stephenson will take the first opportunity of paying her respects to Mrs. Hodgson, to whom, in the mean time, you will have the goodness to tender our kindest compliments.

In the beginning of the same year also there commences in earnest Mr. Hodgson's connection with Messrs. Vernon, Hood, and Sharpe, the proprietors of a book then in course of publication, entitled “The Beauties of England and Wales,” giving a succinct account of the leading features of each county, its antiquities, natural history, &c. &c. Hodgson, as we have seen above, had made himself known to one of the editors, Mr. Brayley, whilst resident at Sedgefield, and had begged to be employed in compiling the account of the county of Durham, but was too late in making his application. In the present instance he appears to have been recommended by his friend Major Anderson, of Newcastle, as on the 12th of July the publishers inform that gentleman that they “gladly accept Mr. Hodgson's services,” and propose that the account of Northumberland, which they wish him to draw up, should extend to fifteen sheets; promising a remuneration of five guineas per sheet, with an allowance of 20*l.* for travelling expenses. With these terms Hodgson closed, and made a proposal to write a like account of Westmerland in due time, to which the publishers agreed.

He now commences a personal survey of the county of Northumberland, and for the first time, in all probability, becomes acquainted with its hills and valleys, and other objects of interest, ancient and modern. The following letters to his lately married wife, written during a portion of this survey, must not be withheld from the reader, affording as they do such an artless picture of the mind of their writer. Of such assistance his biographer

gladly avails himself. These letters were intended to be seen by one alone, and on that account they are peculiarly valuable for my purpose.

"To MRS. HODGSON.

"MY DEAR JANE,

Haltwhistle, 23 Sep. 1810.

"I have been from you since Wednesday, and have only got hither. I have this moment come from church: where I preached to a congregation not over numerous. The church is the most miserably damp and fusty place I was ever in.

I intend staying here all night, and going to Hexham to-morrow; and from thence to proceed up the Reed. I trust I shall not be longer from home than the time I proposed when I set out.

"On Wednesday night I slept at Chollerford, and on Thursday I was at Simonburn with Dr. Scott,* and examined the station at Chesters, one of the most delightful places you ever saw. I slept with Mr. Clayton at his house there; and, in the morning, proceeded along the line of the Wall; and without getting any dinner reached Haltwhistle about six in the evening. I had tea for dinner. I slept at Mr. Hollingsworth's† on the Friday night, and next morning went to Caervoran; then to Glenwhelt; then to Blenkinsop Castle; and from it I passed over Redpath-moor, partly along the Maiden Way, till it reached the South Tyne. I met with it at Fetherstonhaugh Castle. Some places are beautiful, on account of the extensiveness of the prospects they afford: this is sweet and secluded beyond all description. From this charming spot I went by the river's edge to Lambley, where once there was a nunnery, now swept away: but my ride was amply repaid by a sight of a fine dark broad oak; and such an ash for size, lightness of foliage, and picturesque situation as there is not another in the world. It has ten trunks, each more than I can fathom, and at least eighty feet high, all springing from one main stock.

"Lambley Chapel is one of the poorest and humblest of Christian temples. When I got here I was divided, whether to return to Haltwhistle as I had proposed, or go on to Kirkhaugh, near Alston. I went on; and arrived at the public-house by Whitlaw Castle, a Roman station, at about seven o'clock, and had just time to see it by a hazy light.

* Of Dr. Scott, and what took place at this interview, somewhat will be said hereafter

† One of the Curates of Sedgefield during Hodgson's short residence there, and one of the gentlemen who had signed his testimonial for Holy Orders. See p. 15, &c.

"I found it a wonderful place, but will tell you all about it afterwards. The landlord was drunk, and a dancing-master at the house; and, had it not been for the great civility of a Mr. Teasdale, brother of Mr. Teasdale of South Shields, I should have been benighted in the drunkenness and confusion of a hedge alehouse. We had tea there, the first thing I had tasted during the day; but I got three eggs to it and excellent oat-cake and knead-cake of fine white bread, and as good water "*as any in the world*"—mind, that phrase you taught me. We crossed the Tyne, which was very low, so low as to be passed in many places dry-shod, in a night which had nothing to light a part of the way but flashes of lightning; and I slept well at Mr. Teasdale's house, and with a guide came over the moors this morning, through a thick mist, and got here about ten o'clock, after a miserable ride of about twelve miles. Thank God, I have no more such places to visit. Tell Betty I saw her uncle Mr. Albany Fetherstonhaugh, and he spent the evening with me at Barhaugh last night.

"I hope you take care of yourself. I have lost my pencil-case, my ivory rule, and two of my new pencils; and also my gold breast-pin.* I hope I shall not lose myself.

"Remember me kindly to your father and mother. Is Sarah with you yet, and is she well? I hope she is. Bet must not be told how many fine sights I have seen, and how many charming rides she has missed by not being with me, or I shall never get her into humour again.—God bless you, dear Jane, from

"J. HODGSON."

"To MRS. HODGSON.

"MY DEAR WIFE,

Hexham, 25th Sep. 1810.

"As I may not have an opportunity of posting a letter to you again this week, I think it better to tell you not to expect to hear from me by next Sunday again; though I will not neglect to tell you where and how I am as often as I can. I do not know the time I have enjoyed better health than I have done since I came from home. I left Haltwhistle yesterday at four o'clock, afternoon, and slept at Haydon Bridge. I did not get to this place till twelve to-day. The Cathedral is a remarkable edifice. I have been in a sepulchral vault of a very remarkable nature, and which has not been open for some time.

* These losses are very characteristic of the writer; he seldom paid a visit to a friend's house without leaving something behind him.

The stool of sanctuary here is still perfect, from which, before the time of Henry VIII. whoever had fled to it could not be dragged, whatever great crimes he had been guilty of, under penalty of excommunication, a punishment, at that time, worse than death.

"Tell Betty I have never had my boots well blacked since I saw her.

"I hope all things go on properly, and without grumbling in the parish. I have to-day been with Mr. Hedley, minister of Hexham, and have had great civility from him, and much pleasure in his company, and that of a Mr. Buchanan, a very pleasant and wealthy Scotchman. Mr. Hedley has promised to breakfast with me in the morning. Tell your father I breakfasted along with Mr. and Mrs. Hollingsworth at Isaac Waugh's, at Broomhouses, yesterday morning, and that Isaac complains of the mill-stone trade being very bad. I much wished to have had your father there, as also at Fetherstonhaugh Castle, which is close by Broomhouses.

"The weather has turned unpleasant and unfavourable to my pursuits. The foginess that prevails hinders the prospect into the country.

"I much wish to hear from you; but, as it is impossible to say where I shall be at any given time, I am afraid my wishes must not be gratified.

"How are the cabbages thriving? Have any new plants been put in?

"Give my affectionate remembrances to all the family, and take care of yourself, and be very happy. I am, dear Jane, thine

"J. HODGSON."

"To MRS. HODGSON.

"MY DEAR JANE,

Whittingham, Sunday morning.

"I got to this place yesterday, but quite fagged. I had not been so much fatigued since I set out. I did not get from Hexham till about 5 o'clock on the Tuesday. That night I slept at Barrasford, in the parish of Chollerton. In the morning I rode to Chipchase Castle, where, though I was gratified by the sight of Col. Reed's paintings, and, more particularly, with the sight of his pretty daughters, I stayed much too long. At one o'clock that day the Col. sent a servant with me as far as to the Watling-street road. I had a letter of recommendation from the Rev. — Hedley of Hexham, to a person who lives on the Roman station at Risingham, but when I got there the solitary gentleman was not at home, and all the information I could pick up about it was from observation. This person, whose name is Thomas Ridley, the station

belongs to: there have been two cottages in the interior of the ruins: one of them is much out of repair, and the other, apparently a single room, is Mr. Ridley's habitation. He follows no employment except fishing for amusement. I am told he has a brother, who occasionally resides with him, and is a labouring man: a person so oddly situated you may guess to be an oddity. He is said to be a *good scholar* by the country people, and I apprehend by them supposed to have communication with præter-naturals.

"I got an uncomfortable dinner at Woodburn, my first entrance in Reed; and slept at a farmer's house, a respectable young man, named Armourer.

"Next morning I went to the Roman station, Rochester, and was much gratified. It detained me so long that I got no further than Elsdon on Friday. There is a piece of great antiquity at Elsdon, which I shall be better able to describe to you when I get home; but, by the way, let me tell you that Elsdon signifies the Den of Ell, a giant, who is traditionally said to have resided and committed his ravages here.

"Yesterday morning I travelled six miles over moors from Elsdon to Hallystone. At a place near Hallystone, called Campville, I saw and copied all the fine altars that had been dug up at Rochester from the ruins of the Temple of Minerva, and I also discovered that a Roman way ran between Hallystone and Rochester.

"At Hallystone was formerly a nunnery. There is a very copious spring here, having water sufficient to turn a mill, in which Paulinus baptised in the sixth century many thousands of our Saxon ancestors, the first converts to Christianity in these parts.

"Harbottle Castle is two miles above Hallystone. Its green mounds and grey walls rise up proudly in the valley, and even yet seem to threaten the traveller no passage to the mountainous districts of the Coquet, without leave. I dined very comfortably here, and rode from Harbottle to Alwinton, where I met with a very clever and sensible old lady sitting at a cottage door, and gleaned much information from her.

"The difference of soil between this country and the Reedwater is as striking as the difference of feature. The Reed has neither boldness nor fertility: the hills seem to be laid alongside of it asleep, and to suffer all the natural wants of indolence. About Alwinton the hills lift up their green heads and spread out their broad shoulders with all the strength and vigour natural to industry. There are a few farms about Harbottle and High Alwinton in a high state of agriculture, and

there could not be a more sweetly sequestered spot than Clennell, if its grounds had more wood upon them: but sheep-farms are fatal to wood.

"At Biddlestone, under the mountain Lownden, great and successful exertion has been employed to rear wood. When I got to Netherton, in the parish of Alwinton, a very thick fog set in, and had I not been told that the road was direct to Whittingham I had not ventured to this place yesterday evening. My upper coat however was good company.

"If you could send me a line —— but it is impossible to say where you should direct it to me; and I must be content to speak and not hear. I am beginning to tire, and wish to be at home, though I find I shall not have seen more than half the county when I reach it.— Yours, dear Jane, very affectionately,

"J. HODGSON, 30th Sep."

"To MRS. HODGSON.

"MY DEAR JANE,

Cornhill, Sunday Evening, 30 Sep. 1810.

Though I wrote to you from Whittingham this morning, I am someway apprehensive that the letter may not reach you; and, as I am neither fatigued nor busy this evening, I hope I shall not be employed unworthily in dedicating an hour to you.

"I set off from Whittingham a little before nine o'clock, with an intention of getting to Wooler, which is twelve miles from Whittingham, by eleven o'clock to church: I did not however reach Wooler before twelve o'clock, and on that account feel quite out of humour with myself for having missed going to church. This will I trust be a solitary instance in my life of spending the Sabbath in an unworthy manner.

"When I left Whittingham the same thick fog prevailed which accompanied me thither the evening before. The day did not clear till I left Wooler. My view, however, in my ride, before twelve o'clock was sufficient to shew me both the features and fertility of the country through which I passed. In many places there are very few hedges, not even on the sides of the highway, and I confess that inclosure here seems less to be desired by the admirer of the features of the country than in any other place I ever saw. Except here and there, where a rivulet or brook runs amongst the hills, the whole country is a confused but beautiful series of hills, never rising high, but winding in all directions, and appearing one past the corner of another, in undulating forms, as if they

were a sea of fields in fine cultivation. Sometimes to a great distance nothing appears on the hills but corn; at others large tracts are covered with clover or turnips. But amidst all this profusion I cannot think there is much praise due to the husbandman. The land is by nature generous, and, being only lately brought into cultivation, repays the farmer well. I walked from the inn into Wooler at about a quarter past twelve. It is only a small place, about the size of Swalwell. I cannot tell how many places of religious worship there are at Wooler, but you cannot go fifty yards in any part of it without hearing either singing or preaching. I counted five different sects. I stopped a moment at the door of one place: it was much crowded: the preacher spoke a language so Scottish it was to me almost unintelligible. The air issuing from the door was so hot and unpleasant as to make me almost sick.

"From Wooler to Cornhill the ride is interesting, both to the agriculturist and the historian. I am sure that no country can be in a higher state of cultivation than the whole tract of country from the head of Milfield Plain to the river Tweed. On the Milfield Plain, my dear, there are yet to be seen the camps where the English army lay before the battle of Branxton, or Floddon Field; and, if I remember right, the Scots lost upwards of 500 men here in a skirmish before the battle. As I passed the foot of Floddon hill, it was impossible not to suppose I heard the last words of Marmion

"Charge, Chester, charge; on, Stanley, on!"

and after I came in sight of the Tweed, and the dark hill on which Wark Castle formerly stood was gilded by the setting sun, and relieved by the gleaming of the river, it was as difficult not to remember the beginning of that poem—

"Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountain lone,—
In yellow lustre shone."

"When I got here I was shewn into a room where the merchantmen's clerks sit. You may guess I did not much like the idea of being the evening companion of one of these gentlemen; and, as I could not have a promise of being unmolested in the other parlour, I have taken up my quarters in my lodging room, where I am both unmolested and comfortable. I had not been long here before I recognised the handiwork of Mary Mills upon the walls of the parlour in fine gilding, &c. &c.

The landlady is a good-looking fat body, very like her brother Charles, especially about the eyes. She is very civil, and seemingly very clever.

"I can now in a very little time walk over into Scotland: and if I be spared till morning, and in the good health I am at present, I shall go thither before breakfast. I wish your father had been with me from Wooler to this place; he would have enjoyed the ride.

"Amidst the fertility of this country there is one very striking feature of poverty. At Wooler, Etal, and Milfield the cottages are most miserable, especially at the two latter places: they are dirty thatched hovels, the walls built with mud, and small round stones of whin or granite gathered from the fields. I am sure of getting scolded by Betty when I get home; my boot tops are bad, bad indeed. Have the cabbages been put into the garden yet, and how is the celery taken care of?

"I forgot to tell you one part of the tale about Risingham in my letter this morning. When I sat down at the corner of the station, a fine game cock came close to me, and as I was writing, with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance, looked at me first on one side, then on another, marching about with the ease and assurance of perfect safety. As the people supposed the old man to use an art not very common, I felt a little queerish in this cock's company, but when I recollected I intended no injury or disrespect to Mr. Ridley, and had a letter of recommendation to him in my pocket, I took courage and continued to write, even though it were Mr. Ridley before me in that form.

"If the weather continues fine I hope I shall see all the distant parts of the country before I set my face homewards. In another week I could have perfectly satisfied myself; but I am determined to be back to the parish. I hope John is alive yet; and if you see him tell him I asked about him. I have never had time to make any sketches, but such as merely to assist my memory in remembering the features of places. My colours have therefore been of no use. I have not come to any more losses, and may now perhaps bring all I have home with me.— I shall not, my dear Jane, forget you, nor any part of our good family in my prayers. Remember me, &c. — Thine, dear wife,

"J. HODGSON."

"Monday morning.—I have just returned from my walk to Coldstream. The Tweed is a fine clear, broad river, and has much more fresh water in it than the Tyne. I saw two salmon taken at the bridge. Coldstream is only a small town. The kirk, though it is a new building, and has a handsome steeple, has broken windows, and lies open to the street. Large heaps of wood and accumulations of filth lie piled up

against its walls. There are two or three *goodish* houses in it; but the streets are not paved, and many of the houses, though they have been long tenanted, are not finished. The sinks and dunghills in two rows on each side of the streets are very offensive, especially before breakfast. Thick fogs this morning."

In one of the above letters is mentioned, for the first time in these memoirs, the name of the Reverend Anthony Hedley, a gentleman with whom Mr. Hodgson formed, during his survey, an acquaintance, which soon afterwards ripened into a friendship sincere in itself and of long duration. Until the death of Hedley in 1835, there were few events affecting the welfare, or the contrary, of the one, at which the other did not rejoice, or grieve; and in their mutual exultations and sympathies there was every character and proof of the most hearty and affectionate sincerity. As Hodgson has left behind him a pleasing memoir * of his friend, whose untimely death he deeply and truly lamented, I enter not into Mr. Hedley's history, except so far as it concerns the subject of these pages; and here I must express my regret that I have before me only one part of the long-continued correspondence which was so faithfully kept up between the two. Hodgson's letters to Hedley, with the exception of one or two only, cannot be found. Hedley's letters to Hodgson have been carefully preserved; and they are of such a nature as to justify me in bringing a few of them to light in this biography in their order of time. I am writing a memoir of Hodgson and not of Hedley; and if the letters of the former had been preserved, judging from those of the latter, they would have been very valuable for my purpose. Hedley appears, from his communications, to have been a plain, straightforward, well educated man; with a strong touch of antiquarian feeling about him, and a well-marked but gentlemanly leaning in politics to what has been

* Vol. iii. pt. ii. p. 330, &c. At a later period of his life it appears to have been Hodgson's intention to enlarge this short, but excellent memoir, and publish it in a separate shape. I have before me various papers which seem to be compiled for the purpose. In the *Life* of his friend, already before the public, Hodgson says, "In Sept. 1810, the writer of this article, desirous of examining the architecture and antiquities of the church of Hexham, had letters of introduction to its incumbent for that purpose. I instantly found his mind responding with my own. My wishes brought from his eyes a gush of gracious expressions."

called the liberal side. In his personal appearance and demeanour he was robust, frank, and open-hearted; just for all the world the kind of man to have been looked up to in his native vale of Reed-water in days of old, as the best planner and leader of a foray, or the best fighter when it became a matter of blows. I well remember the hearty way in which he joined a few of us at Housesteads in 1831, with somewhat to encourage us in our explorations, far as we were from bodily comforts. His residence was at Chesterholme, a place of his own creation, at the distance of a few miles in the valley below, and his horse mounted the hill with difficulty, so laden was he with his master and the good things which he was bringing to our relief. Antiquaries do not always feed upon old Roman altars and monastic ledgers. Let any one look upon the portrait of that "fine, fat, fodgey wight" Captain Grose, and he will come to the conclusion that that well fed gentleman lived upon something more congenial to his taste than "auld nick-nackets."* Dr. Caius the founder of the college in Cambridge which glories in his name, and the author of a learned book on the antiquity of that university, was famous also for his invention of a sauce for sturgeon.

Mr. Hedley was probably for several years the only one of Hodgson's correspondents to whom he wrote with freedom and ease, not merely on topographical pursuits, to which the former was passionately devoted, but on the ordinary topics of the day. Hedley's first letter, written at the period in Hodgson's life at which I have arrived, is as follows. From this time his communications are numerous, and for any extended memoir of himself they would be of great value to his biographer.

"DEAR SIR,

Hexham, Nov. 19, 1810.

"Mr. Greenwood's delay in bringing the book must form my apology for not answering your favour sooner. Your poems I read with infinite pleasure; and, that I may indulge myself with a second perusal, I must beg leave to detain them a little longer.

"Along with an abstract of the population of the town (for the country part of my parish I shall not be able to survey till spring) I have on the other side given you an abstract of our registers for the last ten

* Burns.

years; but little that is accurate or useful can be deduced from them, as they do not all embrace the same portion of population.

"The current tradition here respecting the *field* of the battle of Hexham is, that it was to the south of the *Lin hills*, a farmstead on the southern bank of the *Devil's Water*. It is in some histories called the Battle of the *Levels*, supposed to be a corruption of *Lin hills*. I shall be very happy to receive a set of the Statistical Queries, and remain, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

"ANTY. HEDLEY."

The account of Northumberland for which the above survey was undertaken was published in the "Beauties of England and Wales" in its due course of time. It consists of not fewer than 243 closely printed octavo pages, and is written with great judgment and spirit. The antiquities of the county, especially those of the Roman period, are touched upon with a masterly pen. A detailed account is given of mines and minerals; and especially of coal, the staple of the lower districts. In the higher portions of the county the wild scenery, which almost everywhere meets the eye, is described in a tasteful and feeling way; and, in short, enough is said of each district and place to prove that the author of the contribution was capable of greater things. The book, illustrated by a map and eleven engravings, of which Hodgson was permitted to select the subjects, was afterwards, like those of the other counties comprised in the work at large, published in a separate shape, and is most unquestionably the best in the series.

It must be added that Hodgson's engagement to supply a compendious history of Northumberland for the above publication, and his having publicly solicited information through the newspapers on the subject, led to his forming other acquaintances besides that of Mr. Hedley above mentioned, such as Mr. Spearman of Eachwick, Mr. Ralph Patterson of Berwick-upon-Tweed, Mr. Challoner of Morpeth, and Mr. John Britton, who all of them kindly offered him their assistance and good wishes. To Mr. Britton, who has only now been called away from us, the architectural antiquaries of the kingdom are under great obligations. He was the first to combine and encourage accuracy and elegance in architectural draughtsmen; and the result was the

"Cathedral Antiquities of England," and other publications of equal taste and beauty on our domestic architecture.

In this same year, 1810, Mr. Hodgson again appears before the world as a poet. A small duodecimo volume of thirty-two pages contains "The Nativity of Jesus Christ, a poem; a Sonnet to the Moon; and an Ode to his Mother on his twenty-sixth birthday." This ode has been noticed above, under Lanchester, where it was composed.* The sonnet to the moon is subjoined, deserving as it does to be brought forth from the obscurity into which it has fallen. It was composed upon the seashore at Newbiggin in Northumberland.

"A SONNET TO THE MOON.

O moon, how well I love thy beams,
That all night flow, like silver streams,
O'er banks and waves that thy dominion own !
O, tell me, in thy vales if God be known,
Or if thy people feel the change of clime ?
Hast thou a spring—a rapt'rous time,
To lift with love their passions high ?
And does a summer lighten in their eye ?
An autumn smite them, and a winter's breath
Their bodies wither with the frost of death ?
Or are they angels, guarding men from ill,
And all thy fruits and flowers of endless bloom ?
Thou wilt not tell me; but thou art lovely still,
O circlet, as the seas and sails thy beams illumine !"

The poem on the Nativity contains many fine passages, but in sacred poetry how few have succeeded? Indeed it may be doubtful whether it should be attempted, except by a master-hand. The Holy Scriptures themselves are poetry, and why should they be divested of their garb of inspiration and clothed in the verbiage of unskilful rhyme? True devotion is not often benefited by such attempts; not unfrequently a contrary feeling may be excited. Let it not be said however that Mr. Hodgson's "Nativity" is without its merits. The following extract will perhaps prove the contrary. The poet is describing the descent of Peace.

* See p. 32.

"The angel Peace, that flew from man
 When first the reign of sin began,
 On lustrous wing, descending light,
 To Hebrew shepherds bent his flight.
 At first a meteor dim he seemed,
 And then a halo round him gleamed.
 Far-distant music, swelling, dying,
 Advancing slowly, swiftly flying;
 Now winding sweetly round and round
 With all the melting charms of sound;
 Now high in heaven, and now more near,
 Descended on the listening ear.
 A pleasure mingled with surprise,
 Bewild'ring, filled the shepherd's eyes.
 They listen'd, gazed, and silent stood
 Like statues in a rapturous mood.
 The circle widens, and the shout
 Harmonious louder floats about :
 It widens still, and sudden light
 In glances plays on pealties bright;
 And, as the harpers nearer come,
 The rural band, with terror dumb,
 Fall down on earth, and, trembling, hide
 Their faces from the effulgent tide;
 While all the storm of music rolls
 Tempestuous o'er their ravished souls."

This little volume was dedicated "to Mrs. Isabella Ellison, of Hebburn Hall, with sincere gratitude and respect."

Hodgson now sits for his portrait to Nicholson, a Newcastle artist, who afterwards settled in Edinburgh, and became well known. The picture is in a sitting attitude and of the full size, developing much character and, with one or two trifling defects, strongly resembling him, as it is said, at that period. It indicates deep thought, with a tinge of melancholy ; and gives the idea of a person labouring under feeble health, which with Hodgson was unhappily too often the case. This portrait the painter took with him to Edinburgh, where it hung for a considerable time in his studio, and by its character and merit helped him to the name which he afterwards justly acquired.

The following letter, from the pen of Mr. Hodgson, next presents itself in the order of time, which I follow, and I cannot but congratulate myself upon having access to such a document for

the purpose upon which I am engaged. It is overflowing with good christian advice and brotherly kindness, and who knows what may have been its happy effects upon the heart and mind of him to whom it was written! Isaac Hodgson was a younger brother of the subject of our memoir, and was at the time this letter was addressed to him just sixteen years of age, and upon the point of leaving the Tyne, on his first voyage to sea as a sailor-apprentice. The poor youth died soon afterwards, far from home, and upon his death the letter was sent back, by some kind and considerate person, to its writer, as, in all probability the only memorial which his poor brother had left behind him. Its present condition proves that it had been faithfully preserved in the pocket of the boy and read apparently over and over again, till in some of its foldings it has become worn away. The address on the back is also illegible from the daily wear of a sailor's pocket. The boy had perhaps not received much education, and it is therefore written in a large legible hand for his benefit, and it is as plain in its advice and exhortations as words can make it, to suit his comprehension, and by its simplicity and earnestness lead him to follow after that which is good. I know not that I shall have to deal with a more affecting document.

“ To ISAAC HODGSON.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,

Heworth Shore, Feb. 23, 1811.

“ You would receive the letter I sent by Mr. Peacock; and, as I find Mr. Akenhead purposing to visit the ship, I cannot refrain from again shewing to you that I do not forget you. Indeed, dear brother, your situation occupies a great deal of my thoughts; for, when I reflect upon your youth, and how much easier it is to get into a wrong conduct than to do right, I frequently lament that I cannot at times be with you, to guard you from many of the idle folies which persons of your years are apt to fall into, and against many of the vices which too frequently make the character of sailors very absurd and guilty; which otherwise is certainly highly respectable. You must, in this, however, understand me, that I am not charging you with the follies I mention, but only pointing out to you that they are such as young people in all places are apt to run into, more particularly persons in your situation. Let me then, in the first place, caution you against idleness, as the

"Mem.—To get Mr. Cooper Walker's Sermons, and to write him a visitation sermon for Appleby."

Mr. Cooper was the perpetual curate of Swindale, and the gentleman to whom he addressed certain poems in 1806, above mentioned. The sermon was duly written, and the preacher was doubtless highly complimented after dinner for his services. A request to print his discourse in all probability followed.

"To MRS. HODGSON.

"MY DEAR JANE, Temple Sowerby, 2 May, 1811. 7 o'clock morning.

"We left Carr Hill very soon after twelve o'clock on the Monday. Before we were down Gateshead Fell the rain again commenced, and we had less or more of it till we arrived at Healy Field; where we found an excellent fire in the kitchen, and got dry coats and stockings. Mr. Arkless, of Tantovy, conducted us through the mist past Pontop-pike; and when we got into the vale of the Derwent it was pretty clear. — At half-past four we found it a fine morning, and were again on our march at five. At Stewart Shield Meadows we had a fillip of rum and milk, and, with a guide, set off towards Rookhope, a dale in Weardale. — At eleven on Tuesday we got to St. John's in Weardale, and there made an excellent breakfast, but in council assembled with the landlady we determined to halt there all day. — At six on Wednesday morning, with our landlord for a guide, we set off for Grass-hills, a shooting-box of Lord Darlington, three miles from St. John's, and thought it the most dreary road by far of our journey. At Grass-hills we were told it was ten miles to the top of Dunfell, which gives us the first prospect into Westmerland. All was now thick dark mist. We procured a guide, and had not advanced a mile before the mist began to break; and directly over the confluence of Troutbeck with the Tees, where the counties of Westmerland, Cumberland, and Durham join, we saw a very fine rainbow. The mist, however, still hung on the heights of the mountains. At Troutbeck I, as purser, paid the guide; and over these dreary heights we began to march with the brook of Troutbeck for our conductor. We lost not an inch. The compass was of great use, as the wind changed twice before we reached the height, which we obtained exactly at eleven. In a miner's shop we had our beef and bread and some excellent rum and water—rum made in Jamaica by Mr. A. nine years since. We were much gratified here by an immense metallic dike, which is nothing but one mighty mass of

iron cinders. We got to Temple Sowerby at two. The spring here is three weeks more forward than with you. Mrs. Atkinson has apricots against a common stone wall as large as pigeon eggs, and the foliage of the trees is nearly in perfection, except on the oaks and ashes. We are very happy here, and perfectly well. Mrs. Atkinson, although 78 years old, is up every morning at six o'clock, a practice that she and her children have always pursued, as recommended as the very best preservative of health. Never, she says, let any person, on any consideration whatever, take a second sleep. We intend to take this day's rest, merely to saunter about the neighbourhood; and to-morrow to go to Ulswater; on Saturday to Ambleside, and there to halt the Sunday. On Monday to go to Keswick, and on Tuesday I go to my sister's. Be assured, dear Jane, I am completely well. We have now done breakfast, and it is not yet eight o'clock. There had been no rain here yesterday: the roads after we descended Dunfell, for we crossed farther south than Crossfell, were quite dusty: and, after experiencing the cold east winds and the thick fogs of the eastern sides of the mountains, we were greatly cheered with the benevolence of a mild south-west wind. This night much rain has fallen, but Mrs. A. says the day will be favourable. We are just going to see some fine pictures at Acornbank, and a Roman station near Kirby Thore; and thence to fish down Eden.

"Make my dearest respects to father and mother and Bessy and Abby; and do, my dear, take much care of yourself. I trust Hilly [Hilda, his daughter] goes on well, and that she begins to be amused with her bells. You will, I hope, be going to the sea on Monday, and that W^m. Jameson will call and give you some money—or that you will, if he does not come, send to him for some. The duty, we hope, will proceed well. Collinson does not now intend to be at home before Tuesday or Wednesday. With great affection, believe me thine, dear Jane,

"J. HODGSON.

"Direct to me at the King's Arms, Shap, Westm^d."

"To MRS. HODGSON.

"MY DEAR JANE,

Kendal, 10th of May, 1811.

"I promised to write to you very frequently, and I trust you will think I have hitherto realized my promise. After eleven o'clock last Sunday, till yesterday morning, we had very severe weather—a cold east

wind, accompanied with frequent showers, and covering the mountains with snow, having blown all that time. On Tuesday morning, as I informed you of my intention, I went to Shap, in the mail coach. After my arrival there I dined, and then walked to Swindale, with expectation of meeting with Cooper; and, after waiting till six o'clock, and not having the satisfaction of seeing his face, I walked back to my sister's, and stayed with her all night. I found herself and husband, and also my two brothers, very well. After breakfast I again went in quest of Cooper, and was fortunate enough to find him. While he was employed in the morning with teaching his few pupils, I sketched his chapel and school. We dined at one, and at three set out for Shap, where we both slept, and I had the satisfaction of receiving your very welcome letter. Right glad, my dear Jane, was I to receive all the gratifying information you sent me — your own and the dear child's health — the health and good wishes of the family, and that the lodgings at Down Hill are likely to answer your purpose. When I tell you that I have seen the Western shores of England to-day covered with luxuriant herbage and fine trees, you will scarce credit me when you look about the naked cliffs of Marsden: but Marsden has its beauties—a rough sea, which I shall not see here.

“On Thursday morning Cooper breakfasted with me, and then left me. I walked out and examined part of the great granite monument, and called upon Mr. Holme the vicar. At twelve I took the mail to Kendal. After dining I spent the afternoon in viewing the ruins of the castle, at the museum, and the stationer's shop. The castle is a very singular building, seated on a hill somewhat like to an egg cut in two lengthwise. It has a very deep ditch around it, but is all built of a very coarse unhewn stone: the walls are very massive. Some of the round towers and a part of the keep and its dungeon are pretty entire. It is on the opposite side of the river to Kendal, and from the town has a very fine appearance, especially in the evening. Alderman Pennington has been very civil to me, and has given me many pamphlets relative to the town; has shown me the church, the hospitals, and schools of industry. Kendal is a well-managed town. Everything seems upon a system in it, and, while the magistrates are industrious in defending the system, the people are afraid of breaking through it. I have bought at a manufactory three pair of knit stockings, which I find very cool and pleasant. After seeing these things, I took a coach to Milnthorpe; and there for a guide had a barber, not a spruce or intelligent gentleman, though talkative enough. Perhaps there is not a finer country in the

world than the neighbourhood of Milnthorpe: ships of about thirty-six tons, lighters from Liverpool, bring merchants' goods hither for Kendal. The day has however been miserably wet. After I had seen all about here which the barber could shew me, I set out for Kendal again. In my way, near a village called Heversham, where there is a fine church, I was overtaken by a very heavy shower, but found shelter from it. The sun, as the shower passed by, broke out, and certainly never was scene more enchanting than that I viewed as I passed by Levens Park. The hawthorn was just beginning to shew his crimson, the crab trees, almost as large as the beech trees in Park Lane, were a full sheet of blossom, and the apple orchards gave out a perfume rich as the perfumes of Arabia. But I had not walked more than two miles before I was again in a shower, which, as a man on the road called it, was "like whole water." It continued till I got to Kendal, and well drenched I was; but the rain was perfectly warm. I had instantly dry clothes, and my landlady and landlord are mighty civil. I am quite comfortable after dinner, and shall now be very soon in bed. As I have however got a slight sprain in my left leg I think I shall continue here till after Sunday, well knowing that any long walk will be hurtful to it. I have got a bottle of opodeldoc to apply to it, and do not fear but it will be well by Sunday evening. On Monday morning I purpose going in the coach to Kirby Lonsdale, and after that I will write again. Thine, dear Jane,

"J. HODGSON."

Hodgson's account of Westmerland is written with the same care and zeal as that of Northumberland. It extends to 245 closely-printed pages in octavo, exclusive of a copious index, and gives further proof of the decided turn his mind was now taking to topographical inquiries and investigations. The county of Westmerland could most assuredly have had no better history on such a scale, and since its publication it has had no other history at all. I have repeatedly heard its author say that the only money he ever made by his pen was from these two surveys. From his account, they put into his pocket not less than 200*l*. In his other topographical attempts he was tolled on, like many others, by public promises and allurements, and left a loser in the end. The completion of this volume terminated his connection with the editors of the "Beauties of England and Wales." The work, when finished, was comprised in twenty-five volumes, and cost

its proprietors a sum amounting to above fifty thousand pounds.* In process of time Messrs. Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, who had become possessed of the work, wisely published a few copies of the history of each county in a separate volume, for the use of those who were unwilling or unable to purchase the whole work, and even at the present day many of our English counties have no other history.

The year 1812 was an eventful one in Hodgson's life.

In the beginning of the year, the list of his friends was increased by the name of Mr. Ellis of Otterburn, the correspondent of Sir Walter Scott on subjects of border history. Hodgson was at that time engaged in putting a finishing hand to his Northumberland for the "Beauties of England and Wales," and the information afforded by Mr. Ellis in a kind and judicious way was probably for that purpose.

The next friendship which he formed was one of which any man might have been proud, and one which any man gifted, as he was, with simplicity of character, in union with a moderate share of good sense and judgment, and a spirit of manly independence might have been sure to gain. The author has said much in another place of Mr. Surtees of Mainsforth; and he will only add here that, as time rolls on, and the year in which that gentleman was removed to another world is gradually becoming more and more distant and indistinct in the shade of obscurity, his recollections of such a man become yearly more vivid and lively, serving as a comfort in declining health, and a bright object to look back upon amid younger men with other pursuits and feelings.

Mr. Surtees thus writes, in reply, as it seems, to an offer of assistance in his History of Durham, on the first volume of which he was now busily engaged. Mr. Surtees unfortunately preserved few letters.

"TO THE REV. JOHN HODGSON.

"SIR,

Mainsforth, April 29, 1812.

"I feel myself much indebted to you for your kind communication, and shall be happy in any opportunity of your personal acquaintance, not only on account of the valuable assistance you promise me, but from

* From the general introduction to the book.

the great pleasure I have derived from your poems. I visited Lancaster for the first time last autumn, with your volume in my hand, and shall be glad to consider the antiquities of Jarrow under your direction. My knowledge of Roman antiquities is very trifling, and I have had few opportunities of visiting stations, Binchester being the only one with which I am at all familiar. It seems not improbable that something of a Roman road has crossed the Tees near High Dinsdale, and proceeded by Stainton-in-the-Street, through some route which I cannot ascertain, to join Watling-street. We have perhaps more traces of the Danes and Saxons. The former may, I fancy, have had some sort of encampment in this neighbourhood: a hill on my estate has been seized on by Cade and others as a camp, but no reliques were ever discovered. The situation may have been very strong in the midst of a morass. Betwixt Mainsforth and Ferryhill the road is evidently forced across the morass, and the old records of the Convent (of Durham) call that portion of marsh land "stagnum nostrum de Ferryhill;" and swan-oats are regularly paid by the adjacent properties to the lessee of the old swan-house on the borders of the morass. The village of Bradbury is, in an old record, called Danesbury. Of inroads from the coast we have several traces; and a few years ago a very singular discovery took place at Stranton. The ground near a blacksmith's shop became polished by continual attrition, and in a dry summer discovered the strange appearance of a multitude of human skulls, promiscuously thrown together, like vestiges of some bloody execution, which I think they doubtless were: other human bones were discovered, but not in proportion: no great search was made.

"I generally pass some weeks during the summer near Sunderland, and shall then hope to have the satisfaction of visiting you at Jarrow; but if you would be kind enough to favour me with an interview here, I shall be glad to talk more at large on these and similar topics. After the present week I shall be pretty constantly at home for a fortnight or three weeks; but purpose being in York to explore the wills of some Durham prelates in May. I will add that I have a small cabinet of medals, which I shall be happy to show you, and that our marsh grounds afford several rare plants.

"I have a copy of Hugh Pudsey's charter to the Burgesses of Gateshead, and some other records which I cannot just now lay my hands on. My attention at present is engaged in compiling Easington Ward and some introductory papers for the press. Of Chester Ward I know less than of any other district.

[The "pedigree of Ellison, as entered at Dugdale's Visitation of Northumberland in 1666," is here given in the letter]

"No doubt the above may be much improved by a reference to wills and registers. I have the descent of Nathaniel Ellison, S.T.P., prebendary of Durham, &c.; but have no regular continuation of the chief line from Robert, who I suppose married . . . daughter of Sir H. Liddell, about 1696. I have a few other Northumberland pedigrees, of which, if of any use to you, I should be glad to send copies. If I have the pleasure of seeing you here you will choose for yourself. My papers are so mingled I can scarcely select them at present, or would send you them with this. I have Lilburne, Grey, Jennison, Ile, Rogers, all of Newcastle; Bewick of Close House; all dated 1666. Mr. Spearman of Eachwick has a volume of mine of elder Hodgson, Forster, Fenwick, Witherington, Ogle, Delaval, Ratcliff, &c., which I desired him some time ago to send to you, if he thought it would be of any use. I am, with sincere respect, your obedient servant,

"R. SURTEES."

A few days afterwards Hodgson received the following kind letter from Mr. afterwards Lord Barrington, his ecclesiastical superior whilst master of Sedgefield School. Hodgson had requested him to gain for him access to the Castle of Lowther for his account of Westmerland.

"DEAR SIR,

Sedgefield, May 7th, 1812.

"I have this day heard from Lord Lonsdale upon the subject of your letter, in which he says, 'I have not the least objection to Mr. Hodgson's applying to Mr. Smirke for any sketches of this house he may wish to have, for the purpose of embellishing his work. I am sorry it is not in my power to supply them.' He goes on to state the shortness of the time, and that he has nothing prepared, but refers you to Burn's History of Westmerland for the account of the family—that he has no catalogue of the pictures, many of which are not hung up, and none arranged with any list of reference either to their character or subject. He desires to be understood not as having any unwillingness to supply you with materials, but from the fact of his not having the means of doing it.

"I had flattered myself with some hopes of seeing you here this week, as I had heard from Mr. Surtees that there was a probability of your coming to Mainsforth. I hope that visit is only deferred, and that I shall still have the pleasure of seeing you here. Perhaps you had better

copy the extract I have given you of Lord Lonsdale's letter as far as it concerns Mr. Smirke, and send it to him directed to — Smirke, Esq., architect, London, and it will be sure to find him. I remain, Dear Sir, most truly yours,

“GEORGE BARRINGTON.”

In the commencement of the year 1812, or perhaps a while earlier, Hodgson entered into an engagement to prepare for the press a new edition of a Guide to Newcastle, which had been published in 1807 by his friend Mr. David Akenhead, the printer of his poems of “Woodlands, &c.” in that same year. This task he duly performed, but in his edition little of the former publication was retained. Breaking through the common-place fetters in which it would have confined him, he determined to write a Guide of his own, availing himself only here and there of such matters of fact contained in the previous edition as were useful. This book in due time was published with the following title.

“The Picture of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, being a brief historical and descriptive Guide to the principal Buildings, Streets, Public Institutions, Manufactures, Curiosities, &c., within that town and its neighbourhood for twelve miles round; and including an Account of the Roman Wall; and a detailed History of the Coal Trade; the whole illustrated by a Map of the various coal mines on the rivers Tyne and Wear, a Plan of Newcastle, and other engravings. Newcastle-upon-Tyne: printed by and for D. Akenhead and Sons, Sandhill. Sold also by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster Row, London. 1812.”

If this little book had not been acknowledged as the work of Mr. Hodgson, the question of its authorship would at once have been settled by the advertisement, which, as it is very characteristically descriptive of the contents of the book, may be here transcribed. It must be repeated that this short preface would of itself have established the paternity of the production, however carefully it might have been concealed.

“The first edition of this work appeared in 1807, and was rapidly sold. Since that time nearly the whole of it has been rewritten, by a different hand, and a great variety of new matter added. In its grouping and general design, the main attention has been paid to simplicity and accuracy. As a PICTURE, however, it aims at no higher pretension,

than of its being an outline—a rapid sketch, upon a small scale, and without local colours.* Newcastle, Gateshead, and the coal trade are placed in the foreground; the Roman Wall occupies the offskip; and the towns, villages and country seats in the neighbourhood diminish into aerial perspective, according to their size or importance in history.

“The utility of works of this nature is sufficiently proved by their number. Almost every town of consequence has its picture or guide—something to conduct the traveller to places worthy of his attention, and to answer the garrulous and time-beguiling purpose of a living chronicler.

“Encouraging a hope that this little performance will be equal to the pretensions of its title-page, the editor presents it to the reader, in the language, but not with the confidence of the city mouse in the fable—‘Carpe viam, mihi crede, comes.’”

This little book, so far as Newcastle and its neighbourhood are concerned, contains much curious and valuable information on the usual subjects of inquiry, and the manner in which it is written proves it to have been the work of one who could think for himself, and not copy from others. It contains however two subjects of greater local and general interest than the ordinary topics of a guide-book, the Roman Wall and its history, and the history of the Coal Trade; the former occupying forty, and the latter not fewer than sixty-five, closely-printed pages. On the subject of the Roman Wall and what Hodgson has done for its history I shall have an opportunity of making a few remarks in a subsequent page. His account of the coal trade, when it made its appearance, must have been read with great interest. It is historical, theoretical, and practical, with a few cuts, rude but expressive, in illustration of the subject; and it is probable that in the year 1812, when it was published, it was received with welcome by many to whom the coal trade was a subject of interest or investigation. Frequent references are made in this essay to the geological experiences of its writer in Westmerland and other districts; and we may conjecture that this account and Hodgson’s well-grounded

* The local colours, if they be colours at all, are the united smokes of pits and manufactories, with not unfrequently a thick dash of denigrated fog from the river. These accompaniments were surely better away. But he probably does not allude to such pigments as these.

knowledge on the subject of coal mines led to his being deputed by the coal trade to survey the Dudley coal-field in 1815, an expedition to be mentioned in a subsequent page.

Such was the employment of Hodgson's leisure hours in the spring of 1812, when his sympathies and energies, as a man and a parish priest, were in a moment called forth by one of those sad calamities which were then of but too familiar occurrence in the coal districts of the North. The Picture of Newcastle, which had made considerable progress in the press, was thrown aside, and it was not resumed till autumn, when a place was found in its pages for a brief account of this afflicting visitation.

CHAPTER V.

The Felling Explosion—First acquaintance with the Author—The Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

MR. Hodgson had been now for four years settled in his preferment, and had been actively engaged in the conscientious discharge of his duty. His population consisted in a great measure of persons employed in coal mines, and, fortunately, since the commencement of his incumbency there had happened none of those sudden and destructive blasts by which persons so occupied are liable to be swept away in a moment into eternity. But in the month of May in the year 1812 an explosion took place of so dreadful a nature as to surpass in its awful consequences, with perhaps only one exception,* any calamity of the kind which had previously occurred either in his own parish or in the whole mining district of the North of England. In the heart of any one with a mind and feelings so constituted, this sad event would have excited deep sorrow, even if it had been merely an occurrence in his neighbourhood, among people with whom he had no connection save that of common humanity and its sympathies. But the accident took place not merely in the parish of which he was the minister and friend of his people, but at his very door. He was well acquainted with the mining part of his population. He paid them frequent visits, even in the dark chambers of the earth. It was his custom to go down from time to time into the pits within his parish, and talk kindly to the men and boys, and make himself familiar with the nature of their work, and the dangers to which they were daily exposed. To this pit in particular, and its various workings and machinery, he was no

* I gather a note of the explosion to which I allude from Hodgson's MS. folio of local words, under the word *Cramer*, a tinker or mender of broken china, &c. "Itinerant crammers (says he) formerly lodged in summer at Cramer Dykes, near the head of Gateshead, where there was a great colliery, in which above 100 persons were killed by an explosion in the year 1700."

stranger, and towards the persons employed in it and his parishioners at large he was at all times overflowing with kindness and sympathy. To give he had not; but such as he had—kind advice and exhortation, a soothing word, and a sincere feeling for his people in their distresses—were always at his disposal; and the manner in which such friendly and heartfelt services were tendered gave them a value which was appreciated and remembered. On this awful occasion there was need of all his kindness, and his energies too. His presence was almost constantly required either at the mouth of the pit, to comfort and console the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, or at the door of his church, to bury the mangled bodies of the sufferers, as they were brought up from day to day for seventeen long weeks, from the bowels of the earth. And then came the afterwards, and its troubles and anxieties—the commencing and conducting a subscription for the destitute survivors of the men and youths whom he had buried, and the apportioning to each what had been, chiefly by his exertions, contributed for their benefit.

The explosion took place on the 25th of May, when not fewer than 92 men and boys lost their lives in the Felling Coal-pit in his parish. The bodies of 91 were brought up from time to time and buried. The body of one was never found. The first funeral took place on the 27th of May, the last on the 19th of September. The greatest number of interments was on the 17th of June, when the mangled remains of not fewer than 14 poor fellows were consigned to the earth. On the 9th of August, when nearly all the bodies had been discovered and buried, Hodgson preached a funeral sermon in his chapel of Heworth from the texts John xi. 35 and Luke xix. 41; and to this sermon, when printed, he prefixed a full account of the accident itself in all its bearings, written in that plain and intelligible style which the case required. This was no occasion for the ornaments of the pen, and the little book was read by thousands.

This preface, with the book of which it forms a part, is now of very rare occurrence, and as it not only affords a full account of this awful calamity, but also is closely connected with Hodgson's own personal history, giving, as it does, a perfect insight into his own true sympathetic and energetic character, when placed in a

situation in which no clergyman of the North of England had ever stood before that time, it becomes to all intents and purposes a portion of his biography, and, in consequence, it is my intention to lay the whole of it before my readers. I have already said that the book can now be procured with difficulty, and the preface may well accompany a memoir of him by whom it was written. But further, independently of any consideration which connects it with Hodgson's own personal history, its style proves how feelingly and graphically he could write on such a distressing subject. If recent discoveries prove that much has been done, they lead also to the conclusion that much more will be done by the intellect of man, for the benefit of mankind. The time will arrive when science will have mastered mining and every other difficulty now standing in the way of human progress, and the narrative which I am about to submit to my readers will then perhaps be read more as a romance than as a piece of real history. Besides, I am placing upon record a second sketch of the mode of working a coal-pit at that period; and that by the pen of Mr. Hodgson. (See p. 88 above.)

But there is a better reason than any hitherto adduced for reprinting this publication. Let me earnestly beg of my reader to give his serious attention to the following extract from a letter to be printed in the sequel under the year 1831, and consider the object which Hodgson had in view in this publication and the difficulties with which he had to contend in thus advocating the cause of humanity. It appears, I fear too plainly, that the coal-owners of the day were adverse to publicity, and that, if in the end they took measures for the safety of their men, it was to some extent by compulsion. May we not therefore attribute the safety-lamp and the lives of thousands upon thousands of men to this identical publication—and if so, ought it, on its own account, all other considerations apart, to remain in the obscurity into which it has been suffered to fall?

“ Before the terrible accident at Felling Colliery, I had visited many of the collieries in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, but that appalling calamity determined me, *contrary to the feelings of the coal-owners at the time*, to make it as public as I could; and therefore I did not for many weeks, after that explosion had in one moment taken away the

lives of 92 of my parishioners, cease to write notices respecting it in the Newcastle Courant, but also wrote and published a particular account of it and its consequences, and accompanied it with a plan of the mine and the mode of ventilating it. *This I did with the hope of rousing the sympathies of scientific men* to investigate the causes of explosions in mines, and finding some mode of preventing them. A part of the work, unknown to myself, was published in the "Annals of Philosophy" before the whole of it was ready for sale; and I have been told that it was also published in journals both in France and Germany; so that its circulation in extent exceeded my expectation. In the same year I also read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle 'Some Account of the Strata which form the Surface of the Globe;' but, as I then imagined that my hearers were indifferent to the subject, in the manner at least that I was able to handle it, I did not finish the essay on the plan I had formed it: and I never yet had either leisure or inclination to resume the subject."

The book was published with the following title: "An Account of the Explosion which killed Ninety-two Persons in the Brandling Main Colliery, at Felling, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on May 25, 1812; with a Plan and Description of that Colliery; a brief Statement of the Fund raised for the Widows of the Sufferers; Suggestions for founding a Colliers' Hospital; and a Funeral Sermon on the occasion. By the Rev. John Hodgson. Newcastle: Printed by Edward Walker, 1813. Price 2s. sewed."

"I have," says he in a short preface, "endeavoured to make the subject of my narrative intelligible. Many names are mentioned, and many circumstances related, of little moment to the world, but perhaps of interest to the surviving relatives of the sufferers. Should any profits arise from the sale of this performance, I intend them to be applied towards erecting a plain monument in memory of the ninety-two persons whose unfortunate exit from the world I have here attempted to record. The largest portion of the materials was derived from minutes I made in the mine, about a fortnight before the accident, and from memoranda of conversations I had with the workmen who attended the funerals and were employed in recovering the bodies of the sufferers.—J. H. Heworth, January 4th, 1813."

"A DESCRIPTION OF FELLING COLLIERY

PREVIOUS TO MAY 25, 1812.

"Felling is a manor in the chapelry of Heworth, and parish of Jarrow, about a mile and a half east of Gateshead, in the county of Durham. It has been a possession of the Brandlings of Gosforth since about the year 1590. It contains several strata of coal, the uppermost of which were extensively wrought in the beginning of last century. The stratum called the high-main was won in 1799, and continued to be wrought till the 19th January, 1811, when it was entirely excavated.

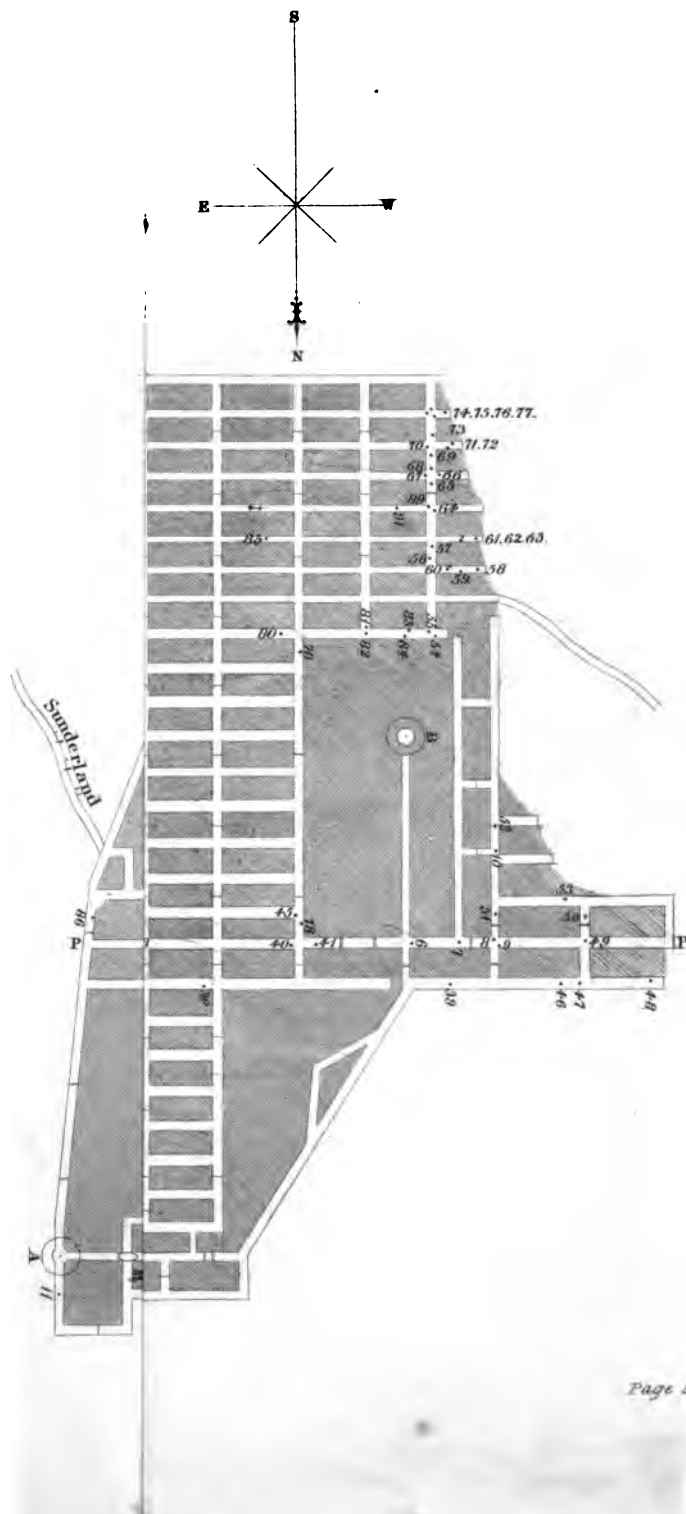
"The present colliery is in the seam called the low-main. It commenced in October 1810, and was at full work in May 1811. Messrs John and William Brandling, Henderson, and Grace, have each a fourth share, both in its royalty and in the adventure: they have also a lease from the dean and chapter of Durham of a large extent of coal lying on the south and east of the manor of Felling.

"The working or down-cast shaft, marked A on the annexed Plan, is called the *John Pit*, and is situated on the north side of the Sunderland road, and half way between Felling toll-bar and Felling Hall. It is 204 yards deep, and furnished with a *machine* or steam-engine for drawing the coal, and with an engine called a *whim-gin*, wrought by horses, and of use in letting down and drawing up the workmen, when the machine chances to be crippled, or repairing: and when it lies idle on pay-Saturdays or Sundays. Here is also a high *tube* of brickwork, employed in assisting ventilation while this shaft was sinking, and till the communication by the narrow boards and the drifts was opened between the two shafts: since that it has been of no use.

"The up-cast, or air-furnace shaft, is called the *William Pit*. It is on an eminence 550 yards south-west of the John Pit, and is distinguished by a *whim-gin* and a lofty tube of brick-work. This shaft is 232 yards deep.

"Over each pit two iron pullies were suspended on a kind of scaffold, called the *shaft-frame*. In these ran the ascending and descending ropes. The pullies over the John Pit were six feet in diameter, and weighed nine cwt. a-piece. Those in which the rope of the gin of the John Pit ran were fixed on a crane, which turned them over or from the shaft, as occasion required.

"As there are no feeders of water in the strata below the high-main, the low-main coal is kept perfectly dry by *tubbing* the watery seams with a circular casing of oak wood, formed into pieces representing the fellies





of a wheel: this contrivance has the appearance of the ashlar-work of a well, and saves the expense of a steam-engine for drawing water.

"The white lines on the Plan represent the excavated parts: the broadest of them are called *boards*, and those that cross them at right angles are *walls*.

"The two narrow lines which run north and south, on the east side, are called *double winning head-ways*, and the narrow lines between them, *stentings*: the two lines on the west side of the William Pit are also double winning head-ways.

"The two boards on the north are termed the *narrow boards*: they were the parts first excavated, and were made for the purpose of opening a communication for the atmospheric air between the two pits: the lines between the west end of the narrow boards and the William Pit are called *drifts*. The *inclined plane board* is marked P P on the Plan.

"The parallelograms formed by the boards and walls are called *pillars*: they are solid masses of coal left to support the roof of the mine, and are each twenty-six yards long, and eight yards broad.

"The single black lines in the walls and stentings represent *stoppings*, and the double lines *trap-doors*, each of which are placed to divert the current of atmospheric air through proper channels. The stoppings are made of brick and lime, and in this colliery were strengthened on each side with a wall of stone. The trap-doors are made of wood: each of them is attended by a boy about seven, eight, or ten years old; and they are seldom used but in the avenues leading from the working shaft to the workings. At the circle N the air crossed the waggon-way, and at M the way to the stable, over arches of brick. The walls which have stoppings in them are called *sheth-walls*, and those that are open *loose-walls*.

"In all large collieries the air is accelerated through the workings by placing a large fire, sometimes at the bottom and sometimes at the top of the up-cast shaft, which in these cases is covered over, and connected with a *furnace-tube* or chimney by an arched gallery of brick from forty to sixty feet in length. In this colliery the furnace was about six feet from the bottom of the tube.

"The first *course of the air*, after descending the John Pit, was under the arch M, up the inner narrow board, and the stable board S, to the trap-door at the head of the narrow boards; then down the board next south of the stable board; and so afterwards up two boards and down other two, till it traversed the newly-formed *sheth* or set of workings, branching from the southern-most part of the double headways on the

east: from thence it passed over the two arches up the outer board of the narrow boards, to the most westerly sheth of boards, and, after fanning them, found its way down the crane board, along the drift, to the William Pit, through which it ascended into the furnace, and thence, charged with noxious vapours, into the open air.

“From this explanation it will easily be perceived that the purity and wholesomeness of a coal-mine has no reference to its depth. If the air be conducted through all parts of a mine, as here described, and no falls from the roof occur to prevent its visiting every corner, the old excavations, which are called *wastes*, will be constantly ventilated by as pure air as the boards in which the men are at work—each part of the mine will be uniformly wholesome; but when obstructions occur, and are not speedily removed; when the fire in the furnace-shaft is neglected; or when care has not been taken to place the stoppings and trap-doors in proper places, or the trap-doors are carelessly left open, or stoppings fall down,—in all these cases accumulations of *fire-damp*, or hydrogen gas (called *stythe* by the colliers), immediately commence in places deprived of the atmospheric current, and continue to train their dreadful artillery, and grow strong in danger, till the *waste-men* or ventilators of the mine discover them, and wash them off, or they ignite at the workmen’s candles. Blasts occurring in partial stagnations, as in the face of one or two boards, though they generally scorch the persons in their way, seldom kill them; but when the air has proceeded lazily for several days through a colliery, and an extensive magazine of fire-damp is ignited in the wastes, then the whole mine is instantly illuminated with the most brilliant lightning—the expanded fluid drives before it a roaring whirlwind of flaming air, which tears up every thing in its progress, scorching some of the miners to a cinder, burying others under enormous heaps of ruins shaken from the roof, and, thundering to the shafts, wastes its volcanic fury in a discharge of thick clouds of coal-dust, stones, timber, and not unfrequently limbs of men and horses.

“But this first, though apparently the most terrible, is not the most destructive effect of these subterraneous thunderings. All the stoppings and trap-doors of the mine being blown down by the violence of the concussion, and the atmospheric current being for a short time entirely excluded from the workings, those that survive the discharge of the fire-damp are instantly suffocated by the *after-damp*, which immediately fills up the vacuum caused by the explosion.

“Where persons suffering this kind of suspended animation are in situations that can be visited immediately after the eruption ceases, and

the air is again suffered to enter the workings, they have frequently been brought up and restored to life by means similar to those recommended by the Humane Society; but as the air, after the stoppings are blown down, always passes from shaft to shaft through the most direct avenues it can find, and as neither lights will burn nor man can breathe in places deprived of its visits, all attempts to save the persons lying out of its track would not only be ineffectual, but fatal to the lives of persons entering upon so dangerous, though benevolent, an enterprise.

"This *after-damp* is called *choak-damp* and *surfeit*, by the colliers, and is the carbonic acid gas of chymists. While the mine is at work, it lies sluggishly upon its floor, and suffers the atmospheric air, as a lighter fluid, to swim upon it: fire-damp, being the lightest of the three, floats upon the atmospheric air, and therefore occupies a space, according to its present quantity, nearest the roof of the mine.

"The coals from the boards on each side of the William Pit were conveyed in strong wicker baskets, called *corves*, to the crane, on *trams*, a narrow frame-work of wood mounted on four low wheels: this work was done by *putters* and *barrow-men*, the latter pulling before, and the former putting or thrusting behind: boys about fifteen or sixteen years old are employed in this department of the colliery. The crane at the time of the accident stood eleven pillars up the crane-board; it had been removed from the several pillars which have their uppermost corner canted off, and a period fixed in the vacancy. The use of the crane is to lift the loaded *corves* off the trams, upon waggons which differ little from the trams, except in their being larger and stronger. From the crane, about four waggons, each carrying two *corves*, and chained together, were taken to the bottom of the crane-board near number 86, by the machine, called an *inclined-plane*, which draws up the empty waggons by the weight of the loaded ones: the person who regulates this machine is called a *brake-man*. From the bottom of the inclined-plane, the coals were conveyed on the same waggons to the John Pit.

"This mine was considered by the workmen a model of perfection in the purity of its air and orderly arrangements. Its inclined-plane was saving the expense of at least thirteen horses; the concern wore the features of the greatest possible prosperity, and no accident, except a trifling explosion of fire-damp slightly burning two or three workmen, had occurred. Two *shifts* or sets of men were constantly employed, except on Sundays. Twenty-five acres of coal had been excavated.

The first shift entered the mine at four o'clock A.M., and were relieved at their working-posts by the next at eleven o'clock in the morning. The establishment it employed under ground, as will be seen in the succeeding narrative, consisted of about one hundred and twenty-eight persons, who, in the fortnight from the eleventh to the twenty-fifth of May, 1812, wrought 624 scores of coal, equal to 1300 Newcastle chaldrons, or $2455\frac{3}{8}$ London chaldrons.

" A LIST OF THE PERSONS KILLED BY THE EXPLOSION.

Nos. on the Plan.	Name.	Day of Burial.	Years old.	Employment.
1	John Knox	May 27	.	Trapper
2	Robert Harrison	" 27	14	Waggon-driver
3	John Harrison	" 27	12	Waggon-driver
4	George Ridley	" 27	11	Waggon-driver
5	Robert Hutchinson	" 27	11	Trapper
6	Thomas Robson	July 8	18	Putter
*m 7	John Pearson	" 8	58	Shifter
8	Philip Allan	" 8	17	Putter
9	George Bainbridge, <i>unknown</i>	" 8	10	Putter
10	Isaac Greener	" 9	24	Hewer
11	James Craigs	" 13	13	Waggon-driver
12	Edward Bell	" 15	12	Putter
m 13	Ralph Harrison	" 15	39	Horse-keeper
m 14	Matthew Brown	" 16	28	Hewer
15	James Kay	" 16	18	Putter
16	George Bell	" 16	14	Putter
17	Thomas Richardson	" 16	17	Putter
18	Henry Haswell	" 16	18	Putter
19	Joseph Anderson	" 16	23	Putter
20	Joseph Pringle	" 16	16	Putter
21	— Dobson, <i>unknown</i>	" 16	a boy	Trapper
22	George Pearson	" 16	26	Hewer
23	Robert Hall	" 16	13	Putter
24	Gregory Galley	" 16	10	Trapper
25	Benjamin Thompson	" 17	17	Craneman
26	George Mitcheson	" 17	18	Putter
27	Matthew Pringle	" 17	18	Putter
m 28	Nicholas Urwin	" 17	58	Braking inclined-plane
m 29	John Wilson	" 17	32	Hewer
m 30	Thomas Young	" 17	.	Putter
31	John Jacques, <i>unknown</i>	" 17	14	Putter
32	Edward Pearson	" 17	14	Putter
33	William Richardson	" 17	19	Putter
34	Christopher Culley	" 17	20	Putter
35	William Boutland	" 17	19	Crane on-setter
36	Jacob Allan	" 17	14	Putter
m 37	Isaac Greener	" 17	65	Hewer
38	Thomas Bainbridge, <i>unknown</i>	" 17	17	Putter
m 39	John Wilson	" 18	30	Hewer
40	Matthew Bainbridge	" 18	19	Putter

* Those marked m were married men; the rest single.

THE FELLING EXPLOSION.

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LIST OF PERSONS KILLED (*continued*).

Nos. on the Plan.	Name.	Day of Burial.	Years old.	Employment.
41	John Surtees	July 18	12	Trapper
42	Ralph Hall	" 18	18	Putter
43	Paul Fletcher	" 18	22	Hewer
44	William Galley	" 18	22	Putter
45	John Hunter	" 18	21	Hewer
m 46	Thomas Bainbridge	" 22	53	Hewer
m 47	John Wood	" 22	27	Hewer
m 48	Jeremiah Turnbull	" 22	43	Hewer
m 49	John Haswell	" 22	22	Hewer
50	John Burnitt	" 22	21	Hewer
51	George Culley	" 22	14	Trapper
m 52	Joseph Wilson	" 23	25	Hewer
m 53	John Boutland	" 23	46	Hewer
54	George Reay	" 24	9	Trapper
55	William Gardiner	" 24	10	Trapper
m 56	Thomas Craggs	" 24	36	Hewer
57	Thomas Craggs	" 24	9	Trapper
58	John Greener	" 24	21	Hewer
m 59	Edward Richardson	" 24	39	Hewer
60	Robert Dobson	" 24	13	Trapper
m 61	William Dixon	" 25	35	Hewer
62	George Robson	" 25	15	Putter
63	Andrew Allan	" 25	11	Trapper
m 64	John Thompson	" 25	36	Hewer
m 65	John Pearson	" 25	64	Hewer
m 66	Thomas Bears	" 25	48	Hewer
67	Charles Wilson	" 25	20	Hewer
m 68	Michael Gardiner	" 25	45	Hewer
m 69	James Comby	" 25	28	Hewer
70	Joseph Gordon	" 25	10	Trapper
m 71	Robert Haswell	" 25	42	Hewer
m 72	Joseph Wood	" 27	39	Hewer
m 73	John Wilkinson	" 27	35	Hewer
m 74	John Turnbull	" 27	27	Hewer
m 75	Matthew Sanderson	" 27	33	Hewer
m 76	Robert Gordon	" 27	40	Hewer
77	Thomas Gordon	" 27	8	Trapper
m 78	Christopher Mason	" 27	34	Hewer
79	Robert Gray Lock	" 28	15	Putter
m 80	William Jacques	" 28	23	Putter
81	William Hunter	" 29	35	Deputy
82	Thomas Ridley	" 29	13	Putter
m 83	William Sanderson	" 30	43	Hewer
84	George Lawton	" 30	14	Lamp-keeper
85	Michael Hunter	" 30	8	Trapper
86	William Dixon	" 31	10	Waggon-driver
87	Edward Haswell	Aug. 1	20	Hewer
88	Joseph Young	" 3	30	Trapper
89	George Kay	" 26	16	Putter
90	Robert Pearson	Sep. 1	10	Trapper
91	John Archibald Dobson	" 19	15	Trapper
92	Not yet discovered.			

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ACCIDENT, AND OF THE RECOVERY OF THE BODIES OF THE
SUFFERERS.

"About half past eleven o'clock on the morning of the 25th of May, 1812, the neighbouring villages were alarmed by a tremendous explosion in this colliery. The subterraneous fire broke forth with two heavy discharges from the John Pit, which were, almost instantaneously, followed by one from the William Pit. A slight trembling, as from an earthquake, was felt for about half a mile around the workings; and the noise of the explosion, though dull, was heard at three or four miles distance, and much resembled an unsteady fire of infantry. Immense quantities of dust and small coal accompanied these blasts, and rose high into the air, in the form of an inverted cone. The heaviest part of the ejected matter, such as corves, pieces of wood, and small coal, fell near the pits; but the dust, borne away by a strong west wind, fell in a continued shower from the pits to the distance of a mile and a half. In the village of Heworth, it caused a darkness like that of early twilight, and covered the roads so thickly, that the footsteps of passengers were strongly imprinted in it: the heads of both the shaft-frames were blown off, their sides set on fire, and their pullies shattered in pieces; but the pullies of the John Pit gin, being on a crane not within the influence of the blast, were fortunately preserved. The coal dust, ejected from the William Pit into the drift or horizontal parts of the tube, was about three inches thick, and soon burnt to a light cinder. Pieces of burning coal, driven off the solid stratum of the mine, were also blown up this shaft.*

"As soon as the explosion was heard, the wives and children of the workmen ran to the working-pit. Wildness and terror were pictured in every countenance. The crowd from all sides soon collected to the number of several hundreds, some crying out for a husband, others for a parent or a son, and all deeply affected with an admixture of horror, anxiety, and grief.

"The machine being rendered useless by the eruption, the rope of the gin was sent down the pit with all expedition. In the absence of horses, a number of men, whom the wish to be instrumental in rescuing their neighbours from their perilous situation seemed to supply with strength

* There is a long note here in which Hodgson describes the eruption as "a feeble representation of the subterraneous labour of Mount *Ætna*," and refers to Pindar, Lucretius, Virgil, Aulus Gellius, and others.

proportionate to the urgency of the occasion, put their shoulders to the starts or shafts of the gin, and wrought it with astonishing expedition. By twelve o'clock, thirty-two persons, all that survived this dreadful calamity, were brought to daylight. The dead bodies of two boys, numbers one and four, who were miserably scorched and shattered, were also brought up at this time: three boys, viz. numbers two, three, and five, out of the thirty-two who escaped alive, died within a few hours after the accident. Only twenty-nine persons were, therefore, left to relate what they observed of the appearances and effects of this subterranean thundering. One hundred and twenty-one were in the mine when it happened, and eighty-seven remained in the workings. One overman, two wastemen, two deputies, one headsman or putter (who had a violent toothache), and two masons, in all *eight persons*, came up at different intervals, a short time before the explosion.*

"They who had their friends restored hastened with them from the dismal scene, and seemed for a while to suffer as much from the excess of joy as they had lately done from grief; and they who were yet held in doubt concerning the fate of their relations and friends filled the air with shrieks and howlings, went about wringing their hands, and threw their bodies into the most frantic and extravagant gestures.

"The persons who now remained in the mine had all been employed in the workings, to which the plane-board was the general avenue, and, as none had escaped by that way, the apprehension for their safety began to strengthen every moment. At a quarter after twelve o'clock, Mr. Straker, Mr. Anderson, William Haswell, Edward Rogers, John Wilson, Joseph Pearson, Henry Anderson, Michael Menham, and Joseph Greener, therefore descended the John Pit, in expectation of meeting with some of them alive. As the fire-damp would have instantly ignited at candles, they lighted their way by *steelmills*, small machines which give light by turning a plain thin cylinder of steel against a piece of flint. Knowing that a great number of the workmen would be at the crane when the explosion happened, they attempted to reach it by the plane-board: but their progress was intercepted at the second pillar, by the prevalence of choak-damp: the noxious fluid filled the board between the roof and the thill; and the sparks from the flint fell into it like dark drops of blood. Being, therefore, deprived of light, and, nearly poisoned for want of atmospheric air, they retraced their steps to the shaft, and with similar success attempted to pass up the narrow-boards:

* A list is here given of the names and employments of the twenty-nine persons who escaped.

in these they were stopped at the sixth pillar by a thick smoke, which stood like a wall the whole height of the board. Here their flint-mills were not only rendered useless, and respiration became extremely difficult, but the probability of their ever reaching the places where they expected to meet with those they were in search of, or of finding any of them alive, was entirely done away. To the hopelessness of success in their enterprize should also be added their certainty of the mine being on fire, and the probability of a second explosion at every moment occurring, and burying them in its ruins.

“At two o'clock Mr. Straker and Mr. Anderson had just ascended the John Pit, and were gone to examine the appearance of the air issuing from the William Pit. Menham, Greener, and Rogers, had also ascended. Two of the party were at this moment in the shaft, and the other two remained below, when a second explosion, much less severe than the first, excited more frightful expressions of grief and terror amongst the relatives of the persons still in the mine. Rogers and Wilson, the persons in the shaft, experienced little inconvenience by the eruption: they felt an unusual heat, but it had no effect in lifting up their bodies, or otherwise destroying the uniformity of the motion of their ascent. Haswell and H. Anderson, hearing its distant growling, laid themselves down at full length on their faces, and in this posture, by keeping firm hold of a strong wooden prop, placed near the shaft, to support the roof of the mine, experienced no other inconvenience from the blast than its lifting up their legs and poisoning their bodies in various directions, in the manner that the waves heave and toss a buoy at sea. As soon as the atmospheric current returned down the shaft, they were drawn to bank.

“This expedient of lying down and suffering the fury of the blast to roll over them is mentioned in the Life of Lord Keeper North, under the year 1676. It is most efficacious where the mine is wet, for atmospheric air always accompanies running water; but, the warning of a blast being usually sudden, it requires a degree of experience and coolness not commonly united to exercise any precaution against it. The miner, knowing its irresistible power, instantly sees the inefficacy of every attempt to escape, and, like a physician attacked by some incurable complaint, and conscious that his art is unequal to its cure, makes no struggle to save his life.

“Mr. Straker was viewer of the colliery; Haswell was its overman, and had three brothers; Wilson was a wasteman, and had three sons; Pearson had his father and two brothers; Rogers was a deputy, and had

several near relations in the mine. H. Anderson went down with strong confidence that he would be able to reach his partner, number *eighty-seven*. Pearson, Rogers, and H. Anderson, had also escaped from the first explosion. These all entered the pit from a combination of motives—from duty, humanity, parental or brotherly affection. Greener was keeper of the adjoining toll-bar, and had his father, two brothers, a brother-in-law, and two nephews. Mr. Anderson and Mr. Menham hazarded their lives from the single and meritorious motive of assisting to rescue a number of their fellow-creatures from death.

“As each of the party came up, he was surrounded by a group of anxious inquirers. All their reports were equally hopeless; and the second explosion so strongly corroborated their account of the impure state of the mine, that their assertions for the present seemed to be credited. But this impression was only momentary. On recollection, they remembered that persons had survived similar accidents, and when the mine was opened had been found alive. Three had been shut up during forty days in a pit near Byker, and all that period had subsisted on candles and horse-beans. Persons, too, were not wanting to infect the minds of the relatives of the sufferers with disbelief in the accounts of the persons who had explored the mine. It was suggested to them, that want of courage, or bribery, might be inducements to magnify the danger, and represent the impossibility of reaching the bodies of the unfortunate men. By this species of wicked industry, the grief of the neighbourhood began to assume an irritable and gloomy aspect. The proposition to exclude the atmospheric air from the mine, in order to extinguish the fire, was therefore received with the cries of “murder,” and with determinations of opposing the proceeding.

“Many of the widows continued about the mouth of the John Pit during the whole of Monday night, with the hope of hearing the voice of a husband or a son calling for assistance.

“On Tuesday the 26th of May, the natural propensity of the human mind to be gratified with spectacles of horror was strongly exemplified. An immense crowd of colliers from various parts, but especially from the banks of the river Wear, assembled round the pits, and were profuse in reproaches on the persons concerned in the mine, for want of exertion to recover the men. Every one had some example to relate of successful attempts in cases of this kind—all were large in their professions of readiness to give assistance; but none were found to enter the inflammable jaws of the mine. Their reasonings and assertions seemed indeed to be a mixture of those prejudices and conceits which

cleave to workmen to whom experience has afforded a partial insight into the nature and peculiarities of their profession, and not to be grounded on any memory of facts, or to result from a knowledge of the connection between causes and effects: and on this account, as soon as the leaders of the outcry could be brought to listen with patience to a relation of the appearances that attended this accident, and to hear the reasons assigned for the conclusion that the mine was on fire, and that the persons remaining in it were dead, they seemed to allow the impracticability of reaching the bodies of the sufferers till the fire was extinguished, and consequently the necessity of smothering it out by excluding atmospheric air from the mine.

“The proprietors of the mine gave the strongest assurances to the crowd, that if any project could be framed for the recovery of the men, no expense should be spared in executing it; if any person could be found to enter the mine, every facility and help should be afforded him; but, as they were assured by the unanimous opinion of several of the most eminent viewers in the neighbourhood that the workings of the mine were in an unapproachable state, they would hold out no reward for the attempt: they would be accessory to no man's death by persuasion or a bribe.

“The mouth of the John Pit had continued open since the accident: the William Pit was to-day almost wholly muzzled with planks.

“On Wednesday the 27th of May, at the clamorous solicitation of the people, Mr. Straker and the overman again descended the John Pit, in order to ascertain the state of the air in the workings. Immediately under the shaft they found a mangled horse, in which they supposed they perceived some signs of life; but they had only advanced about six or eight yards, before the sparks of the flint were extinguished in the choak-damp, and Haswell, who played the mill, began to show the effects of the carbonic poison, by faltering in his steps. Mr. Straker therefore laid hold of him, and supported him to the shaft. As the baneful vapours had now taken possession of the whole of the mine, and they found it difficult to breathe even in the course of the full current of the atmospheric air, they immediately ascended. But the afflicted creatures, still clinging to hope, disbelieved their report. Wishful therefore to give as ample satisfaction as possible to the unhappy women Mr. Anderson and James Turnbull (a hewer of the colliery who had escaped the blast) again went down. At thirty fathoms from the bottom they found the air exceedingly warm: to exist without apoplectic symptoms for more than a few yards round the

bottom of the shaft was found impossible, and even there the air was so contaminated as to be nearly irrespirable. When they ascended, their clothes emitted a smell somewhat resembling the waters of Gillsland and Harrogate, but more particularly allied to that of the turpentine distilled from coal-tar.

"The report of these last adventurers partly succeeded in convincing the people that there was no possibility of any of their friends being found alive. Some, indeed, went away silent, but not satisfied; others with pitiable importunity besought that measures to recover their friends might even yet be adopted and persevered in; and many, as if grief and rage had some necessary connection, went about loading the conductors of the mine with execrations, and threatening revenge. Some were even heard to say they could have borne their loss with fortitude had none of the workmen survived the calamity: they could have been consoled had all their neighbours been rendered as miserable and destitute as themselves! From such a multitude of distracted women unanimity of sentiment could not be expected—no scheme of proceedings could be invented fortunate enough to meet with the approbation of them all. In the evening of the day it was therefore resolved to exclude the atmospheric air from entering the workings, in order to extinguish the fire which the explosion had kindled in the mine, and of which the smoke ascending the William Pit was a sure indication. This shaft was accordingly filled with clay about seven feet above the *ingate* or entrance from the shaft into the drift; and the John Pit mouth was covered over with loose planks.

"On Thursday the 28th of May, both the pits continued in the state they were left in on the preceding evening; but early on the morning of the 29th, twenty fothers of additional thickness in clay were thrown into the William Pit, in order to insure its being air-tight; and on the same day, a scaffold, at twenty-five fathoms and a half from the surface, was suspended on six ropes, each six inches in circumference, in the John Pit. Upon this, ten folds of straw were thrown, and twenty-six fothers of clay, namely, fifteen fothers on Friday, five on Saturday, and six on Sunday, on which day the scaffold was found sufficiently air-tight, by its holding the water poured upon it.

"On the 1st of June, one of the ropes of the scaffold gave way, and on the next day, about five o'clock in the afternoon, the whole of it fell to the bottom of the pit. Immediately after this a second scaffold was suspended: but when eight fothers of clay had been thrown upon it, it also broke its ropes and fell to the bottom, about eight o'clock on the

evening of the same day. At ten o'clock another expedient was resorted to: three beams of timber were laid across the mouth of the shaft, a little below the surface, and these were traversed with strong planks, upon which, on that evening, and early next morning, a body of clay was laid four feet thick, and firmly beaten together. At the same time a ten-inch stopping of brick and lime was put into the tube drift of this shaft: this drift had long been closed, but the additional stopping was added, for greater security against the fire-damp escaping.

"Preparations now began to be made for re-opening the mine. For this purpose a brattice or partition of thin deals began to be put down the William Pit, of which and its furnace-tube and whim-gin the annexed figure is a section.* The black line down the shaft represents the brattice, which in this case was made to assist the workmen in raising the clay thrown down the shaft on the 27th and 29th of May.

"About this time many idle tales were circulated through the country, concerning several of the men finding their way to the shafts, and being recovered. Their number was circumstantially told—how they subsisted on candles, oats, and beans—how they heard the persons who visited the mine on the day of the accident, and the Wednesday following, but were too feeble to speak sufficiently loud to make themselves heard. Some conjurer, too, it was said, had set his spells and divinations to work, and penetrated the whole secrets of the mine. He had discovered one famishing group receiving drops of water from the roof of the mine—another eating their shoes and clothes, and other such pictures of misery. These inventions were carefully related to the widows, and answered the purpose of every day harrowing up their sorrows afresh. Indeed, it seemed the chief employment of some to make a kind of insane sport of their own and their neighbours' calamity.

"On the 19th of June, it was discovered that the water oozing out of the tubbing of the William Pit had risen to the height of twenty-four feet upon the clay. On the 3rd of July, this being all overcome, the brattice finished, and a great part of the clay drawn up, the sinkers began to bore a crowhole out of the shaft into the north drift. On the next day the stoppings in the tube drift of the John Pit were taken down, and the bore-hole finished, through which the air passed briskly into the mine, and ascended by the John Pit tube.

"Some experiments made on the fire-damp, by collecting it in

* There is here in the margin of the pamphlet an explanatory woodcut, which it is not necessary to transfer to our pages.

bladders in the John Pit tube, before the bore-hole was opened, proved that it would not ignite previous to its mixture with atmospheric air. This shaft became an up-cast at three in the afternoon of the 5th of July; at seven on the same day, the fire-damp exploded on its being exposed to the flame of a candle. From the 6th to the 8th, it continued in the same state, and after became so saturated with atmospheric air as to lose that property.

"On the 7th of July, the workmen pierced through the clay in the William Pit into the drift; and at forty-five minutes past eleven o'clock in the morning the John Pit tube emitted a thick continued volume of vapour, alternately of a blackish and gray colour: at five in the afternoon it was of a light steam colour, and the next morning scarcely visible.

"The morning of Wednesday the 8th of July being appointed for entering the workings, the distress of the neighbourhood was again renewed at an early hour. A great concourse of people collected—some out of curiosity—to witness the commencement of an undertaking full of sadness and danger—some to stir up the revenge and aggravate the sorrows of the relatives of the sufferers, by calumnies and reproaches, published for the sole purpose of mischief; but the greater part came with broken hearts and streaming eyes, in expectation of seeing a father, a husband, or son "brought up out of the horrible pit."

"As the weather was warm, and it was desirable that as much air might pass down the shaft as possible, constables were placed at proper distances, to keep off the crowd. Two surgeons were also in attendance in case of accidents.

"At six o'clock in the morning, Mr. Straker, Mr. Anderson, the overman of the colliery, and six other persons descended the William Pit, and began to traverse the north drift towards the plane-board. As a current of water had been constantly diverted down this shaft for the space of ten hours, the air was found to be perfectly cool and wholesome. Light was procured from steel-mills. As the explosion had occasioned several *falls* of large masses of stone from the roof, their progress was considerably delayed by removing them. After the plane-board was reached, a stopping was put across it on the right hand, and one across the wall opposite the drift. The air, therefore, passed to the left, and number *six* was found.

"The *shifts* of men employed in this doleful and unwholesome work were generally about eight in number. They were four hours in and eight hours out of the mine: each individual, therefore, wrought two shifts every twenty-four hours.

“When the body of number six was to be lifted into a shell or coffin, the men for a while stood over it in speechless horror: they imagined it was in so putrid a state that it would fall asunder by lifting. At length they began to encourage each other “in the name of God” to begin; and after several hesitations and resolutions, and covering their hands with oakum to avoid any unpleasant sensation from touching the body, they laid it in a coffin, which was conveyed to the shaft in a bier made for the purpose, and drawn to ‘bank’ in a net made of strong cords.

“It is worthy of remark that number six was found within two or three yards of the place where the atmospheric current concentrated, as it passed from one pit to the other; but that he was lying on his face with his head downwards, apparently in the position into which he had been thrown by the blast. The air visited him in vain.

“When the first shift of men came up, at ten o’clock, a message was sent for a number of coffins to be in readiness at the pit; these being at the joiner’s shop, piled up in a heap, to the number of ninety-two (a most gloomy sight), had to pass by the village of Low Felling. As soon as a cartload of them was seen, the howlings of the women, who had hitherto continued in their houses, but now began to assemble about their doors, came on the breeze in slow fitful gusts, which presaged a scene of much distress and confusion being soon exhibited near the pit; but happily, by representing to them the shocking appearance of the body that had been found, and the ill effects upon their own bodies and minds likely to ensue from suffering themselves to be hurried away by such violent convulsions of grief, they either returned to their houses, or continued in silence in the neighbourhood of the pit.

“Every family had made provision for the entertainment of their neighbours on the day the bodies of their friends were recovered; and it had been generally given out that they intended to take the bodies into their own houses; but Dr. Ramsay having given his opinion that such a proceeding, if carried into effect, might spread putrid fever through the neighbourhood, and the first body when exposed to observation having a most horrid and corrupt appearance, they readily consented to have them interred immediately after they were found. Permission, however, was given to let the hearse, in its way to the chapel-yard, pass by the door of the deceased.

“From the 8th of July to the 19th of September, the heart-rending scene of mothers and widows examining the putrid bodies of their sons and husbands, for marks by which to identify them, was

almost daily renewed; but very few of them were known by any personal mark: they were too much mangled and scorched to retain any of their features. Their clothes, tobacco-boxes, shoes, and the like, were therefore the only indexes by which they could be recognized.

"After finding numbers *seven*, *eight*, and *nine*, the operations of the first day ceased, about ten o'clock in the evening. At six the next morning the workmen began to put deal stoppings into the stentings of the double headways, west of the William Pit. In the afternoon number *ten* was found, and the third board south of the plane-board discovered to be much fallen: carrying a brattice nearly to its face was the last proceeding of the 9th.

"Early in the morning of the 10th of July the air in the William Pit was discovered to be casting up with a current so feeble as nearly to approach stagnation. This being supposed to be caused by the water, collected about the bottom of the John Pit, approaching the roof of the mine, the machine was put in readiness for drawing it. A collection of water amounting to about 4,500 gallons, was twice a week raised from a *sump* or well, immediately under the John Pit shaft. This sump was made for the purpose of receiving it, as it oozed from the tubbing. The dip of this colliery being about one yard in twelve to the south-west, the lowest parts of the colliery were consequently at this shaft, and the little water that the mine produced collected here. The double headway was nearly water-level. The annexed section may assist in giving a clear idea of the appearance of the water where the circulation of air through the mine began to stop. A represents the shaft, and B the inner narrow-board.*

"Hitherto the air had descended into the mine by the John Pit tube: but now the clay laid over the mouth of this pit on the evening of the 1st of June was removed, and the *settle-boards*, or frames, upon which the corves were loaded, were refixed. At forty-five minutes after four o'clock this afternoon, the water began to be drawn in buckets, each containing ninety gallons. Thirty buckets were drawn in an hour.

"On the morning of the 11th, a larger stream of water than had been hitherto used was diverted down the William Pit, with the expectation of forcing the air to descend with it. This was a desirable point to effect, as the bodies of the sufferers might be more readily obtained by this pit than the other; but as the water fell

* This cut is omitted as of no importance to our narrative.

about the John Pit, the atmospheric current set more strongly down it: the attempt was therefore abandoned as hopeless.

"The machine was constantly at work drawing water, till Monday the 13th, when the rubbish occasioned by the falling of the two scaffolds on the first of June, stones blown from the roof by the blast, and the body of a horse began to be raised. As the body of the boy, number *eleven*, had lain a long time in water, it was perfectly white.

"On Tuesday the 14th of July, as the workmen were clearing out the water-sump at the bottom of the John Pit, a gust of fire-damp burst from the workings, and ascended the shaft. This caused so great an alarm, that the cry "Send away a loop!" from the bottom, and "Ride away, ride away!" from the banksmen, were heard together. Seven of the men clung to the rope, and arrived safe at bank; and two old men threw themselves flat upon their faces, in expectation of an explosion; but, after a second and similar eructation, the atmospheric current took its usual course. No alteration was perceived at the William Pit. This phenomenon was afterwards ascertained to proceed from a large fall at that time taking place in the stable-board, and forcing back a foul admixture of the two damp and common air. The banksmen's cry so alarmed the villages of High and Low Felling that all the inhabitants, young and old, hastened to the pit. At two o'clock in the afternoon the work was resumed.

"On the 15th of July, the bottom of the plane-board was reached, where the body of a mangled horse and four waggons were found. Though these waggons were made of strong frames of oak, strengthened with hoops and bars of iron, yet the blast had driven both them and the horse with such violence down the inclined plane-board, that it had twisted and shattered them as if they had been shot from a mortar against a rock. Number *twelve*, though a *putter*, at the time of the accident was employed at the meetings of the inclined-plane to keep the ropes in order as the waggons passed each other. Number *thirteen*, from the position in which he was found, seemed as if he had been asleep when the explosion happened, and had never after opened his eyes. He was seen, about a quarter before eleven o'clock, smoking his pipe on the place where his body was found. He attended to the five horses, and had the charge of keeping the waggon and inclined plane-ways free from obstructions.

"After obtaining number *fourteen*, the crane was visited. Here twenty-one bodies, from number *fifteen* to *thirty-six*, lay in ghastly

confusion: some like mummies, scorched as dry as if they had been baked; one wanting its head, another an arm. The scene was truly frightful. The power of the fire was visible upon them all; but its effects were extremely various: while some were almost torn to pieces, there were others who appeared as if they had sunk down overpowered with sleep.

"Number *twenty-eight* was married at the age of twenty-three to Isabella Greener, aged twenty-two. They had eleven children, first seven sons and then four daughters, successively. The oldest and the youngest of the boys were born deaf; the rest were born with all their senses. Both of these were sent to school, and were taught to write and cast up sums. *William*, the eldest brother, after leaving school, was employed about the skreen of the colliery, and in different kinds of work about its bank, but never wrought under-ground. Until he was twenty-one years old, his sight, according to his mother's account, was quick and strong; but about that period a dimness, occasioned by a heavy lift, suddenly came over his eyes, and has gradually increased to total blindness. He was a good writer, and understood enough of the power of numbers to reckon up his own earnings in figures. Once the agent of the colliery deducted eight shillings from his fortnight's pay, thinking him too young and infirm to work for the wages assigned him: this grieved him much, and he long remembered it as an act of injustice. His observations on the characters of his comrades, written with chalk on doors about the engine houses, were frequently humorous. He has a contemptible opinion of his brother's attainments as a scholar. His health has always been good, and since he lost his sight he has been maintained by the owners of Felling Colliery. He is thirty-two years old. *Nicholas*, the youngest of the seven, is twenty years old, and follows the trade of a shoemaker, in which he is reckoned to have considerable expertness. His sight and health are good. Their mother has a language of signs by which she holds a communication of thought between them and herself: and they frequently spend whole evenings together, deeply and most affectionately engaged in conversation with each other. By the various passions which these conversations draw forth, and the quick changes of expression in their countenances, it is evident that their intercourse of ideas is nearly as rapid as they could be by oral language. *William*, notwithstanding his uncommon privations, can still express many of his wants by writing, at which exercise he is more ready and expert than could be expected.

"It is difficult to quit this place without reflecting on the riotous

scenes constantly exhibited at the crane of a large colliery. The place is lighted with a lamp, just sufficient to make 'darkness visible,' and to give one faint glimpses of series of youths successively hurrying from the wall of the full-way board, and hastening back to the working-boards with the empty corves, up the crane-board. In many pits the coals are brought from the hewers by horses, which, from the great speed at which they are driven, make the bustle still more hideous. The thousand tricks of a crowd of boys in high health and spirits, each anxious to commit some frolic while his corf is under the crane—their bodies half naked, and black with coal dust—their laughing, fighting, loud swearing—these, joined to the incessant noise of iron-wheeled trams running on iron plates, and to the great heat and offensive effluvia of the place, make it indeed a 'horrible dungeon.' Such in all probability was the picture here when these twenty-one persons were

'overwhelmed
'With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire.'

"The bodies of numbers *thirty-nine*, *forty*, and *forty-one*, were obtained on the night of the 17th of July. *Thirty-nine*, being challenged about daybreak next morning, before the other two could be recognized, was therefore, though last in being found, the first in order of burial.

"From an apprehension that the great body of fire-damp confined by the stoppings newly put into the walls immediately south of the plane-board might burst forth if kept perfectly tight, the atmospheric air was thrown into the full-way board, by a stopping placed across the plane-board, a little above the crane. As soon as numbers *forty-two*, *forty-three*, and *forty-four*, were confined, the air was conducted to number *forty-five*. After this, the stopping above the crane was taken down, and the workmen were employed from the night of the 18th to the morning of the 22nd of July, in making a brattice from the north-west corner of the fourth right-hand pillar above the crane, to the south-east corner of the pillar next above the drift to the William Pit. By this contrivance, the fire-damp on the south side of the plane-board was not only pent in by two rows of stoppings above the crane, but it was left at liberty to escape into the drift on the south side of the brattice.

"July 22. Numbers *forty-six* and *forty-seven*, as well as *thirty-nine*, had probably attempted to make their escape from the blast: they were lying on their faces, their heads downwards, and their hands spread forwards. *Forty-six* was working with *forty-eight*; and *thirty-*

nine, forty-seven, *forty-nine*, and *fifty* were blasting stone from the roof at forty-nine.

"Little progress was made on the twenty-third, for, after *fifty-one* was found, the day was chiefly spent in removing two heavy falls under which *fifty-two* and *fifty-three* were buried. The last of these had his employment in the second board south of the plane-board; he had therefore at the time of the accident either not commenced his work, or left it to talk with the young men at forty-nine.

"About ten o'clock this evening, the piece of solid coal between the face of the first board, south of the William Pit, and the double head-ways on the west of it, began to be pierced. After being bored through with a miner's auger, the hole was kept perfectly tight by a wooden plug, while a passage for the men was opened. Iron picks were used till the coal was thin, when it was battered down in the dark with a wooden prop. Then picks of oak and *lignum vitæ*, hardened in the fire, were used in widening the avenue: and the steel-mills not suffered to play till the air took a regular suck past fifty-four, seventy-nine, seventy-eight, and behind the brattice, into the William Pit drift. This work was finished a little after twelve o'clock.

"Before two o'clock in the morning of the twenty-fourth, number *fifty-four* was reached. It is worthy of remark, that nearly the whole of the men found in this line of boards had fallen on the very spot where they were employed. In the progress of obtaining the bodies from *fifty-four* to *sixty*, nothing particular occurred except a large fall, under which number *fifty-nine* was found.

"On the twenty-fifth of July, eleven bodies, from *sixty-one* to *seventy-one*, were interred. Number *sixty-four* was under a large fall. This man was keeper of the Heworth poor-house, and a class-leader of the Wesleyan sect of Methodists. A pamphlet has been published, containing twenty-four pages, and entitled "A Short Account of the Life and Christian Experience of John Thompson, &c. compiled chiefly from his own Journal. By Theophilus Lessey, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Printed by J. Marshall, 1812. The profits of this pamphlet will be faithfully applied to the relief of his widow, and five orphan children."

"The boards of *fifty-nine* and *sixty-four* were the only ones fallen in this sheth: each board here was bratticed nearly to its face, more with a view of rendering them pure and clean, than of giving assistance in obtaining the bodies; for the workmen, out of anxiety to recover them, became fearless of danger, and ventured into the repositories of foul vapours before the brattice was long enough to convey sufficient atmo-

spheric air into them to render them wholesome. The twenty-sixth of July, being Sunday, was a day of rest.

"On the twenty-seventh of July, seven bodies were obtained. *Seventy-two* and *seventy-three* were much burnt, but not much mangled. *Seventy-four*, *seventy-five*, *seventy-six*, and *seventy-seven* were found buried amongst a confused wreck of broken brattices, trap-doors, trams, and corves, with their legs broken, or their bodies otherwise miserably scorched and lacerated. Before *seventy-eight* was found, the brattice represented in the last figure was taken down; a stopping put across the plane-board at number forty-one; and the air thrown past *seventy-nine* and *fifty-four*, through the aperture (which had been partly made by battering down the coal with a prop), and thence into the William Pit. This wall, on account of the prevalence of fire-damp where *forty-five* was found, had not been crossed till now.

"The twenty-eighth of July was chiefly spent in putting up stoppings along the wall from *seventy-eight* to *seventy-nine*. Number *eighty* had been blown through a stopping.

"Numbers *eighty-one* and *eighty-two*, the latter under a fall, were found on the twenty-ninth of July.

"On the thirtieth of July, the fall, which commenced a little east of *eighty-two*, was found to continue, and *eighty-three* and *eighty-four* were dug from beneath it. *Eighty-five* kept the sheth down-going door opposite the William Pit on the east: his hair, which was of a light colour, had been burned off; but had grown again to the length of an inch or more.

"As all the upper parts of the mine, in which there was a likelihood of meeting with any bodies, had been once carefully gone over, and it was known that three persons had not escaped from the newly-formed boards on the south-east, the air on the thirty-first of July was diverted, and thrown up the head-ways from the plane-board. Number *eighty-six* perished by the first explosion; for as H. Anderson escaped, he felt his body under his feet; but having a living boy in his arms he was unable to bring him out. He was employed in driving a waggon from the south crane at number *eighty-eight*. His horse, which was lying near him, had been turned round and thrown upon its back, by the force of the blast: its skin, when first visited, was as hard as leather, and, like the bodies of all the men, covered with a white mould: it was dragged whole to the shaft, and sent to bank in a net. After the atmospheric air acted a short time upon it, its skin and flesh soon lost their solidity, and became putrid.

"August the first. The men who had been working on the two boards north of number *eighty-seven* made their escape up the wall in which he was found to the crane-board, and thence down the head-ways. They called on him as they passed his board, but he made no answer. As he had been late up the night before, he is supposed to have been asleep when the accident happened. He was not at the place in which he was found, when the men alluded to passed it: it therefore appears that he made a struggle to escape after it was too late to be successful. A day or two before his death, he told some of his friends, that he had a strong presage upon his mind that he had only a very short time to live; but who has not many times predicted his death before it arrived?

"Number *eighty-eight*, discovered on the third of August, had the charge of a trap-door in the wall, in which *eighty-seven* was found. Nature had left something deficient in his brain, which caused an employment to be assigned him in which little memory and contrivance were required. He was found close to the crane, under a very heavy fall.

"All the trap-doors and stoppings in this part of the mine were standing when the workmen escaped. The lamp at the crane was still burning. They found no falls in their way out, nor saw any injury done by the first explosion. But when it came to be explored at this time, the stoppings and trap-doors were blown down, the roof fallen, and as great marks of destruction as in any other part of the mine. It is therefore probable that the atmospheric current, passing each way along the double head-ways, intercepted the progress of the first explosion, and prevented its igniting the fire-damp here. But the choke-damp, pressing up the head-ways to occupy the space of the atmospheric air, threw a train of fire-damp hence into some part of the mine where the coal was burning, and this little magazine was blown up. Perhaps this may serve to explain the cause of the second explosion.

"The workmen now began to be employed in carrying on a regular ventilation through the wastes of the mine, by stoppings of brick.

"On Thursday, the sixth of August, they found that the stable-board had been on fire, and that the solid coal was reduced to a cinder, two feet in thickness. As far as the fire had extended, the roof was more fallen than in any other part of the mine. At this time it was ascertained that this fall occurred on the fourteenth of July. The fire here had probably been caused by the hay igniting at the explosion, and communicating to the coal. The air, too, while the pits were open, would have its strongest current up this board, and consequently keep the fire alive. This was the only place in which the solid coal had

been on fire. In other parts, the barrow-way dust was burnt to a cinder, and felt under the feet like frozen snow.

"Number *eighty-nine* was found under six or seven feet of stone. From this time the ventilation, and search for the remaining bodies, were uniformly persevered in, till September the first, when number *ninety* was discovered; he had been narrowly missed by some persons who visited this part in the dark, on the eighteenth of July.

"The ventilation concluded on Saturday the nineteenth of September, when number *ninety-one* was dug from under a heap of stones. At six o'clock in the morning, the pit was visited by candle-light, which had not not been used in it for the space of one hundred and seventeen days; and at eleven o'clock in the morning the tube-furnace was lighted. From this time the colliery has been regularly at work; but the body of number *ninety-two* has never yet been found.

"All these persons (except numbers one, four, five, and fifty, who were buried in single graves,) were interred in Heworth Chapel Yard, in a trench, side by side, two coffins deep, with a partition of brick and lime between every four coffins.* Those entered as *unknown*, in the burial register, have had names added to them since the search was discontinued.

"I pass over the many theories and absurd suppositions invented to explain the cause of this calamity. The power that destroyed raised and marshalled its forces in secrecy—it left no evidence to show from what corner of the mine it issued out to battle. In its effects it indeed proved that it either availed itself of the delusive security, the inactivity, or the want of strength in the means employed to keep it in subjection: but let us, with that charity which "thinketh no evil," refrain from inquiry into causes which commenced and wrought in darkness, and concerning which the clearest information that can be collected will amount to little more than conjecture and uncertainty.

* The monument which Hodgson speaks of in the preface to his account of the accident, the expenses of which it was his wish to defray out of the profits of the book, was soon afterwards erected in the south-west corner of Heworth Chapel-yard upon the spot where the poor men and boys had been buried. It consists of a neat plain obelisk nine feet high, fixed in a solid base of stone, and has four brass plates let into it on its four sides, on which are inscribed the name and age of each of the ninety-one sufferers alphabetically arranged. The following inscription runs along the head of the plates: "IN MEMORY OF THE 91 PERSONS KILLED IN FELLING COLLIERY, 24 MAY, 1812." I find the following bill among Hodgson's papers. "Rev. Mr. Hodgson to M. Lambert, Newcastle, Dr. 1817. Ap. Four brass plates, and engraving do. for Felling sufferers, 18*l.* 15*s.* 0*d.* Feb. 3, 1818. Settled, M. Lambert."

"The following synopsis may serve as a kind of recapitulation of the preceding relation. It shews the number of men employed in the mine on the day it exploded, distinguishing the number in each occupation that were killed, escaped, or came up before the explosion. *

Occupations.	No.	In the mine when it exploded.		Came up before the Explosion.
		* Killed.	Escaped.	
Overman	1	1
Deputies	5	1	2	2
Wastemen	2	2
Hewers	50	34	16	1
Putters	30	28	1	
Trappers	22	17	5	
Waggon-drivers	8	5	3	
Horse-keeper	1	1		
Cranemen	2	1	1	
Shaft-onsetters	2	...	2	
Crane-onsetter	1	1		
Brakeman	1	1		
Shifter	1	1		
Lampkeeper	1	1		
Masons	2	2
	130	92	30	8

A meeting was held at Heworth, two days after the accident had taken place, to promote a subscription for the relief of the widows and children of the sufferers; and Hodgson was requested to draw up a circular embodying the leading circumstances of the accident and the bereavements it had occasioned. It was ascertained, as has been above stated, that the total number of poor women whom it had made widows was forty-one, ten of whom were pregnant, and that sixty-three girls and nine boys, with about six other dependants, in all one hundred and thirty-nine persons, were deprived of their ordinary means of subsistence. Hodgson was appointed treasurer of such contributions as should be made; and from that day he was incessantly engaged in soliciting, personally or by letter, the gentry and clergy of the whole North of England to exert themselves in alleviating the distresses of his poor parishioners. He has preserved the letters which came to hand in reply to his application, and has carefully bound

* H. Anderson, a hewer, should be added to the list of those that escaped, and the person whose remains have not been found to that of killed.

them up in a thick volume, as a melancholy record of the catastrophe. The total sum subscribed amounted to 2806*l.* 15*s.* 6*½d.* and along with his Sermon and his Account of the Accident, he has published a statement of the manner in which it was expended. The very first guinea was given by the master of a collier, as he was sailing up the Tyne, within sight of the pit in which there were at that moment the dead bodies of ninety-two men slain by "the pestilence that walketh in darkness." I subjoin his letter, and also another proof that all classes of persons in the neighbourhood felt themselves called upon to lend a helping hand to the fatherless and the widow.

"DEAR SIR,

Felling Hall, 30th May, 1812.

"I beg leave to send you the donation of a real affectionate sailor,* who in passing heard of the great misfortune, and the number of widows and orphans left. He sent for me and insisted upon giving his mite—said he was an orphan himself and could feel for others. I thought it advisable to receive it. You will have the goodness to make what use of his name you may deem proper. I am, dear sir, yours most truly,

"JOHN ROBSON.

"FOR THE NEWCASTLE BANK.

"South Shields, Aug. 7, 1812.

"Where hase William Rusby Grand Master of the Mariner's loyal and independent lodge of odd fellows held at Walter Mack farling sine of Mason harms in South Shields hopnd a Subcrpson a mongst the the officers and Brothers of Lodge for Benfit of the wedes and childern of the fallon colrey pleas to send a Recat By the Bearer. £ s d
pad £ 1 .. 5 .. 0 "

With respect to Mr. Hodgson's extraordinary exertions in this melancholy case, there seems to have been an unanimous opinion in the North of England. I give an extract from a single letter, as a specimen of many which he received. The Rector of Whitburn will, I hope, forgive me for making public what he in all probability intended to be merely a private communication:

"Whitburn, June 22, 1812.

—"The cause of humanity has been highly benefitted, and the admiration of all ranks of persons in this neighbourhood greatly ex-

* "Andrew Ryan, Master of the Princess of Wales, Brighton."

cited, by your very zealous and benevolent exertions on this melancholy occasion. We have all much to thank you for; as you have afforded us an excellent opportunity of calling forth the charitable feelings, and making a strong appeal to the consciences of our respective flocks; and have also bestowed unwearied pains in a proper distribution of the money collected.

“ THOS. BAKER.”

The owners of the colliery, however, took no notice of Hodgson or his services till the end of the year, seven months after the accident had taken place. On the third of December they begged him “ to accept their sincere thanks for the very great anxiety and trouble his very humane exertions had relieved them from,” and made him an offer of his coals. They at the same time begged of him to thank the gentlemen who had acted with him on the Committee. All this appears to be explained by a preceding page. What a pity that his circumstances at the time made even such a present as this acceptable!

The explosion of Felling Colliery led to the immediate formation of a society for the prevention of accidents in coal mines; and to this society we owe the safety-lamp and its happy consequences: we shall see that Mr. Hodgson not only took an interest but a very active part in the investigations which paved the way to this fortunate discovery.

It was in the summer of the year 1812 that the writer of these pages first became acquainted with Mr. Hodgson, during a visitation held at Durham by the official of the Dean and Chapter, which Mr. Hodgson was attending as belonging to the jurisdiction. This might not, perhaps, be an unfit opportunity for a few remarks on his personal appearance and general demeanour, at that period of his life and afterwards; but, upon consideration, it is deemed advisable to defer this subject to a future page. I would only here remark that the friendship at that time entered into lasted without interruption till it was terminated in death, and that nearly two hundred letters in the hand-writing of my departed friend, on topographical, and other subjects of deeper interest to us both, remind me, in a forcible way, of the loss which I then sustained. Of these letters some will appear at length, others in an abbreviated form, in the following pages.

The summer and autumn of the year 1812 had been to Hodgson a period of toil and affliction. The close of the year finds him engaged upon a subject more congenial to his mind than that of burying daily by tens and twenties the scorched and mangled bodies of his parishioners. I know not whether he was the first to suggest, but certainly he was among the first to plan and mature, an institution which has flourished since that period in Newcastle, and was never perhaps in a more vigorous state than at the present time.

In November 1812, a circular was issued from Newcastle, suggesting the propriety of establishing a Society of Antiquaries in that place for the usual objects of such institutions, and requesting such gentlemen in the town and neighbourhood as favoured the design to communicate their approbation to Mr. John Bell junior, bookseller, Quay Side. The suggestion being approved of, the society was established at a numerous meeting on the 6th Feb. 1813; rules and office-bearers were agreed upon; and by way of explanation of the objects which it contemplated, Hodgson read at its second monthly meeting, an essay on "The Study of Antiquities," extending to a considerable length, and very characteristic of his style and sentiments on such a subject. This essay, which occupies ten very closely-printed quarto pages, was, as we have heard him say, almost entirely composed one morning in the vestry at Jarrow whilst waiting there upon duty. As it is published in the first volume of the Transactions of the Society, I refrain from entering into any detail of its character and merits. To evince the interest which Hodgson took in this Society, from its first establishment till more weighty engagements began to occupy his thoughts, it may be well to enumerate in this place the various papers which he communicated to its pages from time to time.

"I. Some account of Gray's Chorographia, with additions extracted from the author's own interleaved copy.*

"II. On the Study of Antiquities, read before the Society at its second monthly meeting. Vol. I. pt. 1. p. ix. 19 pages.

* This contribution appears in the First annual Report.

"III. Some account of a Set of Gold Beads presented to the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne by his Grace the Duke of Northumberland. Ib. p. 1.

"IV. An Inquiry into the Æra when Brass was used in purposes to which Iron is now applied. Ib. p. 17. 87 pages.

"V. An Inquiry into the Antiquity of an Ancient Entrenchment called Wardley, in the parish of Jarrow, and County of Durham. Ib. p. 112. 6 pages.

"VI. Observations on an Ancient Aqueduct and certain Heaps of Iron Scoria in the parish of Lanchester. Ib. p. 118. 4 pages.

"VII. An Account of a Saxon Coin of Ecgrith, King of Northumberland. Ib. p. 124. 2 pages.

"VIII. An Account of an Inscription on Fallowfield Fell, in the County of Northumberland. Ib. p. 126. 2 pages.

"IX. An Account of an Inscription discovered at Walwick Chesters, in the County of Northumberland. Ib. p. 128. 3 pages.

"X. Papers relative to the Plot in the North in 1663. Ib. p. 143. 6 pages.

"XI. Calendars of the Prisoners confined in the High Castle in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, at the assizes in 1628 and 1629. Ib. p. 164. 35 pages.

"XII. Indentures between Sir Francis Brandling and Sir Thomas Swinburne in 1627, and Sir Thomas Swinburne and Thomas Carr, Esq., for delivering over the Gaol of Northumberland. Ib. p. 164. 7 pages.

"XIII. Papers relating to the General History of the County of Durham in the time of Charles II. Ib. p. 187. 4 pages.

"XIV. Some Account of an Ancient Plan of Tynemouth, in the County of Northumberland. Ib. p. 216. 3 pages.

"XV. Observations on the Roman Station of Housesteads, and on some Mithraic Antiquities discovered there. Ib. p. 263. 57 pages.

"XVI. Some Notices respecting an Inscription on the Bell of Heworth Chapel. Ib. App. p. 6.

"XVII. Observations on an Ancient Roman Road called Wrekendike, and particularly of that Branch of it which led from the mouth of the Tyne at South Shields to Lanchester in the County of Durham. Vol. II. p. 123. 14 pages.

"XVIII. An Account of the Life and Writings of Richard Dawes, M.A., late Master of the Royal Grammar School, and of the Hospital of St. Mary in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Ib. p. 137. 30 pages.

"XIX. Account of an old Inscription at Lanercost, in Cumberland. Ib. p. 197.

"XX. An Account of the Chartulary of Brinkburn, with some notices respecting those of the Abbeys of Newminster and Alnwick, Lanercost and Shap. Ib. p. 214. 10 pages.

"XXI. Explanatory Letters on Papers relative to the Murder of Lord Francis Russell, at Hexpeth Gate Head, in the Middle Marches between England and Scotland. Ib. p. 287.

"XXII. Note on a Rental of the Principality of Redesdale. Ib. p. 326.

"XXIII. Ancient Charters respecting Monastical and Lay Property in Cumberland, and other Counties in the North of England, from originals in the possession of William John Charlton, of Hesleyside, Esq. Ib. p. 381.

"XXIV. An Account of the Ancient ruined Chapel of East Shaftoe, in the parish of Hartburn, and County of Northumberland. Ib. p. 412.

"XXV. Testamentary and other Evidences respecting Persons and Property in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, chiefly in the fifteenth century. Vol. III. p. 77. 5 pages.

To some of the above contributions reference will be made hereafter, under the years in which they were composed. The first portion of the Transactions of the Society was published in 1815; and, a few copies having been placed at the disposal of the Secretaries, Hodgson presented one of those which thus came into his hands to Thomas Thomson, Esq., Deputy Keeper of the Records preserved in the General Registry of Scotland. In return for the compliment, he received from Mr. Thomson, under the authority of the Record Commissioners, copies of such Record publications relating to Scotland as had issued from the press up to that time, and also such as were published afterwards in their order of time. These valuable books, as they reached his hands, he presented to the library of the Newcastle Antiquaries; who, as an acknowledgment of the gift, passed an order that he should for the future be discharged from the payment of his annual subscription. With respect to his connection with the society, one more fact must be mentioned. Upon his quitting the neighbourhood of Newcastle to reside at Kirk-Whelpington, in 1823, distance prevented him from attending its monthly meetings; and upon his resignation of the office of Secretary, the compliment

was paid him of placing him upon the list of its Vice-Presidents. That he continued to take great interest in the prosperity of the society is proved by a letter to Mr. Woodman in 1831, to be hereafter mentioned, and also by the following entry in his journal: "1838, 13 Aug. Compiled, at the request of Mr. John Bell, Librarian of the Newcastle Antiquarian Society, an account of the Roman inscriptions and carvings in the society's collection, and wrote to him on the subject."

CHAPTER VI. 1813—1814.

History of Jarrow—Northumberland—Sir John Edward Swinburne, Bart.—Experiments on Coal—Journal—Cowper's "Votum"—Another Explosion—Journal—Lines in Sickness—Correspondence—Another Explosion.

TO ROBERT SURTEES, Esq.*

"DEAR SIR,

Heworth, near Gateshead, 4th June, 1813.

"I have often lamented my inability to avail myself of your kind invitation to visit Mainsforth during last April,† and after the conclusion of May the accident at Felling Colliery, and a literary engagement,‡ together with the sole care of two very extensive cures, entirely prevented my stirring from home during the season I could hope to see you at Hendon.

"Mr. Ellison sometime since shewed me the pedigree of his family, and offered me the liberty of copying as much of it as was suitable to your purpose. It begins with Cuthbert Ellison, who was a Member for Newcastle in the Healing Parliament, nearly at the time of Dugdale's Visitation, whose certificate of their pedigree is entirely omitted. I understand it was made out by the late Mr. Ellison, in whose handwriting it is.

"I have lately met with a few other evidences of Jarrow being occupied by the Romans, especially the remains of a paved road along the border of the salt marsh and apparently stretching towards Leam Lane.

"Concerning the derivation of Leam, if you have not already discovered its import, I could furnish you with several notes. I consider

* Along with this letter is an official announcement by Hodgson and his brother secretary that Mr. Surtees had been elected a member of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle on the 2nd of June preceding.

† April 1812 is here referred to. See p. 85 above. Hodgson had had but too good an excuse for his long silence.

‡ The Picture of Newcastle.

it as a sure indication of an *ancient made-way* wherever it occurs; and I believe there are few Roman roads in England, which have not either some town or farm or field upon them of which Leam or Leming does not make up a part of its name.

"The Antiquarian Society have resolved to republish Gray's *Chorographia*, and the council seem to be inspired with a strong desire of re-editing Horsley's *Britannia Romana*, with additions.

"Rooms, I trust, will be very shortly ready for the reception of the collections and papers of the Society in the Castle of Newcastle.

"The papers respecting Gateshead are still in my study; and you will meet with a few particulars respecting that town which were never before published, in a work printed by Akenhead of Newcastle last year, and entitled a 'Picture of Newcastle, being a brief Historical and Descriptive Guide,' &c. I mention this title, as a former work was published nearly under the same title in 1807. I am, dear Sir, with great respect, your obedient humble servant,

"JOHN HODGSON."

After the anxious summer and autumn of the year 1812, and the establishment of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Hodgson began to turn his attention in earnest to a History of Northumberland upon a more enlarged scale than that of his contribution to the "Beauties of England and Wales." In his various journeys through the county in 1810 to collect materials for that publication, he had been struck by the abundance of its natural beauties and its richness in subjects of historical interest, and he now began to make further progresses from place to place within its limits for a purpose peculiarly his own. It does not exactly appear in what way he had become acquainted with Sir John Edward Swinburne, Bart. of Capheaton, a well-known patron of historical inquiries; but, as the founders of the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle had placed themselves under the presidency of that gentleman, we may assign that judicious choice as the origin of the acquaintance between him and Mr. Hodgson. In July 1813 Hodgson seems to have paid a visit to Capheaton, and on this occasion Sir John entrusted him with a large collection of ancient documents illustrative of family and local history which in the following year he arranged in cases for their better security and preservation, and afterwards pub-

lished many of them in the first portion of his History in 1820. In sending to Hodgson a *somewhat* which he had left behind him, Sir John writes in a very kind manner and hopes he will not forget his promise of returning to Capheaton, where he shall always be gladly received. He asks at the same time a question respecting the precise meaning of the word *drengage*, and I have before me Hodgson's letter in reply, in which he answers Sir John's inquiry in the best way he could; not over correctly, perhaps, as he had not previously studied the subject, and had few books at hand to help him; and assures his correspondent that he feels great gratitude for the attention and kindness he had received, hoping to pay another visit to Capheaton in the ensuing autumn. "The book (he continues) you requested me to order for your charters is in forwardness; but, though they have followed the instruction I gave about binding it in vellum, they have marbled its edges; which in some degree destroys its law character. But, as the edges of paper are always strengthened by either colour or gilding, I trust it will have in use that which it wants in consistency."

At this period (1813), Hodgson began to make more frequent and copious memoranda of his daily proceedings than in previous years. A book which has been preserved contains copies of many of Sir John Swinburne's charters, succeeded by notes at a considerable length made during a course of lectures delivered at Newcastle by Mr. Robert Bakewell, on geological and mineralogical subjects. These he has illustrated with neat pen-and-ink sketches, and many remarks of his own on kindred subjects. The book further proves that, in that and the following year, he was intently occupied in attending the meetings of the Society for the Prevention of Accidents in Coal Mines, held at Sunderland; in drawing up advertisements and reports; and in privately making experiments of his own on the subject. The following account of one of those experiments is printed here from the geological letter of 1831 so often referred to.

"In my note-book for 1813, between the dates September 22 and October 12, I have the following minutes: "Has Science no resources to control this dangerous element, carburetted hydrogen?" It

is a fluid that escapes from the coal, and we hear of coal affording by distillation light of a brilliant and beautiful kind."

"Apparatus to pound coal to procure gas:—

a, a piston of iron.

b, a bladder tied to the piston at the top and at the bottom to

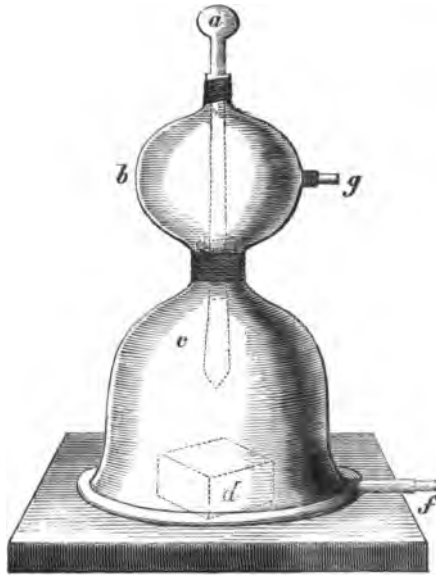
c, a bell-shaped glass with a neck and hollow at its top.

d, a piece of coal within the glass.

e, a lute of clay to prevent any escape of gas from the glass.

f, a tube through the lute, with a cork in it.

g, a quill with a cork in it.



"Sometime after the coal had been pounded on a marble slab, the bladder

became distended, and on applying a candle to that quill when the cork was taken out and the bladder squeezed the gas inflamed. On making a second experiment, after exhausting the bladder and glass of air through the tube at *f*, and another piece of coal was pounded, the gas 'burnt at *g*, which shews that in the trial at Felling Pit, the mine must have been full of pure gas when it would not burn in the bladders.' This inference relates to a passage in my account of the accident at Felling, in which it is observed that 'some experiments made on the fire-damp by collecting it in bladders in the John Pit tube before the bore-hole was opened proved that it would not ignite previous to its mixture with atmospheric air;' in which expression 'would not ignite' should have been, *would burn, but not explode*."*

Parochial matters are frequently mentioned, in the Journal

* See p. 106 above.

above referred to, such as private baptisms, visitations of the sick, &c. Room may be found for a few memoranda of a more general nature.

"Sept. On Marsden Hills Mr. Salvin * and I found the face of the earth, *i.e.* the soil and clay, interspersed with coal, porphyry, red sandstone, hornstone, granite, and different kinds of other stones.

"Mr. Atkinson † informed me that five or six of the Blair Athol larches sold for 6s. per foot, and some of them measured 200 feet=60l. besides bark and branches. All the gentlemen's houses in the neighbourhood furnished with larch, which is never painted."

On the 12th of October, Hodgson paid a visit of a few days to his friends in the vale of Lanchester, the Whites of Woodlands, and the Greenwells of Ford, with whom he had kept up a friendly intimacy since the year 1806, in which he had removed to the curacy of Gateshead. Many letters from both families prove the regard in which they held him. Here he made sketches of altars lately discovered in the Roman camp, and took measurements of a station at Humber Hill.

"Oct. 15. Mr. Marshall, of Satley, gave me some specimens of schist of quartz from the top of Skiddaw, and Mr. Greenwell promised me some the evening before from the Strontian mines.

"Nov. 18. To-day I gave Mr. Atkinson my written report respecting the coal of Honey Pot, near Edenhall, the property of Lady Musgrave. I recommended them to sink to the seam in two or three places by bore holes; the holes to be equidistant with each other, and the

* The Rev. Hugh Salvin. This gentleman will be frequently mentioned in these pages. He was a younger son of the family of Salvin, of Sunderland Bridge, near Durham; and, having devoted a portion of his youth to the profession of medicine, eventually entered into Holy Orders. At this time he was, I believe, curate of Gateshead. He afterwards became chaplain in a ship of the line, and upon his return was appointed to the living of Alston, where he died a few years ago at an advanced age. He was a man of a very active and energetic mind, much given to philosophical inquiries, and an excellent scholar. His acquaintance with ancient and modern languages was very considerable. The friendship between Hodgson and him began at Gateshead, and lasted without interruption for many years. With Mr. Hedley, already spoken of, Mr. Salvin was also long and intimately acquainted.

† Mr. Matthew Atkinson, of Carr's Hill, a neighbour of Hodgson, the gentleman with whom he made an expedition on foot into Westmerland. Mr. Collinson the rector of Gateshead was also of the party.

place where the coal crops. I also gave him certain queries respecting the situation of the coal there, accompanied with two sections illustrative of the queries."

"1813. Nov. 23. Walked this morning to Coaly Hill in the parish of Newburn, with Messrs. Salvin and Atkinson, and brought home from the dyke specimens of several impressions from the schist there; also specimens of the coal burnt into coke. The basalt is frequently thrown up into the schist in whirling masses, which resemble the head of a wave as it curves against a cliff, and in this case it is surrounded with a coat of coke, the tenderest parts of which are formed into square pyramids, placed closely and regularly side by side; each pyramid (or semicrystal) being bound by parallel lines, quadrangular, and each side about a quarter of an inch broad. In some places where the dyke is fresh opened and the air has not injured the schistose sides of the dyke they are beautifully smooth and perpendicular." [A pen-and-ink drawing.]

"1813. Nov. 24. Went with Mr. Thornhill* and Mr. Falla,† jun., to the old ballast-hills at Jarrow, to obtain specimens of minerals. Found, among a variety of other things, fine specimens of Cornish hellas and a very fine piece of madrepore. — We found in the aluminous shale, thrown out of a drift at Jarrow Colliery, impressions of a small freshwater mussel, the [blank]. All the impressions were exceedingly flat, as the shale which contains them lies at the depth of 130 or 140 feet."

"Nov. 26. Received from Mr. Thornhill a specimen of impressions of shells in sandstone, from the alluvial soil on Tanfield moor, and one specimen of madrepore."

"Dec. 23. Mrs. Pickering, of Carr Hill, is in want of one shilling a week parochial relief. She has a daughter at home with her, and they are employed in washing and getting up linen. The house-rent is one shilling a week; her husband was a sort of manager in the pottery of Warburtons. She has had a son in the Fusileers. She is a decent, respectable, religious woman of the Roman Catholic persuasion. Mrs. Atkinson's recommendation."

"Dec. 22. Wrote a translation of 'Votum' by Cowper."

This translation, which is remarkable for its fidelity, and of considerable elegance in itself, was communicated to the "New-

* Mr. Thornhill was Hodgson's clerk and schoolmaster, and an eminent naturalist.

† Mr. Falla was an enterprising nurseryman in Gateshead.

castle Advertiser" a few days afterwards, and is here printed from a copy cut out of that journal and pasted into one of his books by its author.

"VOTUM.

Cowper.

"O matutini rores, aurasque salubres,
O nemora, et lætæ rivis felicibus herbæ,
Graminei colles et amœnæ in vallibus umbræ !
Fata modò dederint, quas olim in rure paterno
Delicias, procul arte, procul formidine, novi.
Quam vellem ignotus, quod mens mea semper avebat,
Ante larem proprium placidam expectare senectam;
Tum demùm, exactis non infelicitèr annis,
Sertiri tacitum lapidem, aut sub cespite condi ! "

(TRANSLATION.)

"O morning dews, and health-dispensing gales,
O groves and flowers, by happy brooks that live,
O grassy hills, and shadows sweet in dales !
O that the Fates the cheerful hours would give
Which on my father's land I once enjoyed,
From guile afar and intrigue's fearful strife,
What still I loved—my longing soul employed—
At home to wait a placid close of life;
And then, at length, my days not idly gone,
To lie 'neath grassy turf or silent stone ! "

Another dreadful colliery accident in the chapelry of Heworth, in the same pit as that of 1812, closes the year 1813. On this second occasion twenty-two persons lost their lives; many were very severely burnt, and out of twelve horses eleven were destroyed. If the accident had happened ten minutes later, the loss of lives would have been immense. In Hodgson's Journal I find a very minute account of the facts of this sad event, which he embodied in a paragraph of considerable length for the local newspapers. One or two very touching extracts may be made, as they were not communicated to the press. It must have been extremely painful to Hodgson to be taken by surprise with such a message as that to which the following entry refers, and which must have turned his Christmas into a time of gloom instead of happiness and joy.

"1813. Dec. 24. Soon after eight o'clock this morning, Andrew Thompson came to inform me that Mr. Robson (the colliery steward)

requested me 'to provide graves for ten people; that the colliery had again blasted, and that upwards of twenty people had been killed.' I instantly requested the sexton to get Mr. Kell's men from the quarry to assist him, and saw them set to work *on the side of the trench of the ninety-one.*

"This accident happened at "Calling Course," about half-past one, when the men were going to work. Ten minutes later the greater number of the workmen would have been down. By report, Mr. Haswell (one of the overmen) was much shattered. Some say his head was blown off or nearly so, and that he was thrown out of the shaft mouth."

He proceeds to give details of the names, circumstances, and families of the sufferers. Some of his notes are very affecting.

"Martin Greener of Ouston, where he had been an overman, had only been at work here a fortnight. He and two sons have perished.

"Mrs. Atkinson informed me that William Haswell, yesterday night, in the hearing of his wife, gave strict orders to Martin Greener not to widen a certain hole; that he could not always be down to see that nothing imprudent was done, and that he had seen evil consequences enow the time before by not attending to a similar place. Mrs. Haswell had lately persuaded her husband with much entreaty to seek some other employment.

"—— Love (or Reed) had his clothes packed up and sent to Gosforth to spend his Christmas, and his wife wished him to have gone away this morning.

"—— in Young's house told me that he found the horse-keeper and four or five boys among the horses. It was quite dark, the horses all but one killed, and that much burnt: he called upon them to speak, and with difficulty dragged them to the shaft.

"Orricks was the son of a soldier's wife. She married the soldier, her present husband, about two years after Orricks's birth. Her name Ray; his father's Orricks. Before her marriage she sold the child to one Laws of Gateshead, who sold him at about five years old to a chimney-sweeper, who called him Laws for a nick-name.

What a life of misery this poor boy must have led, and what a death to terminate his sufferings! But enough on this painful subject.

It will be recollected that, since the great explosion of the preceding year, Hodgson had been constantly co-operating with

the Society for the Prevention of Accidents in Coal Mines, towards the formation of which he had been so signally instrumental. The coal-owners had been at first, as it appears, disinclined to give publicity to such sudden and appalling calamities; but nature had again made her voice to be heard *de profundis*, and all attempts at concealment were now in vain. This second calamity in the self-same pit must have redoubled the exertions of those who were really in earnest in the sacred cause of humanity.

"1814. 14 Jan. Repainted, to-day, one of Mr. Clayton's defaced Dutch pictures.

"1814. 4 Feb. Went to pray with Richard Bell's wife in the High Lane. She was very ill and deaf. The house filled with all kinds of furniture, and containing three beds; only one room. The hoodstone used as a table — very broad on one side. The old man eating hasty-pudding and milk, and having several tea and other vessels on the hoodstone with his breakfast; a most picturesque sight; a checked flannel cap on grey hair — small clouted strong apron, buttoned from near his chin. [*Here a drawing*]. He has a house of several rooms, (all of which, but one, he lets off,) a stable, a garden and field, and withal parochial aid from Newbrough.

"1814. 17 Jan. Rode on Mr. Kell's mare to Jarrow, to a marriage of two Quakers, Robert Charlton and Martha Evans."

Hodgson now began to write an essay on Meteoric Stones; and his journal contains a list of authorities on the subject, to which he appears to have referred. No copy of this essay is preserved. The original, as he elsewhere informs us, was given by him to his friend Mr. Salvin. Mr. Bakewell's Lectures in the preceding year had probably directed his mind to this subject.

"1814. Feb. 10. Ill at home of a stomach complaint, which has been increasing for the last three weeks. 11th. Mr. Murray came to see me to-day, and recommended me to take calomel for some time, and to drink barley-water made palatable by oranges or a little port wine; and to keep my feet dry."

The above extracts will serve to introduce the following pathetic Invocation, which stands in Hodgson's journal as having been composed on the 12th of Feb., during this afflicting illness, and which appeared a fortnight afterwards in the Newcastle Advertiser, with the signature Y.Z.

LINES WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS.

As captives sigh for friends and home,
 Or maids for youths that distant roam,
 Or crew, whose vessel strikes a sand,
 For morning long and sight of land;
 Spirit of life, I wait for thee,
 From sin and pain to set me free!
 O come, and let me feel thy power,
 As daylight wakes the sleeping flower;
 Or freedom's unexpected voice
 The woe-sick captive makes rejoice;
 Or transports that the heart pervade
 Of youth return'd to faithful maid;
 Or morning breeze to crew, that find
 Their bark securely court the wind,
 And night and danger left behind.
 Eternal spirit, let me feel
 Thee breathing round, my limbs to heal!
 And making all within me move
 With faith and hope, and holy love.

Y. Z.

"1814. Feb. 22. Richard to-day, while I was at Jarrow and Jane at Newcastle, took a convulsion fit.— How slight a thread our life hangs upon! O God, make me, O give me grace, to live, to think, and act as becometh a man and a minister of thy word. O let not the world choke the proper effects of the word of God in my mind!

TO SIR J. E. SWINBURNE, BART.

DEAR SIR JOHN,

Heworth, 9th March, 1814.

I have just returned from spending a few days in company with Mr. Surtees of Mainsforth at the College in Durham. In our conversation on the different resources for county history, I mentioned to him your deeds respecting Hadham of Seaham: and he seemed quite delighted to hear of their existence, as he had found great difficulty in drawing up the pedigree, and a regular history of the possessions of that family. He has therefore requested me to beg your permission that he may use them, and that I may transmit them to Dr. Fenwick's of Durham, for his perusal. Should you think it proper to entrust them for a few weeks to Mr. Surtees's hands, I will pledge myself for their being safely returned. It is of importance that he see them soon, as the neighbourhood they belong to is at present in the press. Mr. S. also told me that

he has a few original charters respecting your family, which he will be happy to add to your collection. I will make an inventory of them after I have your permission and instructions about sending them. I hope you will excuse me in taking this liberty, but, knowing your desire to promote the cause of literature, I felt less hesitation in addressing you on the subject.

"I am at present engaged in copying your Edlingham charters. They are exceedingly curious and valuable.

"I am, dear Sir John, with much obligation, your most obedient servant,

"JOHN HODGSON."

"FROM SIR J. E. SWINBURNE.

"DEAR SIR,

Grosvenor Place, 12th March, 1814.

"My time is at this moment so much and so very unpleasantly taken up by the melancholy event that has occurred in the family (if you see Dr. Fenwick, pray tell him Lady Swinburne's father * was buried yesterday), that I can only say in a few words that Mr. Surtees is perfectly welcome to any documents of mine that can afford him the least information. I don't know whether his work is publishing by subscription; if it is, pray put my name down, and pray return him my best thanks for the charters he is so good as to offer me, and which I have no doubt will be a valuable addition to my collection. I shall write to Mr. Burn, your secretary, in a day or two. Believe me, ever very sincerely yours.

"J. E. SWINBURNE."

FROM R. SURTEES, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

Mainsforth, March 31, 1814.

"I believed you would be glad to hear that the deeds have arrived safe. I find they will afford a much better account than I had before. I shall be very glad to return with them any scraps I have connected with Swinburne; and when you can find leisure to leave home I should be very happy to shew you all my papers, with a view to select what might be useful for your own subject. With much obligation, I am your very obedient,

"R. SURTEES."

* Richard Henry Alexander Bennet, Esq. of Beckenham, Kent.

FROM THE REV. R. G. BOUYER, PREBENDARY AND OFFICIAL OF THE DEAN AND
CHAPTER OF DURHAM.

" REVEREND SIR,

North Allerton, May 9, 1815.

" I have duly received the letter in which you do me the honor to consult me on the interesting subject of the parochial school which you wish to establish at Heworth, and I rejoice in observing the unabated zeal with which you pursue that salutary measure: at the same time that I cannot help lamenting to find you so feebly supported in so laudable an undertaking, on the supposition that Mr. Ellison's subscription (which I should hope would be very liberal) is included in the sum which you mention to be gathered. But, as you say nothing of having applied to that gentleman, I hope the addition of his bounty will bring you within a very fair chance of completing your good design by the help of the other sources to which you allude, and which certainly are all open to you; and you may depend upon my best efforts to advocate the cause in each of those sources. With respect to the Dean and Chapter, and Lord Crewe's Trust, the application must be made by letter or petition from you, accompanied by a detailed account of the subscriptions entered, and such letter or petition must be lodged in the hands of Mr. Bowlby for the former, and Mr. Woodfield for the latter; each being requested to produce them, the one at the July chapter, the other at the first Trust meeting. We have erected a school at Beadnell, nearly of the same dimensions, and on a plan similar to yours; and, having seen the effect of ours, I would take the liberty to recommend this alteration, that the school be in the upper part, and the master and mistress's apartment on the ground-floor. I apprehend they would experience great inconvenience from its being otherwise appropriated.

" Accept my best wishes for your success, and believe me, Reverend sir, your faithful friend and servant,

" R. G. BOUYER."

" 1814. July 6. After 3 o'clock p.m. wrote my sermon for Thanksgiving: took till near 12 p.m. 12th. Sent Thanksgiving Sermon to print at Akenhead's. Aug. 2. At Visitation at Durham. A copy of my Thanksgiving Sermon to Drs. Gray and Prosser, and Messrs. Salvin and Rawes.*

* No printed copy of this sermon has been found among Mr. Hodgson's books or papers.

But Hodgson is again called upon to take his part in a visitation of another kind. Here is another painful colliery accident in his parish :

TO THE REV. JOHN HODGSON.

" DEAR SIR,

Hebburn Colliery, Aug. 13, 1814.

" I am requested to beg of you, if you possibly can, to come down and inter those poor unfortunate men at Jarrow church to-morrow afternoon, after church-time at Heworth, as coffins, &c., I am afraid, will not be got ready sooner. There is eleven of them; but only eight found yet; but we expect to get the others soon. Your answer will truly oblige, yours truly

" GEO. FORSTER."

CHAPTER VII.—1814.

Visit to Mounce, a shooting-seat of Sir. J. E. Swinburne, Bart.—The Durham Advertiser.

IN delineating Mr. Hodgson's life and character I now come to a portion of his Journal which is of singular use to my purpose. My plan has been to suffer him to draw his own portrait, and to put in with his own pencil such minute lines and touches as have a tendency to render it perfect. In other words, I have gladly availed myself, as far as possible, of such scraps of personal history or unintentional indications of personal character from his own pen as have fallen in my way; not from any wish to avoid trouble, but from a conviction that inferences drawn from such sources are infinitely more to be relied upon than any surmises or speculations of my own. Much use has hitherto been occasionally made of such pieces of authentic evidence. From this period of his life they become more numerous and more valuable, and towards its close, as we shall see, they so abound that selection becomes necessary, and calls for discretion and judgment in his biographer, increasing his responsibility if they diminish his labour.

In the year at which we have arrived, on the 22nd of August, at the commencement of the season of grouse-shooting, Hodgson visits his friend Sir J. E. Swinburne, at Mounce, a shooting-seat belonging to that gentleman, situated in the very highest part of Northumberland, on the border of Scotland, at the head of the North Tyne. He rides on a borrowed pony, and divides the distance into such stages as suit his convenience. He carries with him no gun or game-bag. At an earlier period of his life he had been selected as the likeliest boy in Bampton School to teach a future Lord Chief Justice of England to shoot snipes on Bampton Mires, but he has long ago laid that amusement aside, and has now other objects in view. His absence from home is a

short one, extending only over seven days; but he does and sees much during that brief period. The following is a journal of his proceedings, with the omission of a few pages of church notes, epitaphs, &c. unimportant to our purpose. It must also be added that a few paragraphs containing admeasurements of early British camps, and some other details uninteresting to the general reader, are printed in a condensed form. It is apprehended that, with this journal before him, the reader will have little difficulty in ascertaining from it, as far as it extends, the general character of Hodgson's mind at this period, and his habits of minute observation and careful reflection upon the subjects in which he felt an interest. His intended History of Northumberland took him from home; but he travels as something more than a mere collecting antiquary, culling simples on old castle walls, or in damp churches or church-yards, the subjects which too many men of that class delight in. Here we have him not merely as an archæologist or castrometer, but as an agriculturist, a planter of forest-trees, a geologist, a naturalist, and a devout admirer of nature and her scenery, which he describes with a poetic pen. They who knew him best will bear testimony that the style in which he here writes is in every sentence characteristic of his own simple but inquisitive mind. In this very manner he would talk for hours in the open air, in the society of those in whom he took a delight, and with whom he was at his ease.

But, before we proceed, it may be well to give him an opportunity of announcing his arrival.

"To MRS. HODGSON.

"MY DEAR JANE,

Mouuces, August 23, 1814.

"I take the opportunity of Sir J. Swinburne's servant returning to Capheaton to say I have arrived here safe and well — but such a torrent of rain is at present (10 o'clock at night) pouring down as I think you never witnessed. When I arose this morning at Bellingham, I was much grieved to see a damp east wind set in; and, just as I began to proceed up the Tyne, the rain began to fall briskly, and continued to do so till I reached Falstone, a place designated by the title of *town*, though it only consists of a chapel, a meeting-house, a minister's house,

a public-house, and an old peel inhabited by the Laird of Falstone. Sir John and the family arrived here about 8 o'clock, half-drowned, drenched as if they had been dragged through the Tyne. I write this merely to let you know where I am, and to have the opportunity of sending my love to you and the dear children. The brook that passes the house roars like thunder. Let me beg of you to take care of yourself. Thine, dear Jane,

"JOHN HODGSON."

MINUTES OF A JOURNEY TO MOUNCES, A SEAT OF SIR JOHN SWINBURNE,
BART., IN NORTH TYNDALE, AUG. 1814.

[From MS. Materials, N. 263.]

"Came from home August 22, at about five o'clock in the morning. Arrived at Chollerford Bridge at half past ten. The morning exceedingly fine.

"Two fossil-shells coated with chalk, from the limestone in the hill descending to Halton Chesters. One small fossil from a stratum of limestone on the north side of the road, on the highest part of the hill before descending towards Mr. Tulip's house at Brunton.

"The harvest commencing here. Some cut.

"On the west side of the brow of a hill, on the Bellingham road from Chollerford, near the twenty-fourth mile-stone, there is whin overlaying limestone, dark blue, much decayed on the outside and brown, inside blackish. A plantation of beech and oak on the opposite side of the road, and a little further north on the east side of the road in a hollow opposite water-troughs, and in the corner of a field, is a large round hill, apparently factitious, fifty yards perhaps in diameter.

"Nunwick is placed in too low a site: the road should have come from the farm-house, Fairshaw, on the east side of the road to the lane-end, leading to Hall Barns and Simonburn; and the house to have been placed on the crown of the hill, a little north of the present road, opposite to where it now stands. Chipchase then in front, &c. On the green in the (town gaet) street, about two years since, was discovered underground a room fourteen feet square, without either door or window to be seen, flagged with thick square hewn stones; the walls all eight feet thick, no arch; filled with earth; built with mortar; stones squared inside and outside.

"Lane from Simonburn close and narrow. Flies numerous. Much wood embellishes the uneven surface about Chipchase, and Mr. Ridley's house at Park-end, where is growing the *campanula major*.

"Wallis* was a kind man, very peaceable. One Sunday Wallis was just beginning to read the morning prayers, when Dr. Scott, whose dogs had followed him to church, said to him "Put out those dogs," to which he replied "Let their owners put them out." He began to read, but was much embarrassed and made mistakes, and as soon as he had finished left the church; but, the doctor having no sermon, the congregation had to wait till he went to his house for one. Wallis never again went into the church. John Philipson says this, who at that time lived at the Cowpark, and was at church that day.

"In the camps in this neighbourhood, of which there have been many, John Philipson, who was a mason by business, has often found small mill-stones about a foot in diameter, and both the nether and upper one all of the common rough grit free-stone.

"Mote Hill, at Wark, is a large hill on the river-edge, with a farmhouse, a garden, and a few cottages upon it: in the way to it, near the top on the north side, is an alluvial block of granite about a ton in weight.

"On the north side of it is Giles Heron's school, new built, with Gothic windows in front, and the master's house of two rooms at the end of it: the rent of the estate at present is about 200*l*.

"Archibald McDougal, an old soldier in Queen Anne's wars,† aged 103, lives in this village. The people have a tradition of their village having been a city.

"Simonburn Castle, where the new wall is built, about eight feet high: the wall eight feet thick, and a passage in that space: it was arched below.

"The Hall-hill at Bellingham is a natural bank with a small tumulus upon it; and south-east, about a hundred yards, are traces of ruins traditionally pointed out as the seat of Bellingham. Sir Bellingham told Mr. Fenwick that his family went hence to Levins in Westmerland. He is one of the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital. A number of cottages formerly stood in the ground that is gardens at present, on the west side of the site of the house of the Bellinghams below the farm-house.

[Several pages here of church notes, inscriptions, architectural sketches, &c.]

"Wark chapel (in ruins) has a tombstone in it to the memory of a mason. Only a small fragment of the south wall remaining: the

* This was the Historian of Northumberland, and Dr. Scott was his lordly rector. See more on this subject in a future page.

† Evidently a mistake.

foundations all high, overgrown with briers and nettles. A mountain-ash on the site of the chancel to the north-east. A round hill, not unlike a factitious one, but probably one of those that have been formed by the agency of water, such as are common by river sides. The chapel and mound on the north side of a brook half a mile from Wark.

"The Burghers' chapel. The Catholic chapel. School. Subscription Library, &c.

"Tarsset Hall belongs to Mr. Thompson, who bought it lately of one Mr. Somner.

"On the south side of the Keelder, above the castle, there is a burial-place; also at Bellsburn Foot, and it is thought there was a chapel there.

"There is a rocking-stone at Craneleugh near Mounces. At Highfield there have been many buildings, and there are remains of a peel, the arch still standing.

"At Daley Castle there is a moat marked *Ruins* on the maps.

[More church inscriptions.]

"Hareshaw-linn is a waterfall over a sandstone rock about seventy feet high, in Hareshaw-burn. There are numerous jack-daws, hawks, &c. about it, and ravens' nests every year. There was much wood about it. The west side belongs to Charlton of Lee Hall, the east side to Charlton of Reedsmouth. They have cut the oak below it, which has spoiled it of its romantic appearance. There are however still fringes of brushwood about it, bindwood clinging to the rock, aspen poplar, the trembling asp, ashes, and rowntree. *Populus tremula*, the *tremble* of the French.

"At Warksburn is a place called Rose's Bower, a sort of spa, a mineral water of the kind of Gillsland.

"In Hawkup is a mineral well of the chalybeate kind: it is on the road to Mounces, and belongs to Dixon Brown.

"Near Wanney Craigs also a spa, at the head of Wansbeck: it comes into Lisleburn at Woodburn: it is of the Gillsland kind. In a peat moss. Its course is white as milk for a great distance in dry weather.

"At Wellhouse, in the parish of Chollerton, near the Watling street, on the Erring's side, is a spa much frequented formerly. It belongs to Mr. Riddell of Swinburne Castle: frequented by young people on the Sunday afternoons.

"The curious inscribed stone in Mr. Wood's possession was found at Hawkhope, in Mr. Riddell's estate.* I think it has been brought from

* Engraved in the *Archæologia Eliana*, vol. i. p. 108, and described in the same *Transactions*, New Series, vol. i. p. 192.

some religious edifice, and that it has been the ornament of a pilaster, for the devices upon it much resemble many to be seen on the tomb of Prior Richard at Hexham.

"A hill with a craggy front to the west has rows of terraces upon it in this manner [*a drawing with the pen*]. This is the only appearance of this mode of culture I have yet seen in this district.

"At Smeal, about some three miles south of Falstone, there are ten or eleven oblong cairns, set up, as my informant supposed, in memory of some battle; and the ground around them, although covered with ling, has been ploughed.

"Falstone is a very small poor village, having a chapel belonging to the establishment, and a Presbyterian meeting-house of the Church of Scotland, rebuilt in 1807. Mr. Wood minister of it, and Mr. Hobbs of the other. Mr. Wood lives in the village, and has a tolerably good house, and a garden, fairly cultivated, in front of it. A school-house has been lately built, and has underneath it a large room called the common-stable, from being used by persons coming to the places of worship on Sundays. Besides these there is a cottage or two; a peel-house inhabited by the laird of the place, a Mr. Robson; and a poor ale-house one story high, thatched, and having two rooms and a stable with three stalls. This village is seated near the Tyne, and has a few good meadow-fields in front of it, with *goodly* trees in hedge-rows.

"Tarsset castle is in ruins. It has been a strong and great building, as large remains evidently testify. The ditch around it is about twelve feet deep and twenty broad. At the west side it has been defended by a declivity under which the Tarsset runs. This bank has given way very much in latter times, and broken in the N.W. end of the ditch, but the S.W. end has in it marks of a bridge and foundations of a tower to defend it. The ruins afford vast quantities of hewn stones, and the hamlet of two houses, with the field-walls below, have been built out of it. At some distance from it I was told there are two or three ponds which are artificial.

"This vale from Bellingham to the neighbourhood of Falstone is very fertile in the meadows or holms by the river side; growing wheat, barley, rye, oats, clover, turnip, and abundant crops of natural grasses in great luxuriance. Here and there woods embellish the scenery. The river runs in a sinuous course, and is at present, owing to long continuance of rain in the border mosses, very brown; but still contributes much to the beauty of the scenery, and to please the ear with its incessant though monotonous murmur. Strong brooks both from the

north and south, at intervals, add to its strength; and at their junction the ground generally rises into knolls exceedingly green and enlivening. The landscape of the Tarsset seems to be much diversified.

"The Tyne and its various branches run over beds of loose freestones much worn and rounded; which accounts for the quantities of sand which accumulate about its mouth and on its shores; for their constant motion in floods and in rapid streams must cause them to wear away very fast.

"I saw a rounded block of granite on the north side of the mote-hill at Wark: there was one lying within the area of Tarsset Castle, and one on the road-edge, after I first entered Sir John Swinburne's estate at Huntland.

"There are *coals* wrought in Mr. Riddell's estate at Hawkup, and in Sir J. Swinburne's estate at _____, and behind his house at Mounces, where there is a thin bed of limestone of a black colour, with shells (*cochleæ*, &c.) in it.

"In the ground about Mounces the young larch and beeches, which are not well protected, are much blighted and covered with a shaggy coat of lichens. But on the west side of the house there is a wood, in which the spruce-fir thrives exceedingly well, becomes tall, and bears very plentiful and luxuriant crops of cones. The larch also thrives uncommonly well about it; and some of them have attained a very considerable height and thickness. This country certainly only wants draining and stimulating with lime to make it exceedingly well-calculated to grow almost any species of forest-trees. In many parts there are oaks and ashes of a good size, and by natural growth, that is, not planted trees.

"Soon after I passed Bellingham I saw the young people going without stockings or shoes. The wetness of the moors renders shoes almost unnecessary to such as have to frequent them much.

"Were the application of lime, burning, and draining, much resorted to, vast tracts of land here might be rendered exceedingly productive in grass. Above Falstone there is certainly little ground, excepting a few flat fields by the river-side, anyway calculated for the growth of corn.

"In the field before the house at Mounces there is a small plot of land formed into two regular terraces; and on the opposite side of the river a wood of birch and oaks of natural growth.

"A cold fog drove from the east this morning, and at half-past eight, when I set off from Bellingham, a heavy rain began to fall, which

continued nearly till I reached Falstone; where I fed my horse, called upon the Rev. Mr. Wood, and then set off again for Mouncees, which place I reached about one o'clock, the weather fair all the way until about five, when the clouds began to cross each other, some thunder was heard, and the rain fell in very heavy showers, which it still continues to do at six o'clock.

"The country here is much infested with the common summer-fly, and with the small gnats called midges. Indeed these latter insects, when the weather is hot, abound to such a degree, and bite so severely, that the labourers are under the necessity of wearing a sort of veil before their faces, which they call midgecaps. The number of insects accounts for the great quantity of swallows which frequent this district in summer; and the insects are perhaps assisted in breeding by the moist state of the ground and the immense quantities of stagnant water on the moors.

"I saw to-day near Mouncees a small species of duck, a brown hawk, a heron, and a wood-pigeon.

"On Broom Hill, between Falstone and Yarrow, there is the arch of an old peel covered over with sods and green: it was inhabited about two years since.

"The Romans, as far as I can learn, have had no camps above Garet Hut in South (? North) Tyndale. That camp was well chosen for observing the movements of an enemy out of this district from the Wall. Redesdale being a straighter and more open vale than Tyndale, was better adapted for a military way into Scotland. This only leads to a mountainous district beyond the borders.

"Sir Edward Swinburne had this estate surveyed by miners, and a written report given of it. Sir John told me that his father and uncle, when young, came up hither to shoot, and lodged in a house three miles above this place, which was so miserably bad that it was scarcely drop-dry,—a low thatched hovel.

"Sir John has made seven miles of road within three years, and miles in all: also rebuilt the farm-houses in a good style, and covered them with blue slate, every ton of which costs him at least 7l.

[A neat drawing of the house at Mouncees in indian ink faces the above paragraph.]

"Plashets colliery belongs to the Duke of Northumberland. It adjoins Kennel Park. All the coals that go from it are taken by ponies on their backs. The Duke, from some suspicious motive about his game, refuses to mend the roads. When Sir John came to certify his

part of the road to the Quarter Sessions, Mr. Smith, the Duke's head commissioner, who is a magistrate, was certain, as he expressed himself, that a part of the road, at the north-west end, which the farmers made at the expense of 15*l.*, and which joined the new and old line of road, would have the duke's concurrence; but his grace sent people and ordered that part to have ditches cut across it at both ends. No appeal has however been made against the magistrates' order to shut the old road by Wellhave up.

"Keelder Castle stands on a steep smooth green bank at the junction of the Keelder and the North Tyne. It is castellated in front, not at the sides, built in a quadrangle, fronts the east, and has a view down the Tyne towards Bewshaugh. It has an enchanting appearance. The moment I saw it it was shaded with a cloud, and the next moment a beautiful gleam of sunshine burst upon it. Great plenty of wood about it, consisting of planted pines, natural birch and alder, fine old thorns, rowntree, &c. Pearlfell towers up majestically behind it, and is fantastically adorned with three or four pikes, rude pillars of stones, built by the shepherds.

"The mountain of Bewshaugh forms a vast bow in the country. Its form is grand, and its colouring at every distance extremely fine. At the farm of that name, which was lately occupied by a Mr. Patters, an intelligent person, who died suddenly last spring while sowing oats, there is a garden well stocked with luxuriant crops of peas, beans, potatoes, carrots, parsnips, various sorts of cabbage and brocoli, rhubarb, &c. &c. all in excellent health and great luxuriance.

"Bells Chapel at Waterhead is a mean thatched building belonging to the Church of Scotland.

"I saw oats and luxuriant crops of potatoes growing at Bells-burn foot, where the Tyne joins with that brook. There were limestone blocks in the river bank descending from Waterhead to the Tyne. Dead Water, so called from its stillness, commences at the junction of the Bells-burn and the Tyne.

"The head of the Keelder is divided into two parts, and is about ten miles above the castle, in a vast amphitheatre of high boggy mountains.

"Sir John Swinburne built the bridge over the Lewis-burn, and has planted several acres of the sheep ground on its sides immediately above the bridge.

"Keelder Castle was wholly built by the Duke of Northumberland. The place where it stands was formerly called Buttery Haugh.

[A rough drawing of Keelder Castle faces the succeeding page. It is in colours, with Pearl-fell and Mid-fell *by name* in the background.]

"There are still patches of wood on the banks of Oakenshaw-burn.

"Christenbury Crag, a high hill with huge shattered stones upon its top. The house to which the Capheaton family used to resort in the shooting season, about a mile up Oakenshaw-burn on the north side, has a garden before it in which are potatoes growing; also a few small fields. [A sketch of the house and vale with the pen.] The wood is on the south side of the burn, and its banks much broken; a long range of mountain behind it.

"Fir Tree moss was set on fire about fifteen years since, and laid bare the roots of a vast quantity of fir trees, which had formed a thick wood and had probably been overthrown by winds, as the trunks of innumerable large trees still remain in the moss, and are often dug out for the purpose of making ladders of, and for making lows or fish-lights for fishing in the night. One was found in Black Cleugh up Keelder, and made into a table, now at Keelder Castle. It contained about twenty feet of wood, besides much that came down the river: the resin so strong that the saw could not work in it till it was greased with sheep-salve, *i.e.* tar and butter: the bark underneath three inches thick: about two-and-a-half feet in diameter. [See Whitaker's Manchester, ii. 47, on the length of time these trees may have remained. *This note added apparently long afterwards.*]

The scenery rocky and romantic. At Grey's Crag, the junction of the Craincleugh-burn and Little Whickhup, some wood remains, alder and birches, and one young trembling poplar. In Craincleugh-burn, at Marling Crag, a thick stratum of ironstone, the specimens marked. A mineral spring of the sulphuric kind at Otterstone Lee, also a small vein of lead near it. A stronger one at Dead Water, which stains the ground with a white mucus as it passes from it, and a house very miserable for a bath, which is an old wine-pipe. It is about twenty yards into Scotland.

"There was a chapel at Bells-burn foot: the walls removed, but still vestiges of it: the font stone, and a burial-ground: graves marked with rough unhewn stones: some buried there within the last forty years. There is also a burial-ground on the east side of the Keelder, a short way from the castle. Stones of a chapel remaining: none buried there within man's memory: some grave-stones unlettered remaining,

and the traces of the wall of the burial-ground still very discernible. It is in the outfield ground.

"On the south side of the Tyne, a mile below Keelder, is a camp on Bells Hunkin, round, 60 yards in diameter, inclosed with stones in vast quantities, nothing led from it: large tree in it: a rowntree and birch: several compartments divided into some round, some square; about 300 yards from the river. On the same side about a mile below, in Hitch Hill wood, another circular camp, but much less of stones, many led away: nothing known to have been discovered in it. At one mile further down on Lowey Knoughs one of earth about 40 yards in diameter: at present faint. One on the Lewis-burn on Harpney Rig has been of stone, about 40 yards in diameter; grown over much with wood—all about 300 yards from the river—of earth and stones, fair to be seen. About 300 yards further down, on Well Haugh Moor, another, entirely of earth, still perfect, about 30 yards in diameter.

"On the opposite side of the river, opposite each of the above, is also a corresponding camp. The first one opposite Bells Hunkin. On Ryens Hill one of earth, about 60 yards, but of earth and very faint. Below Keelder one on Camp Rig, 50 yards over. Opposite the Hitchel Camp one of stones, mostly led away. Several mill-stones and spears and other pieces of iron, which fell in pieces from decomposition. On Hobs Know, opposite Lowey, of earth, 50 yards over, pretty fair. On Bairdales another, rather below that on Harpney Rig; of earth, 50 yards over; pretty perfect. One opposite Well Haugh, on Haws-knough, in Kennel Park; of earth; faint; 50 yards over.

Kennel Park, the property of Sir John Swinburne, the Duke, and Colonel Reed. It is on both sides of the Tyne. Mostly wall on the north side, and altogether on the south side: nearly round, and about three miles every way. It is wholly in sight from almost every part. In several parts of it mounds of earth have been thrown across dells to dam back the streams and form ponds, supposed by tradition to save the deer from the dogs. In the head of Sunny-side Rig in the park is a place called King Arthur's Round Table, a circular ditch inclosing an area about 4 or 5 yards over, with seats cut out of the earth on the outside of the ditch.

"Within a few yards of Keelder Castle on the north side, the earth was washed away by a drain brought to the house, and exposed three or four rings and two long round pieces of brass, very smooth; about two inches over the largest, others less, clumsily soldered together with a whiter metal. Many deers' horns are found above Keelder Castle

in the banks of the stream after floods, much decayed—red deer's horns.

"Robson, unto whose father Tarsat Castle belonged, built a house at Woodhouses, which is now dilapidated, and also the cottage of his gardener, which was a very excellent one. Robson's was the first good house on that high ground. Formerly the people lived low down below Falstone and came up in summer; lived in shiels, and drove their stock back on the approach of winter.

"The increase of stock in this country is the cause of the destruction of the woods, which grow well on hained grounds.

"The Plashett colliery seam is about five and a half feet thick. Bright, like the Newcastle coal, sells for 6*d.* a load, *i.e.* 8 bushels. The Hawk-up Hill at the same price, but an inferior coal. Just below the Plashetts a mile-and-a-half, Greenclough, belonging to Greenwich Hospital, not wrought, but excellent coal, another seam than the Duke's. Sir John Swinburne's coal at Shillburne-haugh is about 18 inches, but light, very inflammable, and reckoned excellent.

"Heugh and Cleugh are the same, except that Heugh means a dry dale, Cleugh one with a stream in it. A sike, cleugh, and burn are gradations, rising till the term river be applicable.

"Yearning-grass is applied to curdle milk for cheese. Daisies universally called the Ewe-gowan.

"From Woodhouse to Falstone, 40 years ago, nearly a thick continued wood. Indeed the whole valley by the river side some 60 years ago was a thick wood of oak; further up the hills birch and alder. At Emmet Haugh, a hazel-wood; to which people come from Bellingham for nuts, and in many other parts hazel-woods.

"The population of late years by enlarging the farms has decreased. If they once saw a great man—so afraid, they went and hid themselves, or if near rolled themselves in their plaids and laid down close to the earth to avoid notice.

"Sir John Swinburne's grandfather and of
in Scotland, were many years in dispute about their boundaries; and the expenses of law were great, as they had to pass through both the English and Scotch courts.

"General Roy surveyed between the most westerly point of Northumberland against Scotland and Berwick, which Robertson went over, and found it perfectly correct. Roy's drawings were given to the King, and lost a long time. Arrowsmith influenced old Dundas to ask respecting them. The King remembered inspecting them at Buckingham

House, and on being asked gave permission for their being sought. They were found in a table drawer the lock of which was much rusted.

"Woodhouses is very pleasantly situated among fields that have been much cultivated, but now without fences and grazed upon. Billingside is craggy and has two cottages and terraces on the upper side of the craggs: pleasant haughs on the right bank about Emmet Haugh. Vast quantities of slag in Hawkup.

"Dalley Castle is on the brow of a hill against the Girden: the stones of it all led away: the ground on the left side dry and fertile: on the right side rather swamped and wet, but inclosed and in grass.

"At the head of the haugh against a small birchwood, and on the right brink of the river Tyne, traces of a round camp of earth and stones 50 or 60 yards over; and on Knopping-holm Hill, opposite Tarsset Castle, another, of earth, round and faint. Girden and Tarsset burns meet the Tyne near each other. Tarsset very fertile and delightful; variegated and uneven ground in knolls; brooks with woody hems for four miles, in which district is Mr. Charlton's house of Redheugh. Also further up for ten miles houses inhabited by farmers or shepherds.

"There is a mouldering pile of ruin on the east side of Bellingham, on the left bank of Bellingham-burn. Qu. its antiquity?

"At the gate leading from Bootland Common there is a round camp-like place of large dimensions, which has been ploughed, and is excellent ground. It fronts Hareshaw Common, and overlooks a long district over the Tyne and its extensive moors.

"The hill behind Tone Hall, called Low Shiel Green Crag, commands a view over the head of Redesdale and as far as Wheel-fell and Keelder on the Tyne, towards the mountains above Alston Moor and into Yorkshire. The limestone at the gate entering into the inclosed ground, on the west side of Tone, contains various fossils, specimens of one of which I brought away.

"Tone Hall is at present occupied by colliers. It is a large mansion with offices on the north, in this manner (*a sketch*), and is much inclosed in wood, which flourishes well enough around the house; but in places behind to the north is stunted, though it has been planted on casts of earth, but in peat moss.

"The colliery at Tone employs about eight people.

"Carrycotes stands on rocky ground on the east side of the turnpike road; is surrounded with sycamore and other trees in health at present, but rather neglected. About seven years since it was inhabited by

George Delaval Shaftoe, who died at Hexham in the Langstairs prison, and was buried at Thockrington, and his wife too, who died at Carrycotes.

"Sanderson lived about a year at it after he changed his name to Hodgson. Then his father came and lived there till about the time of his death. It has been inhabited since by tenants, and now mostly by pitmen."

[Several pages are here devoted to monumental inscriptions, of one of which, I believe from Stamfordham, a copy may be given for the amusement of the reader:]

"EDWD. F. SCOTT FILIUS GULⁱ SCOTT, M.D. DE STOKOE, IN NORTH-UMBR. OB. ANNO 15 *ÆTAT.* HUMAN. REDEMS. 1786.

"GUL. SCOTT. M.D. OB. NOV. 10. 1802. *ÆT.* 69. VIR ERUDITISSIMUS ET ACCOUCHEUR CELEBERRIMUS: EX FAMILIA DE BUCCLEUGH.

"MAR. SCOTT, UXOR GUL. SCOTT, M.D. OB. OCT. 26. 1805. *ÆT.* 77. ILLA VIXIT MORI.

"Large open sheep-downs east of Tone Pit and south-east. Excellent ground. Hay chiefly procured from the moist land between the hills, which flow in gentle undulations. Limestone stratum, full of shells and some madreporæ or entrochi, reaches from Tone-fell down to the basalt rocks which come from Gunnerton by Swinburne Castle, and on the north side of Bavington. Farm-houses ruined, many of them, in the Carrycotes and Thockrington districts. The basalt rocks at Swinburne Castle, or as one ascends them from the brook which runs by Swinburne Castle, seem to range with the rocks above Walwick and towards Caervoran. There is, according to report of a quarryman I saw, a piece of whin-rock in the burn near Swinburne Mill below the level of the overlying whin, and which goes perpendicularly into the horizontal strata.

"Above the whin a blue limestone at Little Swinburne, a gray village with a ruined tower.

"At Five-lane ends sand heaps, which seem like tumuli: one especially on the north side of the road to Stamfordham, and probably mankind have spared themselves the trouble often of making new tumuli by taking possession of natural round hillocks.

"Hallington Mill on limestone, and above it, on Erringburn Hallington Hall and village. The hall a plain new building, roofed with blue slate.

"Bingfield east-quarter has south of it in a field three or four regular terraces. On Ryal west-side, from Bingfield east-quarter, on the east

many flights of terraces, rather irregular on the lower part of the hill, and a field above it has been terraced and ploughed across and the lines much erased.

"The Roman road from Bewlay past Ryal is called there *Cob's Cawsey*. Ryal chapel small. No monuments in the inside, and the village appears much decayed; marks of cottages appearing on every side.

"A good house in Ryal, built by _____ who married Alderman Blackett's daughter. It now belongs to Sir William Blackett by purchase.

"A field east of Bingfield east-quarter, on the south side of the lane opposite the terraced ground, has a round hill near its N.E. corner, partly on the E. destroyed: but probably a natural hill, as some of the ground below is thrown into undulations of a sweetish form.

"The pastures about Ryal good. The limestone stratum very thick. Ryal east-side, where the terraces are, is a limestone hill. Moot-law is about half-a-mile N. of Ryal on the west point of a hill.

"Whinstones scattered plentifully on the ground through all the district towards Errington and Stamfordham on the S. side of the whin-range in the brooks and land, but none on the N. side of the range. They are found about the Moot-law and Ryal higher ground (more) than any of the whin hills.

"Fenwick Tower. Little of it remaining, but partly converted into a farm-house and offices—large trenches of fences, and old walls of a garden or orchard still point out the residence of a considerable family.

"School at Stamfordham. An old pile with the floor taken away and stone partitions added—larger windows made—the chimnies altered. The old chimney had been built upon corbels.

"The wall of the Eachwick west lane is walled with basalt, which abounds here; and there is gravel and sand in great quantities in the lane.

"The road from Eachwick towards Newcastle has been about three feet broad, paved, and is called the Salter's Way. It exists in many places; in the hill ascending toward Stamfordham and about Birney Hill.

"Birney Hill House, an old mansion in the King James' style of architecture, farmed by a Mr. Gilhespy.

"At the foot of the village of Eachwick, over against the Pont, there was a few years since a dyke of earth where watch and ward was formerly kept. Such dykes across lanes in Northumberland generally bespeak a similar intention.

"South Dissington, a small ruined mansion of the Delavals in the time of their adversity.

"North Dissington. Mr. Stanhope has pulled down the mansion of the Collingwoods there. It was in the King James' style. Windows with stone mullions: the walls of the tower strong, a front standing yet (27 Aug).

"Akenside's family still exist at Eachwick and have a very neat public-house. Mr. Spearman gave me their pedigree.

"The Stamfordham road called the *Street*. (Ex inform. R. S.) See Border Laws, p. 194."

In the autumn of this year Hodgson made another expedition from home in company with Mr. Kell (his father-in-law) and Mr. Bell, but the journey seems to have been undertaken more for pleasure than for any other purpose. His route was by Durham, Auckland, Staindrop, Barnard Castle, Bowes, Brough, Appleby, Hawswater, Bolton, Morland, Newby, and Bampton, where he paid a visit to his old master, Mr. Bowstead, and gave him a copy of his Westmerland from the "Beauties of England and Wales." The party next go to Penrith by way of Askham and Lowther Castle and so to Carlisle and Newcastle. Five days were spent in this expedition, but I find no notes of interest connected with it.

In the autumn of the year 1814, the Newcastle Advertiser, to which Mr Hodgson had occasionally made small poetical and perhaps other contributions, was removed to Durham under a proprietaryship in which Mr. Francis Humble, its former owner, was the chief shareholder and the editor of the paper. The address to the public which accompanied the first number of the Durham County Advertiser, the name by which the publication was thenceforward and is still known, was written by Hodgson, and is as follows:

TO THE PUBLIC.

The Proprietors of the DURHAM COUNTY ADVERTISER submit the first number of their paper to public inspection and patronage with great anxiety for its favourable reception. Independent of feelings connected with their own interest, they would gladly entertain a hope that they have commenced their work on a useful and amusing plan; and, well

aware that first impressions contribute more powerfully than any other cause to the success or failure in undertakings of this nature, they cannot conceal that their best endeavours and abilities have been employed at the outset of their labour.

"They know that they are actuated by an honest and sincere desire of conducting it to the satisfaction of their readers, and of adopting in it any real improvement that may be suggested; and therefore stand forward with no boasting pretensions to unusual excellence or novelty in its arrangement or execution. To novelty, indeed, they most ardently aspire, but the liability of all human schemes to fall short of their ultimate aim, and the fear of raising expectations they may not be able to gratify, induce them to withhold any lengthened or flattering development of their plan.

"They cannot, however, refrain from declaring that in their political opinions they profess to be actuated by the purest motives of moderation and mildness. Agreeing with Tacitus that "*contemptu famæ contemni virtutes*," they entertain a high reverence for popularity, and will seek it in the road of public favour; but they will never attempt to distort or hide the fair form of truth for the sake of countenancing any popular outcry; and, while they watch over the purity of the constitution and the rights and liberties of their fellow-subjects with caution and jealousy, they will constantly abstain from needlessly irritating the community by systematically construing the measures of government into corrupt or unconstitutional motives. They will never close their eyes upon public crimes, however high their perpetrators may be in authority; upon excess, extortion or oppression; nor will they be the instruments of publishing mischievous libels, or of strengthening the hands of faction by assimilating their sentiments to the wretched and pestilential reasoning of those writers who earn their bread by spreading alarm, discontent, and unhappiness through the nation. They will not condescend to prepare food for the voracious appetite of party: their best judgment shall be assiduously employed in enabling them to set every circumstance in its proper light, and to distinguish between pure facts and the *ignis fatuus* of hearsays and reports, which in the London daily papers

"But leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind.

"Though the interest which was felt in reading newspapers during the late war with France has greatly subsided, and their columns may not in a short time be expected to record events of such awful magnitude as were exhibited in that desolating theatre; yet the face of

Europe is still marked with lines ominous of important occurrences, and our warfare with America, while it is assuming obstinate and inveterate symptoms, is employing a force, which, twenty years ago, would have been equal to the whole energies, and have called forth the anxious and undivided solicitude, of the nation.

"They trust, however, that even in the profound repose of war, a liberal and enlightened people would never suffer a public journal, if respectably conducted, to languish away in neglect: for publications of this kind not only present themselves with strong solicitations to our interest, curiosity, and desire of mental improvement, but their prayer addresses itself to our friendship and affections by a weekly detail of the occurrences, births, marriages, and deaths in the societies with which we are most intimately acquainted, and, while they minutely inform us of the state of mercantile and agricultural affairs in our own and a few neighbouring counties, they cheer us at our fireside with the narration of all the remarkable events that are transacting in every civilized region of the globe.

"The arrangements made for continuing the History of the County of Durham, which has been commenced in this number, will ensure its being drawn from accurate and authentic sources, and will afford a population of nearly one hundred and eighty thousand persons an opportunity of gratifying one of the strongest and most universal propensities of the human mind—that of being acquainted with every thing remarkable in the history and produce of the district they live in.

"The columns of the paper shall, moreover, be open to every species of useful and elegant literature; to the lessons of the Christian Religion, as the only strong foundation of morality and political strength: and inquiries into the nature and operations of the human mind, and the effects of virtue and vice upon individual and public happiness.

"The proprietors, too, will always feel delighted in strengthening the wings of youthful genius, and in removing that diffidence and timidity with which it is usually accompanied into the world, by transplanting its early blossoms out of the shade of neglect into the sunshine of public notice, and by publishing its more matured excursions into the regions of poetry, science, or literature in general. They also solicit papers on subjects connected with agriculture and commerce; communications calculated to illustrate the History of Durham; and that early information may be transmitted to themselves or their agents of any remarkable occurrences, marine intelligence of interest in the adjacent ports,

ecclesiastical preferments, subscriptions to charitable institutions, intelligence for sportsmen, births, deaths, marriages, &c. &c.

"The advantages to be derived to gentlemen who preserve their game, to land proprietors, merchants and farmers, in the extensive range of the circulation of this journal, by favouring them with advertisements, are too obvious to need any lengthened explanation. It is particularly requested that all original communications and long advertisements may be sent in time to reach the Durham County Advertiser Office early on the Thursday morning, on which day the first and fourth pages of the paper will be printed off. Smaller advertisements and short paragraphs of local occurrences will be received up to ten o'clock on the morning of Fridays, but after that time they cannot be inserted. The greatest attention will be paid to all letters which may be received post-paid, and the utmost care will be taken in forwarding the newspaper punctually to the several subscribers; to whom the proprietors offer their warmest tribute of thankfulness and gratitude for the very liberal encouragement with which they have favoured them."*

* Three short paragraphs of a business character were added by Mr. F. Humble, the editor, and eventually the sole proprietor, of the newspaper. The first number of the newspaper was published in September 1814.

CHAPTER VIII. 1815.

The History of the Parish of Jarrow—Correspondence on that subject—Saxon Coins.

THE three following letters require a few words of introduction. After the commencement of my acquaintance with Mr. Hodgson in 1812, we had not seen each other till the spring of 1814, nor had there been to the best of my recollection any epistolary intercourse between us. In the latter year, however, we had had an opportunity for much conversation at Lord Barrington's house in the college, where Hodgson was upon a visit, and certain promises of assistance on my part had been made to my friend in his topographical proceedings. One result of this conversation was the first of the letters below, reminding me of an offer, which certainly could not have been made to the extent in which it had been understood. At that period, and for many years afterwards, the only portion of time at my disposal for private purposes amounted to little more than twelve hours per week exclusive of Sunday; and the work which was required at my hands for a history of the parish of Jarrow would have been a labour of at least three months, witness the Jarrow and Monkwearmouth Rolls, &c. lately published by the Surtees Society. I felt, however, every inclination to assist an absent friend; but had certain doubts, which my letter to Mr. Surtees will explain. Upon the receipt of Mr. Surtees's letter in reply, I communicated to Hodgson, from time to time, copies of various records from the Durham books, to which he had obtained access through the kindness of Lord Barrington, and from that time there was always the most friendly intercourse between us.

TO THE REV. MR. RAINE, DURHAM.

"REV. SIR,

Heworth, near Gateshead, 1 Mar. 1815.

"I have engaged to write for the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle a History of the Antiquities of the parish of Jarrow, which are chiefly British, Roman, Saxon, and Monastic.

"On this subject I shall feel greatly obliged by your allowing me to take advantage of your kind offer of transcribing such materials out of the Durham Chartularies as you may judge to be admissible into my narrative.

"I remember seeing a Boundary Roll in which *White Mere* was mentioned. The present names of the villages in the parish are—Jarrow, Hebburn, Hedworth, Monckton, Westoe, anciently Wivestowe, Shields, Héworth, Wardley, Felling. The minutest particulars respecting any of these will be acceptable. I shall also thank you for any thing respecting the Monastery of Monkwearmouth, as that house was consolidated with Jarrow.

"My Northumberland, since I had the pleasure of seeing you, has proceeded slowly. Within the last month I have however proceeded upon a regular plan of arranging materials; and a few parishes are beginning to assume the appearance of readiness for the press.

"I am, dear Sir, yours very respectfully,

"JOHN HODGSON."

REV. J. RAINE TO R. SURTEES, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

March 1815.

"Will you favour me with your opinion on this letter. Is not Jarrow within your province? If so, I think anything new would better appear in your History than in a publication like that of the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle. It is totally impossible for me to extract from the Chartularies all that is said upon Jarrow; for since I made the promise my time has become still more occupied. If you, however, approve of Mr. Hodgson's undertaking I will send him some extracts from Kellawe's Register, and invite him to come to Durham, and give him all the time I can among the Chartularies. Pray let me know as soon as you can what you think of this. Yours very truly,

"J. RAINE."

R. SURTEES, Esq. TO REV. JAMES RAINE.

"DEAR RAINE,

March 6, 1815.

"Many thanks to you for your adherence to your first colours—but I am very desirous to contribute every assistance I can to Mr. Hodgson, and shall forthwith rummage my stores for that purpose.

deacon Thorp, the warden of the University of Durham, announcing a new plan, of which it may be enough to state that it also was never carried into execution.

"Hartburn, 2 Sept. 1838. I miss out of the portfolio of my long meditated History of Jarrow two letters of Lord Barrington, which form a note to the account of the revenues of the present church. These I shewed to you at Ryton some years since, and you requested to have the loan of them to lay before your Chapter: and I would now be obliged by your letting me have them back. The work I have alluded to was known to Mr. Surtees, and is noticed in his account of Jarrow (vol. ii. p. 67, note i.). I do not, however, now think of making it a mere Parochial History, but a History of Education, under some such title as this—"The Monastery and College of Jarrow in Saxon Times; and the College and University of Durham in the Nineteenth Century; by one who for twenty-five years occupied the chair of the Venerable Bede." It is not, I believe, much known that Germany was first converted to Christianity by missionaries educated at Jarrow."

These statements may suffice to introduce as much of Hodgson's "Account of the Roman and Saxon Antiquities" in his parish as was written in the year 1815, the period at which we have arrived in his history.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ROMAN AND SAXON ANTIQUITIES IN THE PARISH OF
JARROW, IN THE COUNTY OF DURHAM, BY THE REV. JOHN
HODGSON, Secretary.

"Chap. 1. Sect. 1. That the barriers called the Roman Wall were erected to preserve the Roman colonies from the attacks of a people whom they were unable to conquer.

"The Roman fortresses on the line of the Wall between Bulness and Wallsend, and the auxiliary stations on its northern and southern sides, in the counties of Durham, Northumberland, and Cumberland, bear a very peculiar and prominent feature in the early history of Britain.

"The courage and perseverance with which the northern tribes of Britain resisted the Roman arms; their inextinguishable love of liberty; their desultory mode of warfare; and the natural difficulty of subduing a brave and free people entrenched among rapid rivers, and walled about with steep and lofty mountains, seem to have been considered insurmountable obstacles to the conquest of the Caledonian Nation, so early as the time of Hadrian.

"Agricola, indeed, had conquered the country as far as the Firths of the Forth and Clyde, and even extended his arms considerably to the north of them. Early in the summer of his third campaign he reached the river Tay, but in his seventh he had penetrated little further. The fourth summer of his expedition was wholly taken up with building a chain of forts between the Forth and the Clyde, a line which he seems to have considered as the terminus of the Roman empire in Britain, and to which, in the reign of Antoninus Pius, it was a second time extended; but, from Hadrian till the final desertion of this island by the Romans, the power of Rome seems to have been unequal to secure the regular and peaceful domination of the country further than Solway Firth and the Tyne.

"That Rome considered herself as physically unable to conquer the Caledonians, may, I think, be very satisfactorily inferred from the amazing quantity of labour employed at different periods in forming the barriers in this neighbourhood and in Scotland: and from the great and continual expense of garrisoning the several castles and stations on the lines of the barriers. One campaign, conducted with the usual decision and exterminating effects that attended the Roman legions, might, one would suppose, have destroyed the little population that could at that period have existed in the Highlands of Scotland. But some of their generals, in theory, and others in practice, saw the impracticability of the measure. The Emperor Severus came into Britain with the determined intention of destroying the very name of the barbarians;* but, though in three campaigns he almost conquered natural impossibilities in clearing away woods, levelling hills, draining bogs, and building bridges,† yet he saw no enemy in numbers; he fought no pitched battles; but in hardships and skirmishes lost 50,000 of his men, returned to York, and there died without effecting his purpose. Some authors of dubious credit assert that he built the stone wall, and others that he only repaired the vallum of Severus (*sic*), which had then become ruinous; but, in which way soever the fact be taken, it affords strong presumptive evidence that experience began to convince him that his design of extirpating the Caledonian name out of this island was impracticable.

§ 2. That several of the forts between Solway Firth and Tynemouth were built by Agricola.

* In the margin he has the name of Richard [of Cirencester] as his authority. He appears, however, to have soon afterwards lost all confidence in that publication.

† Dio. Ziph.

" Tacitus informs us that Julius Agricola, in the progress of his campaigns in Britain, regularly secured his conquests with forts and garrisons, and that the sites of his forts were always so judiciously chosen, that no instance was ever known of any of them being ever stormed, deserted, or given up. All antiquaries, who have attempted to illustrate the Roman history of this neighbourhood, agree that several of the stations along the line of the Wall were built in his second campaign, which was made in the summer of the year 79; but their opinion has never been supported by any forcible train of evidence, or by the concurrent testimony of any inscription or other object of antiquity.

" All the information we have respecting the eventful career of that general is afforded by his son-in-law and biographer, P. Corn. Tacitus; an author whose style, in rapidity and strength, bears a striking resemblance to the military character of Agricola. He hurries him through his conquests, without pausing to give us any knowledge of the geography of the country. It is indeed occasionally glanced at; and a few incidental passages afford considerable light on the subject at present under inquiry.

" For the sake of clearness, it will be necessary to quote all that part of his narrative which describes Agricola's military operations about the time of his completing the conquest of the people in this neighbourhood.

" The name of Petilius Cerealis, says Tacitus, in the seventieth year of the Christian æra brought terror into Britain. He attacked the state of the Brigantes, which was accounted the most populous of all the provinces in Britain. Many battles were fought; some of them bloody ones; and a great part of the country was compassed either with victory or war.

" In the latter part of the summer of the year 78, Julius Agricola entered upon the government of Britain. He marched immediately into North Wales; fell suddenly upon the inhabitants; routed them; and as suddenly reduced the Isle of Anglesea, which at that time was the great sanctuary of Druidism. As soon as the next summer opened, he drew his army together and commenced military operations. He chose the sites of encampments and explored the firths and woods for himself: and in the mean time harassed the enemy by such sudden irruptions that they never knew when they were in security. When terror was at its height he began to spare, and win the people by the blandishments of peace. By these measures, several nations, which till that time had stood out for liberty, were appeased, and gave hostages.

These he environed with fortresses and garrisons, with such judgment and care that no part of Britain, hitherto unvisited, could deem itself secure. The succeeding winter was spent in the most wholesome counsels. For, in order to accustom a rude and wandering people to the delights of tranquillity and ease, he praised the diligent and punished the supine: he encouraged them in private, and gave them public assistance (Qu. kind of assistance? not money but men) to build temples, courts of justice, and private houses. Thus contention for honour became a sort of constraint. Already the sons of the chieftains began to learn the liberal arts, and the genius of the Britons to soar over the attainments of the Gauls. They who, a little time before, despised the Roman tongue, desired to become eloquent. The Roman habit grew fashionable. The toga was the rage. By little and little they sought the elegances of vice-porticos,* baths, and the luxury of banquets; and thus unsuspectingly to call that kindness which was only a part of the method of enslaving them.

"The third summer opened out new nations. The country as far as the estuary of the Tay was devastated. The enemy retired panic-struck, and, though the army had to contend with a severe season, the natives never hazarded an engagement; and time was found for building castles.

"The fourth year was taken up with securing the country that had been overrun. For this purpose a chain of forts was built from Glotta to Bodotria, places situated at the internal extremities of the Firths of the Forth and Clyde. All the succeeding operations were carried on to the north of these places.

"From the preceding narrative, and the present appearance of several Roman fortresses along or near the line of the Roman Wall, I think that arguments may be deduced sufficiently strong to establish the probability, beyond all possibility of doubt, that many of these fortresses were built by Agricola.

"The country of the Brigantes, which Petilius Cerealis contended with, extended across the island from the Humber to the Tyne; and, though it was a part of the Roman policy to leave strong garrisons in the countries that were regularly subdued, yet I think the expression of Tacitus, '*magnam Brigantùm partem aut victoria amplexus aut bello*' (a great part of the Brigantes were either compassed with victory or with war,) makes it probable that the lesser part would have no stations built in it: and, as the invader marched from the south, we must suppose this lesser part extended along the northern frontier; and, therefore, that

* Qu. entrance porticos "interlined.

the country from the mouth of the Tyne, along the Irthing to Solway Firth, had not been visited by a Roman army previous to the coming of Julius Agricola. It seems probable that the extensive Roman works in the district of Richmondshire, which branch in one way toward Durham and the other over Stanemore, might be the work of the legions of Petilius Cerealis.

"Agricola, we have heard, entered Britain in 78, and in that year advanced as far as Anglesea. In the campaign of the year 80, he had reached as far as the Firth of Tay. The next summer was spent in building the forts between Glotta and Bodotria.

"It is therefore to the space between the conclusion of the summer of 79 and the commencement of that of 80 that our attention is to be directed, for discovering any correspondence between the narrative of Tacitus and the antiquities of this neighbourhood.

"The winter included in the years 79 and 80 was spent by Agricola's army somewhere between Anglesea and the Firths of the Forth and Clyde, for, though he skirmished in 80 as far as the Tay, I think it extremely probable that the winter quarters of his army occupied the strong position between these firths; especially as we find the whole operations of the succeeding year occupied in fortifying that line.

"Now, if we reckon upon any uniformity of progress between Anglesea and the Tay, we may fairly conclude that the summer of the year 79 brought Agricola to the southern frontier of the province of the *Meatæ*, which extended along the line afterwards occupied by Hadrian's Vallum: I would infer this from its being a medium distance between Anglesea and the Tay; from the circumstance of Petilius Cerealis not having conquered the whole of the Brigantian states; (because we cannot fairly suppose that less time than a summer could be occupied by Agricola in finally exploring and securing a province called by Tacitus 'the most populous of Britain';) from the probability of his not commencing operations against the *Meatæ*, whose province was entirely unexplored, till the next spring; and from a General of Agricola's prudence and discernment taking up his winter quarters in a narrow and defensible part of the island, where the large fleet that composed a part of his armament might be of service to him, and where a chain of forts could be erected to be of the greatest present and future advantage.

"Fixing, therefore, the main operations of the Roman army from the latter part of the year 79 to the beginning of the summer of 80 in this district, if our conjecture be right, we shall find, according to the account

of Tacitus, the remains of fortified encampments on the northern frontier of the Brigantes; for such I think the expression 'civitates castellis presidiisque circumdatae' (states environed with fortresses and garrisons) implies. Temples, too, and market-places, private houses, porticos, and baths were erected in this period, of which the ruins must be discovered in order to substantiate the proofs of the hypothesis in question. [*Note in margin:* A centurion commanded 100 footmen: 600 made a cohort, and ten cohorts a legion, or 6000. So that the stations seem to have been adapted for 600 soldiers.

"If it should be contended either that the lapse of 1700 years must have mouldered away every fragment of buildings erected in so short a space of time as Tacitus allows for them, or that the army was not sufficiently numerous for that purpose, it should be recollected that the Roman armies were as regularly trained to building as to fighting; that the effects of the division of labour were as well understood and as highly practised by them in military architecture as they are in the most perfect of our modern manufactories; and that, though the buildings they erected were rude, yet their remains bear undoubted testimony that they were erected with every consideration as to strength and durability. Josephus, an author who flourished in the time we are speaking about, describes the astonishing rapidity with which their encampments of mason-work were reared up, and tells us, that, though they might only be wanted for the security of a few nights, they were made as strong and complete as if they were to be the residence of ages. I have not been able to sum up more than about 27,000 infantry, and 3,000 cavalry, that composed Agricola's army; but even this number, judiciously disposed of, and mixed with the population of the country, would be sufficient to complete (even supposing the season only allowed them about three months to work in) all the erections we contend for. And that the natives were pressed into this service is evident from the expression 'he encouraged them in private, and gave them public assistance to build temples, market-places, and private houses;' which assistance I should take to have been the instruction and labour of his soldiers.

"§ The ruins of many baths and other edifices which were built by Agricola's directions are still remaining in Northumberland, Durham, and Cumberland.

"§ That Jarrow was formerly a Roman station built by Agricola for the purpose of protecting ships moored in the river Don, at the head of Jarrow Slake.

" § History of the Roman station at South Shields.

" § Probable use of a square camp at Wardley.

" § That it is sufficiently evident from the channel of the Don at this time that light ships of 500 tons burden might lie there in security.

" § Concerning the building and endowing of the monastery at Monkwearmouth.

" § Concerning the building and endowing of the monastery at Jarrow.

" § Concerning the life and writings of the Venerable Bede.

" § Account of some Saxon coins found at Heworth.

" § The nature of the literature taught in the houses of Monkwearmouth and Jarrow in Bede's time.

" § The sufferings and destruction of these houses by the Danes.

There had been found in the latter part of the year 1812, in Heworth Chapel yard, an earthen vessel containing a few coins of Egfrid King of Northumbria; one of which, together with the pot or vessel itself, Hodgson soon afterwards presented to the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle, accompanied with a few historical notices which were afterwards published in the *Archæol. Æl.* vol. i. p. 124, with engravings in illustration. The following letters prove that this discovery had excited considerable interest among numismatists. Mr. Carlisle's letter is in the true style of collectors. Mr. Ruding makes a modest request, and is content with an impression.

FROM NICHOLAS CARLISLE, Esq.

" SIR,

March 4, 1815, Somerset Place, London.

" Among the donations with which you have obliged the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, you mention a Saxon coin of Egfrid King of Northumberland. The rarity of this coin is not overlooked by those who are conversant in this subject; and I am requested by Mr. Combe, the Keeper of the Medals in the British Museum, to beg the favour of one to be deposited in that valuable and national collection; and, if your stock be not already exhausted, I should feel much obliged by one or two more, which I think might be placed with respectability to yourself in other cabinets of the curious. In thus

trespassing upon your kindness I must apologize for the liberty which I am taking; although I cannot but be sensible, from the elegance of your style, that liberality of sentiment is a predominant feature. I have the honour——

“NICHOLAS CARLISLE.

“Rev. John Hodgson, &c.”

TO NICHOLAS CARLISLE, Esq.

“Heworth, near Gateshead, March 1815.

“I am very happy to have it in my power to gratify Mr. Combe with one of K. Egfrid's coins, and also to inclose one for the acceptance of the London Society of Antiquaries. I have added other two, which I will thank you to deposit in the cabinets of such liberal and well-informed gentlemen as you may think they will be most acceptable to. These coins were dug up in the latter end of the year 1812, in making a grave on the line of the old wall which runs between the new and old burial-ground of the chapel of Heworth, in the parish of Jarrow. [*Further particulars of the place, with a drawing of the vessel in which the coins were found*]. I hoped it would have afforded me more good specimens than it has done. The whole of them, good and bad, amounted in number to 23, all of which I have disposed of in the following manner. One to the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle, one to Mr. Adamson of Newcastle, one to Mr. John Bell of Newcastle, one to Mr. Brumell of Newcastle, one to Mr. Murray, one to the British Museum, one to the London Society of Antiquaries, two to Nicholas Carlisle, Esq., two which were either lost or mislaid by my children after the discovery: one to myself. Eleven destroyed on account of being decayed and illegible. Though much corroded, the rust that covered them was not hard. When I took them out of my drawer, after the receipt of your letter, they had liquid drops of vitriol upon them. Those given to the Newcastle Antiquarian Society, and to Messrs. Bell and Adamson, are the best; for they were given the first, and before I had any suspicion that the rest would turn out so indifferently in cleaning. I have had tempting offers of money for them; but they cost me nothing, and I could not do violence to my antiquarian feelings by making a traffic of them. I have the honour, &c.

“J. H.”

“N. Carlisle, Esq.”

TO THE REV. JOHN HODGSON.

" SIR,

Maldon Vicarage, near Kingston, April 22, 1815.

" As I know not how to apologize sufficiently for this intrusion upon you, I shall throw myself entirely upon your goodness, and trust to that to plead my excuse.

" I am now going to press with a large work on the Coinage of Britain, from the earliest times of authentic history; and am, in course, much interested by everything relating to my subject. On Thursday last my friend Mr. Carlisle pointed out to me the very curious Styca which is engraven in the Transactions of your Society; together with your account of it, and the specimen which accompanied it. As the legend on the obverse on that coin, and also on that which is now placed in the British Museum, is much corroded, may I be permitted to ask whether any one of the specimens has the whole legend perfect on that side; and whether the letter between L and X on the reverse has on all of them this peculiar form V? The earliest Styca of which I have an engraving is many years subsequent to this of Ecgrid; and was struck by Eanred, at the beginning of the 9th century. It is contained in a set of 33 plates of British and Anglo-Saxon coins, which were engraven under the inspection of Mr. Combe, and were purchased by me for the illustration of my work. If the set should be thought worthy of a place in the collection which your Society is forming, I shall think myself much honoured by being permitted to send it by any conveyance you shall be pleased to point out. I am, Sir, with great respect, your very humble servant,

" ROGERS RUDING."

TO THE REV. JOHN HODGSON.

" SIR,

Maldon, May 8, 1815.

" Accept my best thanks for the impressions of the Styca, from which I have been able to make a drawing for my additions to Mr. Combe's plates.

" I am highly gratified by the permission to add the name of so respectable a society to my list of subscribers; and have great pleasure in placing Mr. Combe's plates in their collection. I have taken the liberty to add to them Mr. North's two plates of Coins of Henry III., of which some account may be seen in the Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth

Century. They are matters of some little curiosity, and are not to be purchased; as, by the kindness of my late friend Mr. Gough, the copper plates are in my possession. The duplicates of all these I hope you will do me the favour to accept.

"The map of the several mints I will beg you to exhibit to the society, for the purpose of correction or addition; and shall think it much honoured if it may be afterwards admitted to a place in their cabinet.

"If anything respecting the Mint at Newcastle has been discovered, since the publication of my late friend Mr. Brand, you will greatly oblige me by the information.

"As I have hitherto not possessed any means of circulating my proposals in the North, I presume to trouble you with a few of them; and trust to your goodness to pardon the liberty I take in requesting you to disperse them for me. I have not separated them from my circular to the Antiquaries of London, as possibly some of those who reside near you may not have seen it. The work is now in the press; and my subscribers are so few that I print only 250, instead of 300, and limit the large paper to 50.

"I am conscious that I, a perfect stranger to you, ought not to trouble you with all this; but the difficulty which, in times like these, a country clergyman meets with in getting an expensive work through the press, must plead my excuse. I remain, Sir, your obliged and very humble servant,

"ROGERS RUDING."

CHAPTER IX. 1815—1816.

**Expedition to the Dudley Coal Field—Sir Humphry Davy and the Safety Lamp—
Its first trial—Visit to Edinburgh—Correspondence.**

FROM the time of the great Felling explosion in 1812, an event to which Hodgson had for a humane purpose given every publicity in his power, the Society formed in that year, chiefly through his instrumentality, for the prevention of similar accidents, had been indefatigable in its exertions to provide a remedy against the well-known cause of such misfortunes. Meetings had been held, plans proposed and discussed, reports read; and, in short, every advisable step had been taken to protect for the future the lives of the poor men whose occupation it was to earn their bread in the bowels of the earth.

At length, in 1815, the third year of anxious experiment and investigation, there appeared on the banks of the Tyne a Mr. James Ryan, from the Staffordshire Coal Field, with the assurance that he was in possession of a plan for securing the object which the Society had in view. This announcement was naturally received by the coal trade with considerable doubt and hesitation, and, in consequence, a deputation was despatched from the north to examine the Dudley mines, in which, as Mr. Ryan asserted, his method had been for some time in successful operation. The deputation consisted of Mr. Hodgson, Mr. John Buddle, and Mr. George Hill; to whom certain definite questions were submitted, and full answers were requested after a personal investigation. These three gentlemen left Newcastle on the 16th of October; and in due time submitted to the Committee of the coal trade their united report, proving that Mr. Ryan had made statements which, in point of fact, were any thing rather than correct.* And thus the labour of the deputation was fruitless.

But Hodgson did more than assist in drawing up and signing

* —“Our friend Ryan is again amongst us, and has favoured me with a long letter in Walker's paper (the Newcastle Courant) of last week. I have not yet seen it, but understand it is very much of the old story over again. Geo. Hill told me on Saturday that he had seen it, but did not think that it was at all necessary that I

a bare report, in reply to stated questions. I have before me a closely written quarto volume of nineteen pages, in his usual small and neat hand-writing, to which he has given the title "On the Dudley Coal Basin. Miscellaneous Observations on the Dudley Coal Basin, from Minutes taken in October 1815." This treatise, for such in truth it is, is illustrated with neat pen-and-ink drawings and measurements; and, as it appears to be of a very elaborate character, its publication would probably have excited at that time a considerable interest in the district to which it refers; and perhaps elsewhere. I may be permitted to transcribe from it a single passage, which proves that its author, in making his geological and practical observations, did not forget to notice such subjects as had a tendency to attract the attention of the painter and the poet. On these, as well as the more matter-of-fact points of inquiry in his commission, he was equally at home.

"In a pleasing and picturesque point of view, the caves formed by the old workings in the Hill of Dudley Castle, are much more interesting than those of the Wren's Nest Hill. Daylight is admitted into them by apertures, through immense barriers of stone, left to support the roof of the quarry; and the canal, which passes up the lowest part of the old workings, is perfectly invisible, excepting where small patches of reflected light play upon its surface. There is also something exceedingly pleasing in the sound of the barges passing through the smooth water. You can hear them, as they glide along, but so indistinctly that it requires you to stand and listen, to hear a noise which certainly would not be audible but in a place where the most perfect stillness and tranquillity prevail. The openings that admit the daylight are fringed with maple, and a variety of other trees. The sides of the cave are in many places encrusted with mosses and lichens of various tints: but it is in the length and capacity of this enormous excavation in which its grandeur consists; and in comparison of which the celebrated caves in Derbyshire appear to be only chinks and crevices of narrow dimensions."—p. 7.

The following letter refers to the above expedition. Such authentic accounts of the slow travelling to which we in our

should reply to it. The best way will be, probably, to treat him with silent contempt, and allow him to exhaust his venom. The trade will not again be humbugged by him." *Letter from Mr. Buddle to Mr. Hodgson, 21 Jan. 1828.*

earlier days were compelled to submit, will eventually be read with interest.

To MRS. HODGSON.

"MY DEAR JANE,

Dudley, Staffordshire, 18th Oct. 1815.

"We did not leave Newcastle till about 5 o'clock. It was dark before we got to Durham; and did not grow light till we were between Borough Bridge and Wetherby. We dined at Wetherby about one on Tuesday, and reached Sheffield about five: here we stayed all night at a very moderate sort of an inn; and set forward early next morning to Chesterfield, where we breakfasted. Our next stage was to Alfreton, and thence through a delightful part of Derbyshire to Derby. The way from that place to Burton-upon-Trent is exceedingly flat. At Burton we dined to-day, and proceeded to Lichfield; where we visited the houses in which the celebrated Dr. Johnson and Mr. Garrick were born, and walked to the cathedral, which certainly is in all points of view far more magnificent than Durham. The stage from Lichfield to Walsall was over moors, and lonely, but from the last place, it being night and rainy, the fires around this neighbourhood, and the immense number of large iron furnaces, similar to that at Lemmington, illuminated the country to a great distance. 'The smoke of the country goes up like the smoke of a furnace.*' We got here about ten minutes after nine. I have borne the journey without fatigue.

"I hope every thing goes on well with you at home, and that my darling little gibbering John begins to find ease in his ears. We hope to be back about Thursday or Friday next week, and to return by York. My affectionate blessing on the bairns. Love to all at the Shore, and my dearest regard to thee, dear Jane, from thine,

"JOHN HODGSON."

But happier results were at hand, and the Society for the Prevention of Accidents in Coal-mines became in the end amply rewarded for their long-continued exertions in the cause of humanity. In the autumn of this year the great discovery was made, which has enabled the pitman to walk in safety through what had previously been to him the valley of the shadow of death; and in this discovery Mr. Hodgson had no mean part to perform; independently of what he had done in the year 1812, by compelling at that time the coal-owners and the public to

* Gen. xix. 28.

give heed to the tale of distress which he had brought before them, and combine to bridle, if it were possible, the demon of destruction.

In the month of August, Sir Humphry Davy paid his first visit to the Northern mining district; and happily, Hodgson has placed upon record, in his *History of Northumberland*, an account of that visit, and also of the subsequent proceedings and investigations which led to the discovery of the Safety Lamp before the end of the year. This account is contained in a note in the last volume of his *History of Northumberland* which he lived to publish, under his description of Wallsend, the residence of Mr. Buddle, and is as follows. [Part ii. vol. iii. 171.]

“WALLSEND. The house of the colliery-viewer was for many years the residence of the late eminent colliery director John Buddle, Esq. and, since his death in 1806, has become memorable as the seat of his son and successor of the same name. Here, too, in consequence of the following letter from the late Bishop of Bristol, Sir H. Davy had his first conference (with Mr. Buddle and Mr. Hodgson of Heworth) on the subject of lighting coal-mines.

‘To the Rev. Mr. Hodgson, Heworth, Newcastle.

‘Bishopwearmouth, August 21, 1815.

‘Dear Sir,—Having been informed by a letter from Sir Humphry Davy that he is to be in Newcastle on Wednesday or Thursday next, I have felt desirous that he should have some conversation with you and Mr. Buddle on the subject of the accidents in the collieries, that he may be the better able to furnish us with his opinion. I have therefore written to him to express the hope that he may see you; and if, on the receipt of this letter, you would address a few lines to him at the post-office, Newcastle, saying where you might be seen on those days, it might contribute to promote the objects which the Society (for the Prevention of Accidents in Coal-Mines) has in view. I have written to Mr. Buddle with a similar design. Sir Humphry comes from the North. Whether he travels post or by mail I know not. With many apologies for giving you this trouble, I remain, dear Sir, your obedient humble servant,

‘ROBT. GRAY.*

‘P.S. I hope we shall sometimes see you again at our meetings. I mean to call one to meet Sir Humphry Davy while with me.’

“Mr. Hodgson waited upon Sir Humphry, on the 23rd of August,

* At that time Rector of Bishopwearmouth, and prebendary of Durham, afterwards Bishop of Bristol.

visit to the North; and it is quite manifest that it was chiefly to him and his experience that Davy had recourse for most of his local information. Hodgson has modestly informed us in the above extract how completely his theory satisfied Davy; and papers are in existence proving that such of his hints as bore upon the subject were instantly adopted, and followed out, by one experiment after another, till the great discovery was made; and well does Mr. Surtees put the question, "What fairer triumph, what brighter extension of the empire of science, has marked the annals of philosophy, than this victory over the swart demon of the mine?"*

It comes not within my province to enter into the question which for a while afterwards agitated both sides of the Tyne, but which long ago died away,—the question between the friends of Sir Humphry Davy and those of the late Mr. George Stephenson and others, with respect to the real inventor of the Safety Lamp. It was Mr. Hodgson's firm conviction that the merit was due to Sir Humphry Davy, and to him alone. This opinion he manfully, but temperately, defended in the local newspapers, under his own proper signature; and no attacks of anonymous but well-known partizans on the other side could convince him of the contrary. Public opinion, which is seldom wrong, came to a speedy decision on the subject; and time has confirmed its conclusion. To the miner his "Davy"—he knows it by no other name—is now as necessary as his daily bread.

With respect to his obligations to Mr. Hodgson I make the following extracts from papers on the subject of his discovery, communicated by Sir Humphry Davy to the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society.

"A very interesting account of this event (the Felling Explosion in 1812) has been published by the Rev. John Hodgson. I have named this gentleman among many others who obligingly gave me assistance in my inquiries; and I cannot mention him again without again making my acknowledgments for the variety of information he afforded me during the visits that we made together to the collieries; and for the general interest he has taken in my experiments on the subject." *Paper in Phil. Trans.* dated 31 Dec. 1815.

* *History of Durham*, ii. 89.

"I cannot conclude this notice respecting the safe-lamp without stating, that in the practical application of my views I have received the most enlightened and liberal assistance from the Rev. John Hodgson and Mr. Buddle, who have been the first persons to put my principles to the test of actual experiment in the mines, and to confide their safety to those new resources of chemistry." *New Researches on Flame. Phil. Trans.* 1817.

The above are testimonies to Mr. Hodgson's services which are already before the public. If the time shall ever arrive, and arrive it may, when the volume of papers, to which I have above alluded, shall issue from the press, as a record of proceedings touching one of the greatest discoveries in modern times, it will then be seen that Sir Humphry Davy's private acknowledgments of Hodgson's valuable services were numerous, and, as it may be presumed, sincere; and it will also be seen that Davy was not merely an abstruse philosopher, devoting his energies to the good of others, but that, in defence of himself and his discovery, he could write also. His letters to Hodgson are not fewer than forty in number, all upon the subject of the Safety Lamp, or the conduct and motives of those who would have deprived him of its glory. His lamp is the acknowledged protector of the miner. His pen might at that time have not been without the power of that withering blast over which he had achieved a victory.

That Hodgson was among the first to test the saving power of the lamp would naturally have been inferred, if even we had been in possession of no direct evidence of the fact; but on this subject we are not left to inference or conjecture. We have Sir Humphry Davy's testimony above, that the subject of our memoir was one of those who were present when the experiment was made; and, what is more to our purpose, we have the following long and interesting letter from himself to Davy giving the fullest particulars of his happy descent into the Hebburn Pit, another mine in his parish, to fetter in a thin web of wire-gauze the destructive enemy which had annihilated its thousands. For four long years, at the very least, he had meditated day and night upon a preservative against these fatal explosions. A discovery had been made, of the efficacy of which he himself entertained no

doubt whatever; and surely he was the person to lead the van in the grand triumph, which could only be thoroughly performed and enjoyed in those dark recesses which had been so often the scene of mangled limbs and bodies rolled in blood or burnt to a cinder.

A LETTER FROM THE REV. J. HODGSON TO SIR HUMPHRY DAVY,
RESPECTING THE USE OF THE SAFETY-LAMP.*

“DEAR SIR,

“On the ninth of January (1816), the day after the arrival of your lamps, with wire-gauze cylinders, I descended one of the shafts of Hebburn Colliery, for the purpose of making experiments with them in fire-damp. Mr. Dunn, the resident viewer, Mr. Seymour, the under-viewer, and some of the workmen attended me. Our first trials were made at the mouth of an iron pipe, which discharges fire-damp, conveyed from the same blower that Mr. Dunn procured the gas from which I sent to you in the beginning of October last. It is occasionally lighted, to serve instead of a lamp or candle in the horse-way; and we found it performing that office. The flame of the light was eight inches long, and of a corresponding breadth.

“After blowing this gas light out, the lamp was held against the roof of the mine on the leeward side of the discharging pipe; and gradually advanced at that height till the fire-damp began to enlarge the flame of the lamp: as it was brought nearer, flashes at intervals of a few seconds played in the inside of the cylinder. These succeeded each

* This letter was communicated by Sir Humphry Davy to “The Journal of Science and the Arts, edited at the Royal Institution of Great Britain,” in which publication it is printed, in Vol. I. p. 131. The same volume (p. 1, &c.) contains an article on the lamp itself with an engraving, contributed by Davy, and also a letter addressed to him by John Buddle, Esq. (p. 303), “On the practical application of the wire-gauze Safe-Lamp;” written a few months after the date of Mr. Hodgson’s communication. Mr. Buddle’s letter confirms Hodgson’s report of the utility and safety of the lamp, and contains many striking passages written in a due tone of exultation. “We have frequently (says he) used the lamps where the explosive mixture was so high as to heat the wire-gauze red hot; but on examining a lamp which has been in constant use for three months, and occasionally subjected to this degree of heat, I cannot perceive that the gauze cylinder of iron wire is at all impaired. Instead of creeping inch by inch with a candle, as is usual, along the galleries of a mine suspected to contain fire-damp, in order to ascertain its presence, we walk firmly on with the safety-lamps, and with the utmost confidence prove the actual state of the mine.” This is an admirable letter from one thoroughly qualified and entitled to speak or write on such a subject.

other more quickly and vividly as the lamp was lowered to a level with the mouth of the pipe, where the gas burnt steadily in the inside of the wire tube, without communicating flame to that which surrounded it.

"Much heat and smoke were evolved during this part of the trial; and the combustion, when the lamp approached near to the pipe, was carried on in the upper part of the cylinder, and the flame of the wick was extinguished in a luminous appearance. As the lamp was drawn back again, the same appearances were exhibited in inverse succession; and the flame always settled upon the wick as soon as the lamp was taken into a due proportion of atmospherical air. Our experiments here were varied in every possible way, and uniformly attended with the most convincing proofs of the safety of the lamp: but as often as a candle was tried to perform the office of the lamp, the gas fired at it with a sudden and bright flash and continued to burn at the mouth of the iron pipe.

"With these assurances of perfect security from danger, we entered the part of the mine where the fire-damp was discharging out of the fissures in the floor. In many places it could be observed forcing up the black heavy salt water with a bubbling noise. The place where the main feeders issued was covered with a large air-tight trough, inverted in the water; and out of which the inflammable air was conveyed, through a wooden-pipe, to the place in the horse-way where our first experiments were made. A current of fresh air, sufficient to render the fire-damp, which was not collected into this pipe, quite harmless, was constantly passing through this board or gallery into the adjoining horse-way.

"We removed the end of the pipe inserted into the trough, and immediately applied a candle to the roof, bringing it in the windward direction towards the opening in the trough. In a moment the train of fire-damp lighted with a flash, not unlike that of ardent spirits thrown upon a fire; it was transient, but ignited the gas at the opening of the trough, where it continued to burn with a broad lambent flame, and much smoke, and disagreeable smell. Soon after it was extinguished, the same experiment was tried with the lamp, and with the same satisfactory appearances as we had observed at the pipe in the horse-way; but far more perfectly and clearly exemplified here, on account of the greater discharge of gas; for the conducting pipe was not perfectly air-tight from end to end.

"We next placed a barrel, with both ends out, over the opening in the trough; and after preventing the atmospherical air from ascending up

it, by luting it round the bottom with clay, brought the lamp from the roof gently downwards into it: the fire-damp, like an unarmed and imprisoned enemy, struggled in the inside of the cylinder, to which its fury was invariably confined.

"We found that if the lamp was gradually introduced into explosive mixtures of gas, it continued to burn as long as the atmosphere around it contained oxygen; but if it was suddenly plunged into highly explosive mixtures of fire-damp and common air, the flame was soon extinguished.

"After varying the experiments here in every way we could think of, and always with the same uniform success, I ascended the shaft with the lamp still lighted; and walked with it to Mr. Dunn's house, about a distance of 300 yards, with a considerable breeze, attended with sleet, blowing in my face, and the light continued to burn without any attention on my part to preserve it.

"On Monday, the 17th [? 15th] of January, I went down the same pit with Mr. Buddle and Mr. Dunn, when our former experiments were repeated, but in explosive atmospheres of greater extent; for we not only lessened the current of fresh air passing through the board, where the blowers of fire-damp issue, but suffered that damp to collect around us for a longer time than we had done on the preceding Tuesday.

"After the place where we stood had partly stagnated for about half a minute, a candle was raised gently to the roof of the mine, and cautiously advanced to windward from the leeward side of the opening in the trough. The inflammable train soon reached the light, and exploded along the roof, attended with a very sensible shock. It flew from us against the current of fresh air, and kindled the gas issuing from the rents in the floor and sides of the board, which continued to burn till they were dashed out. But when the lamp was put to similar tests, it went through air in every degree of explosive state, from the slightest to fire-damp in the greatest purity that the mines produce it; and retrograded through the same deleterious atmosphere, without either communicating flame to the outside of the cylinder, or being extinguished.

"These trials were sufficient to remove the most distant idea of doubt respecting the safety afforded by the lamp. But, that it might be used in some practical sort of way, we took it into a board where a man, by the light of a steel-mill, was hewing the pillars of coal which had been left when the mine was first wrought over, and which, by the pressure of the superincumbent strata, had sunk into the schistose stratum which composes the floor.

"All the parts of the mine here were so crushed and shattered, that a grinding noise of the dislocated strata could be distinctly heard over our heads, though the roof was supported by props and crown-trees (lintels) of wood placed nearly side by side. In places of this kind, the sides of the boards in which the men are working are often so rent that the fresh air cannot, without the greatest difficulty, be conveyed along them to dilute the great discharge of fire-damp. It filters off through the new pillars of broken schist, and thus unavoidably renders the mine exceedingly close and warm.

"In the place we had now entered it was considered quite unsafe for the men to work with a candle; though, at the moment of time we were there, the air perhaps would not have exploded at a naked flame. The lamp, indeed, burnt with a very slight increase of brilliance, and near the roof the flame of its wick spired slightly into length; and the copper plate and the ring at its top very sensibly increased in warmth for the space of half a minute, during which time, I suppose, all the fire-damp within its influence was consumed. The experiments I have been witness to under ground, ended here; but Mr. Buddle, Mr. Dunn, and other practical gentlemen, who have seen the lamps used in places that have not been ventilated for several years, will be able to give you still more satisfactory accounts of their great utility, and the security they afford the miner from danger by explosions.

"The simplicity of the lamp, in my mind, is not more remarkable than its security. If the men be only careful to trim it with clean cotton about once every third time it is used, to keep up a constant supply of clean oil, and never to raise the wick so high as to cause it to smoke, it will give as good a light as a candle, and be less troublesome; but if they suffer a smoke to fly off the top of the flame, it will fill the apertures of the cylinder with soot. When first lighted, the wick ought to be cut straight with a pair of sharp scissors, and not suffered, while it is burning, to get encrusted with coaly specks, or get jagged, in which states it is sure to smoke and burn dimly.

"Another excellence of the lamp is, that in case of a stone falling upon it from the roof, the light can scarcely be exposed to the open air, for such an occurrence would either instantly extinguish the light, or merely bruise the cylinder; for the flexible nature of the wire and other materials of the lamp render it almost impossible to break any part of it by a stone or weight falling upon it.

"I also feel persuaded, that the wire-gauze cylinder will give a steady and abundant light in mixtures which would explode with great fury at

a candle, and that it will continue to be highly useful, when sparks from a steel-mill are too dull and feeble to afford the miner any assistance; in short, that the miner may continue to work with them as long as the air around him can be safely respired. I am, dear Sir Humphry, yours very respectfully,

“JOHN HODGSON.”

To those paragraphs in the preceding letter which detail the dangerous condition of that part of the mine in which a poor solitary man was working by no other light than the sparks of a steel-mill, and in which it was determined to put the power of the lamp to the most severe trial, even at the risk of its bearer and his companions, we must revert for a moment; as in this memorable experiment Hodgson took the leading part, and the circumstances connected with it are not only of an affecting nature, but also an essential part of his history.

No notice had been given to the man of what was about to take place. He was alone, in an atmosphere of great danger, “in the midst of life in death,” when he saw a light approaching, apparently a candle burning openly, the effect of which he knew would be instant destruction to him and its bearer. His command was, instantly, “Put out that candle!” It came nearer and nearer: no regard was paid to his cries, which then became of the most terrific kind, mingled with awful imprecations against the comrade, for such he took Hodgson to be, who was tempting death in so rash and certain a way. Still not one word was said in reply. The light continued to approach, and then oaths were turned into prayers that his request might be granted, until there stood before him, silently exulting in his heart, a grave and thoughtful man, a man whom he well knew and respected, who, four years before, had buried in one common grave ninety-one of his fellow-workmen, holding up in his sight with a gentle smile the triumph of science, the future safeguard of the pitman.

It must, I fear, be admitted that Hodgson and his friends acted unwisely in this proceeding. They might feel assured that against foul air the lamp would be a sure protection, but how could they calculate against the sudden death of the poor man from absolute terror,—such things have happened,—or upon what a man might be driven to do in his despair? In his death throes, as it

were, of agony, the man threatened to send his pick through the body of him who was coming on, as he thought, in so rash a way; and who would have said that he was not justified in so acting? It is probable that Hodgson had afterwards come to the conclusion that his conduct in this matter had been injudicious; for he would not willingly converse on the subject; but, be it as it may, it is an event in his history of no every-day kind or occurrence, which must not be passed over by his biographer in silence.

The lamp which Mr. Hodgson carried in his hand in his descent into the bowels of the earth, that "*aureus ramus*" of sovereign virtue against all the infernal influences of the pitman's "*avernus*," was in 1830 presented by him to Miss Emma Trevelyan of Wallington (Mrs. Wyndham), who gave it to her brother Mr. Arthur Trevelyan, by whom it was placed in the Museum of Practical Geology in London, along with Hodgson's letter to his sister, and another lamp used on the same occasion.

TO MISS EMMA TREVELYAN.

"DEAR MISS EMMA,

17th January, 1880.

"I request the favour of your giving the two Davys I send herewith a place in your museum. They are the first that were ever used in a coal-mine. You will find an account of the experiments made with them on the 9th and 17th of January, 1816, in the first volume of the *Journal of the Royal Institution*, p. 131.

"I also send you an impression of a curious Mithraic Seal in the Library of the College at Durham; and some more paper,* with my best thanks for what you have done. Yours very truly,

"JOHN HODGSON."

Before we leave the subject of the lamp, it may be proper to lay before the reader the three following letters. The first gives proof of the anxiety with which Mr. Hodgson watched over the new discovery in its infancy, and thought of such alterations in its mechanism as might have a tendency to promote its greater use-

* Miss Emma Trevelyan had been a while before busily employed in making transcripts for Hodgson's use, from books lent to him by the author. These transcripts he quotes in the subsequent volumes of his *History* under the title of *Raine's Testaments*. See Preface to Part ii. vol. i. p. vii. and viij.

fulness and security. The second speaks of a contemplated Essay on Coal and its History; and the third of an honour, which, humble as it was, appears to have been received with a hearty welcome.

TO SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

"DEAR SIR HUMPHRY, High Heworth near Gateshead, 20th May, 1816.

"When Mr. Ellison was down about a fortnight since, I hoped to have sent a lamp of Coxe's making, and such as is now in use; but as the one he sent me had a loose burner, I have waited till he executed one in such a manner as to remove all the practical objections which occurred to the miners; and I am now happy to offer you one, differing in a very slight manner from those you sent down as models, which in practice offers to pass without objection. The colliers grow much attached to them, and emulous in keeping them in order. Coxe every day receives fresh orders, and I believe they are now come into very general use, both in the Tyne and Wear districts. Some other workmen in Newcastle, I hear, have begun to make them; but in a manner much inferior to those sent out by Coxe.

"The cylinder upon the new lamp is of tinned iron wire, and the first that has been made. I hope they will answer the purpose of preventing rust and strengthening the gauze; and that Coxe will succeed in his next attempt in putting the tin on after the cylinder is formed, which will secure the seam from bursting open. I have in experiments tried this sort of gauze, and though the tin melts in strong heats it does not flow off the wire.

"The lamps sent by Mr. Newman answered extraordinarily well, and no possible fault could be found with them, excepting that of the coal dust hardening on the ledge around the bottom of the cylinder, and the great weakness of the top of the cylinder. I have seen several of them at Coxe's shop getting repaired, and the only things they want are new upright wires and a stronger top. The screw for the aperture for supplying the oil was wanting in several of them; but a good cork answers every purpose. They had been much in use for nearly a month, I believe about sixteen hours in every twenty-four on every working day, and the cylinders, excepting one that had been thrown into very salt water, and afterwards neglected, were all still in good order.

"From the general report of the miners, I find there are admixtures of gas in which they think it not prudent to use the lamps, and yet in

which they can still breathe and work with steel-mills. Mr. Hill told me that in South Shields Colliery he tried a board with one, and that it was no sooner introduced into impure air, than the whole cylinder was heated to redness; but that in an attempt the following week, under all apparent similar circumstances, to try how long the gauze would be in burning through, the lamp stood in an explosive mixture for nearly half an hour, without even becoming red. I do indeed believe that hydrogen exists in the mines in every degree of purity in which it is produced by distillation from coal, and in the several combinations in which it mixes with carbon; because its inflammability is much greater in stagnated parts of mines, than it is either in combination with a current of atmospherical air, or as it issues out of the floors of mines from lower strata of coal. This opinion is, however, entirely theoretical, and therefore undeserving of attention. From the facts, however, that the lamp in some mixtures of mine gas and common air heats to redness almost instantaneously, I was lately so much impressed with the idea that a regulator of the quantity of air to be admitted within the cylinder might be advantageously employed, that I got a cylinder of tin plate made for that purpose, and have taken the liberty of inclosing it with the lamp in use. The experiments I have made with it have been very unsatisfactory, but it has never been tried in a mine, and I have no other methods of producing gas from coal but by a common retort, which has no purifying apparatus attached to it, and by a Wolfe's apparatus; the former of which throws up so much smoke and other impurities with it as to prevent one being led to anything conclusive; and the latter requires a nicety of experiment which I have had no leisure to attend to. I got the cylinder made of tin plate with soft solder, thinking that if it heated so much as to melt the joints it would be useless, and if it stood the test of the strongest heat that could be produced, while the light continued sufficient, that it might be made of copper with hard solder for working purposes: but as explosive mixtures of gas, when the apertures were nearly all covered, had the effect of falling upon the flames as if grains of gunpowder had been dropt upon it, and of making the light extremely dull and unsteady, I despaired of any advantage being derived from the contrivance. When the regulator left one-third of an inch of the gauze uncovered the solder melted, and left the cylinder in the space of three minutes in the state you see it. Perhaps with a cylinder made of copper, wide enough not to heat with the ordinary flame of the lamp, it might answer better. But this should still be borne in mind, that, however successful it might prove, it would

be useless, except in extraordinary cases, for the gauze cylinder answers, even with the little experience the miners have had of it, all ordinary purposes, and there can be no doubt but a further acquaintance with its properties will enable them to manage it in every situation to which they can carry it.

“ The conversations of the common colliers respecting the lamp, where it has been some time in use, I am told, are very amusing and interesting. They have not yet ceased to wonder at its magic-like properties, and seem divided in their opinion whether to regard it as something preternatural, or an instrument subject to the common laws of causes and effects. Many of them have an extraordinary pride in keeping them bright, and they have fallen into very simple and easy methods of cleaning the gauze. They use small brushes to remove the soot and dust which settle on the gauze and obscure the light while they are at work. As soon as they reach their homes, after work, the cylinder is unscrewed and placed upon the grate stone, where it remains till all the dust and soot upon the gauze is completely dry, and in that state a few gentle taps with the nail of the second finger stricken from the under side of the thumb render it perfectly clean. They have also fallen well into the way of keeping them properly trimmed, which causes less soot to be thrown off the flame, and more light to be given than they had in their former trials.

“ At the time I was put upon the expedient of regulating the quantity of air admitted into the cylinder, I heard a great deal about the alarming appearances which the burning gas exhibited when mixed with small particles of coal. If I well understood Mr. Buddle’s account of it, the atoms of ignited coal flashed and floated about in the flame with an effect something like fire-works in miniature: but such appearances seem to me no way indicative of danger, excepting when attended with great heat.”

[The writer of the letter here gives an amusing account of the anonymous proceedings of one of Davy’s rivals in the discovery of the lamp, which may remain where it is for the present.]

“ I beg pardon for troubling you with so long a letter, but being desirous that you should see the lamp in its present state, I thought it my duty to send some account of its success along with it, and with this opportunity before me I could not refrain from mentioning — ’s very malignant proceedings. I am, dear Sir Humphry, very respectfully, your most obedient humble servant,

J. H.”

To SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

23 May, 1816.

"I hope in the course of this summer to write a paper on the formation of some of the coal strata of this country for the Royal Society. I think I mentioned to you that I hoped by microscopical observations to discover vegetable remains in the cropping of a stratum of coal near this place, and I have succeeded in discovering numerous impressions in it with the naked eye. I have also found that the schistose bed below it contains pieces of very beautiful charcoal.

"I apprehend that I could procure the cast of a considerable tree which was found in an upright position in the floor of Jarrow colliery, and send it easily to London, if you should think it worth the acceptance of either the Royal Society or Royal Institution.

"JOHN HODGSON."

An extract from Hodgson's Journal for the 3rd of May, 1841, refers to this subject:

"In 1816 Sir Humphry Davy offered me to be made a member of the Royal Society, which I declined, because I understood it would cost me three or four pounds per year. He asked me also to write a paper on coal, which I had not time to write well. The history of coal, its origin, &c. were little known—required much investigation; though I had thought much on the subject."

To SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

"DEAR SIR,

27 May, 1816.

"The Antiquarian Society of Newcastle desire me to present you with the inclosed certificate of your election into their body. Were it not for the important services you have rendered to this neighbourhood by your late discoveries of the properties of flame by this successful application to controul the dreadful energies of inflammable mine-damp, they would have considered themselves as guilty of an unwarrantable liberty in adding your name to their roll; but they hope that strong sensations of gratitude for the humanity and admiration of the talents which elicited that great discovery will in some degree apologize for the honour they have done themselves.

"I am, dear Sir Humphry,

"JOHN HODGSON."

SIR H. DAVY TO MR. HODGSON.

" June 28, 1816.

"I beg you, my dear Sir, to present my thanks to the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle for the honour they have done me, and receive my thanks for the flattering manner in which you have communicated to me my election. Whatever connects me with your interesting country is very agreeable to me, and one of the purest pleasures of my life arises from the circumstances to which you so kindly recur. I am, dear Sir, &c."

In September Hodgson paid a short visit to Edinburgh accompanied by a friend from France, apparently a merchant trading occasionally to Newcastle. Of this visit or its object I have no other information than what is contained in the following extract from a letter addressed to his wife at home; which proves that in time of need he could lay aside his usual quiet and peaceful demeanour and stand up for himself.

To MRS. HODGSON.

" Edinburgh, 13 Sept. 1815.

" We were just in time for the coach on Monday morning; but, from the avarice of the clerk in taking pay for a greater number than the coaches are allowed to carry, we found that more had mounted the top than could be conveyed: the bill was, therefore, produced, and our names called over, mine and — 's not being found, we were ordered down; but, as I insisted that I both took the seats and paid for them on Saturday, whereas others that were on the coach had only been booked on Sunday, the guard desired me to speak with the 'Master.' —, it was also agreed, sh^d go along with me; but, as we entered the staircase by the light of the ostler's lanthorn, I heard the coach begin to move, and, before it got half way along Collingwood Street, I overtook it, seized the horses by the head, turned the two first around, and would not suffer them to move till the clerk came; he arrived in about three or four minutes, and then w^d have it that I took seats in the six-o'clock coach, which goes by Coldstream and Kelso to Edinburgh; but as he had not entered me, even into the bill of that coach, and he could not deny having received my money, I positively refused allowing the coach to go off without me; and after near 20 minutes of

altercation, I gained my point, and two sailors were ordered off the top. The passengers in the inside were much pleased with the resistance I gave, and the few people who were in the street at the time declared they never heard of so abominable an attempt to defraud and disappoint any person; as our trunks and great coats were in the coach when it set off, and the guard had satisfied himself that we had paid our money on Saturday, from seeing my name with £3 opposite to it. I was much pleased with having so successfully gained my point; as it would have been a great disappointment not to have proceeded, when we had set off from home, and a mortification to be bamboozled by the clerk and guard of a coach."

In the year 1816, I find Mr. Hodgson corresponding with several literary and antiquarian friends, but unfortunately no copies of his own letters have been preserved. Mr. Thomas Davidson writes to him on the subject of certain ancient gold beads, with respect to which he contributed a paper to the Transactions of the Newcastle Society. Mr. Wilson, Rector of Wolsingham, writes to him on Roman Antiquities, Mr. Surtees for local information to be incorporated in the second volume of his History of Durham, Mr. David Constable on the subject of Bishop Richard de Bury, and his Philobiblon, &c. &c.

CHAPTER X. 1817—1818.

History of Northumberland—Histories of Northumberland—Correspondence—Mons. Gallois—Essay on Brass and other Metals—Mr. Surtees's History of Durham—History of Northumberland abandoned—Resumed—Mr. T. Bewick.

IN January 1817 Hodgson was informed by Mr. J. Norris Brewer, that "The Beauties of England and Wales," to which he had been a contributor in 1811 and 1812, was completed; that an Introduction to be prefixed to the work was preparing by the writer of the letter, and that, as a few pages would be devoted to additions and corrections to the preceding volumes, an opportunity would be presented to him for revising his Views of Northumberland and Westmerland for that purpose. With this suggestion he complied, and forwarded to the editor ten pages of additional matter for his account of Northumberland, leaving Westmerland to stand as it had been published.

Soon afterwards, in the spring and summer of this year, we find Mr. Hodgson again engaged in surveying the County of Northumberland for his own long-projected history. On the 26th of May he leaves his home, upon an expedition into Westmerland and Cumberland, to prosecute certain geological inquiries, of which he has left copious notes; but upon his return, as soon as he crosses the hills, and enters Northumberland, his Journal is chiefly devoted to topographical researches, which occupy many pages. There are in the volume numerous pen-and-ink sketches of Roman remains, churches, gravestones, measurements of camps, &c. The following letter to Mrs. Hodgson was written during another expedition undertaken soon afterwards for the same purposes.

TO MRS. HODGSON.

"MY DEAR JANE, Blenkinsop House, 6 o'clock Thursday morning, 1817.

"Thank God for this most blessed weather. The hay-harvest here is going on very expeditiously, and everything looks abundant. I had

a very wet day in coming from Chesters to this place; and even on Sunday it began to rain as I passed Felling brewery, and continued till I reached Heddon-on-the-Wall. But I have felt no bad effect from the duckings. The chaise that is to take us to Haltwhistle is in sight. Col. Coulson and Mr. Adamson go on to Newcastle, and I go up Haltwhistle-burn, and return homewards by the Roman Wall to Sewing Shields Castle; and then by Hexham and the country through Hexhamshire, Slaley, and Lead-gate to Swalwell; and hope to see you and the dear children on Saturday: but not Newcastle on that day. I have passed this morning through a shrubbery in the garden here much entwined with woodbine; and certainly nothing can be more sweet than the perfume is. With affectionate remembrances to all at the Shore, and love to thee, and the dear bairns, my dear, I am thine,

“JOHN HODGSON.”

From this time, with one slight interruption in his plans in the following year, this subject, *A History of the County of Northumberland*, occupied Hodgson's leisure hours during the remainder of his life; and to show that such a publication was needed, this may not be an unsuitable place for a few remarks upon the histories of the county, if they deserve the name, which had been previously put forth by other authors.

For the county of Northumberland, before the time of Hodgson, little had been done in the way of real topographical description. Grey's *Chorographia*, published in quarto in 1649, refers chiefly to the town of Newcastle, the information which it contains respecting the county at large being confined to a mere list “of the Noble and Ancient Families of the North and their Castles.” Horsley's *Britannia Romana*, published in 1732, is entirely devoted to subjects of Roman History. Bourne, like Grey, takes Newcastle for his field, but he has a few interesting notices of the Baronies in the county which were bound to render guard-service to the Newcastle. His *History of Newcastle* was published in 1736, for the benefit of his widow and children. Horsley in like manner had not lived to see the fruit of his labours. The next writer to be mentioned is Warburton, a man who supplies us with a somewhat early instance of an act of dishonesty which has of late years been but too common, especially in the North of England, that of pilfering by wholesale from previous writers without

due permission, or acknowledgment. Warburton steals from Horsley in every page, melting down the sterling and stately folios of the latter into a book of a more commodious size and more convenient price. But I now come to an author of a different character.

The Rev. John Wallis, in his *History of Northumberland*, in two vols. 4to, takes an extensive field, and his efforts, at a period when dry detail and soporific dulness bore full sway in topographical publications, prove that its author was no slavish imitator, but a man of judgment, who had carefully given his mind to his task, with a view to render it interesting to the general reader, as well as a vehicle of useful information. The book, moreover, is written in a good spirit and feeling, leading to the conclusion that Mr. Wallis was a man of gentlemanly taste and education. The work is, as I have said, in two volumes, and was published in 1769, with 230 subscribers, many of whom engaged to purchase more than one copy. I have in my possession the copy on large paper which belonged to Mr. Cade of Gainford, copiously illustrated by its owner, in both volumes, with plates gathered from all quarters on subjects of Natural History and Antiquities; and it is indeed a goodly book. The work itself was not accompanied with embellishments. The first volume is chiefly devoted to Natural History, and contains twelve chapters on that subject, in its various departments; with a thirteenth, comprising a few pleasing biographical sketches of eminent men connected with the county. That Wallis was a better naturalist than an antiquary is most certain. Twenty years of his life had been devoted to that captivating pursuit; and even in the present day, his labours in the wide and most fertile field of Natural History are well known and highly appreciated. On this department of his *History of Northumberland* he thus modestly writes in his preface: "In such an enlightened age as this, to send abroad the Natural History and Antiquities of a county is an arduous work. How well I have succeeded will be left to the decision of able and competent judges, possessed of the happy spirit of urbanity and good nature. It is now upwards of twenty years since I first turned my thoughts to the study of Natural History; rather for amusement, than for any design of casting my observations under an historical form

for public view: rocks and dales, woods, heaths, hills, and mountains, the shores of rivulets and the ocean, being my company in the hours of leisure and relaxation; after leaving that august and venerable and truly charming and delightful seat of learning, the University of Oxford; wherein upwards of seven years of my earliest days were spent." Of the concluding volume I give a description from a short memoir of Wallis by Hodgson, his successor in the field of Northumbrian History, in his vol. iii. pt. ii. p. 70. "The second volume is on the antiquities of the county, and, considering the scantiness of the printed information on the subject when the author published, is certainly not only a copious, but a very correct account. In the history of estates and families, in particular, its value is great; and, in confirmation of this assertion, I would refer the reader to the article *Belsay*, at page 539." Still, however, excellent though the work be, as far as it goes, it contains little of general or ecclesiastical detail, no parochial subdivision, and none of that account of descent, either of property or family, essential to a good county history. The volume is arranged in three Journies, descriptive merely of the more remarkable places, or noticing only the great leading estates; some parishes are not even mentioned. It is, as Dr. Cyril Jackson once said of one of Dr. Whitaker's early topographical publications, a mere "scarifying of the surface;" an attempt, excellent as far as it goes, but still only an attempt. Hodgson's admiration of the character and works of Wallis was generous and sincere. I have already alluded to his memoir of him in his own History of Northumberland, to which I would refer the reader, and I may here give an extract from a letter written by him in 1831, to another eminent naturalist, the late Mr. Winch of Newcastle, as it is probable that room may not be found in the sequel for the letter itself. Winch was printing his Flora of Northumberland for the Transactions of the Newcastle Natural History Society, and he writes to Hodgson for information about Wallis, "for," says he, "it is a pity that this part at least of the kingdom should know nothing about so indefatigable a naturalist." Hodgson, in reply, thus writes. "I venerate the name of Wallis; he was an amiable-minded highly useful man; and filled his situation in life with zeal and credit. As an author he was remarkable for

integrity and simplicity. He never borrows a fact without acknowledging where he obtained it, nor, with his subject, ever brings himself into notice." He then proceeds to give a few particulars of Wallis's life and history, which are more fully detailed in the memoir alluded to, written at a later period than the letter; and also a notice of certain indignities which appear to have driven Wallis from his curacy. To these Mr. Winch barely alludes in his printed paper; and I therefore transcribe from the memoir one or two paragraphs on the subject, especially as Hodgson himself comes in as a hearsay witness against such insolent impertinence.*

"On the death of Mr. Wastell (the rector of Simonburn) in 1771, James Scott, B.D., a polished courtier, a polite man of the world, and a bold and eloquent preacher, succeeded to the rectory; which was conferred upon him by Lord North, as a reward for his political services. Wallis, who had for a long time administered nearly the whole of the duties of the parish, found himself under the command of a proud and overbearing superior, who had more regard for his spaniels than his curate. These favourites attended their master to the church; and on one occasion, when they attempted to accompany him to the pulpit, Wallis, who occupied the reading desk, was ordered to put them out, but refused; an act of disobedience for which he was driven from Simonburn."

And now Hodgson himself steps forward to tell us somewhat more of Dr. Scott, and of what he himself heard from his lips, no doubt to his infinite disgust. He was at that time making a survey of the county for its history in the "Beauties of England and Wales," above spoken of. "What," said Dr. Scott to me, in an interview I had with him in 1810, 'what occasion is there for any more histories of Northumberland? My curate, Wallis, wrote a very large one. He was an old wife; and fond of what he called the beauties and retirements of the glen on the south side of the church there:' and then he laughed at his own sagacity and sneer." If any one will take the trouble to open Wallis's first volume, and look at p. 50, he will see the curious investigation which "the old wife" was making "in that glen on the south

* See also above, p. 140.

side of the church there," and which led to the following result, to be given in his own words from one of the most interesting chapters in his book, wholly devoted to an account of this inquiry: "I was," says he "about two winters, and as many summers, in seasonable weather, in the midst of very ill health, in digging this hill and bringing it into the form described; and did not at first expect to meet with such irrefragable testimonies of a deluge, and least of all this valuable sand." But I return to Hodgson. It would be a sin to withhold his concluding remarks: "Dr. Scott had a keen insight into human nature: but, if I esteem only such men as I can make the willing panders of my ambition or my pleasure, over how many of the wise and the good must I look with contempt and scorn! Wallis was too artless and innocent to become the tool of a haughty and insolent churchman; and, while he had the authority of the Highest in antiquity for meditation in the olive grove and the garden, the dene of the church of Simonburn might well be counted sacred with him. But he was banished from these favourite haunts 'to seek for shelter' where he could find it; and, if his soul afterwards continued armour-proof against 'the stings and arrows' of human neglect, it was only because its trust was not on man for support and consolation." It would, perhaps, be no difficult matter to point out the man whom Hodgson had in his eye when the latter part of this paragraph was committed to paper.

The next publication in point of time affecting the History of Northumberland is that of Hutchinson, which was published in 1778, in two volumes, quarto, illustrated by numerous engravings, and entitled, "A View of Northumberland, with an Excursion to the Abbey of Mailross in Scotland." In a short preface, the author modestly speaks of his book as "a compilation, for such with the utmost deference I must call it;" and in truth it is nothing more; interspersed here and there with sentimental reflections, and the other usual and at that time fashionable make-weights of such undertakings. It, also, like that of Wallis, purports to contain the result of several rambles or rides in the county, in different directions, but so as to touch only at the principal towns or localities within its limits, totally omitting all parochial detail; and in its historical parts it relies chiefly upon the authority of Wallis, of

whose labours much use is made, and little said in the way of acknowledgment. On Roman subjects connected with the Wall, and the other remains of that nation in the county, the writer quotes largely from the works of Horsley and Warburton, and also the correspondence of Sir John Clerk, Mr. Cay, Mr. Maurice Johnson, Dr. Stukeley, Mr. Patten, Dr. Hunter, Mr. Place, and others, then in MS., and afterwards published, with the title "*Reliquiæ Galeanæ*," in the *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica* by Gough. Many neat etchings by Bailey from drawings by himself add considerable interest and value to the book, as in architectural detail the sketches of that gentleman may be relied upon for their accuracy; and since his time many of the buildings of which he has given a representation, have either altogether disappeared, or have been so tampered with as no longer to give any correct idea of their original state or condition. About this time Mr. George Allan of the Grange, near Darlington, printed at his private press, Randall's "*State of the Churches within the Archdeaconry of Northumberland*," containing a list of their respective incumbents from the earliest recorded period; with occasional notes purely of an ecclesiastical nature; and not unfrequently this valuable, and now rare tract, is found bound up with Hutchinson's "*View*," enhancing its value on account of the additional and correct information which it contains, on subjects of which the book itself affords no particulars.*

Up to Hodgson's time, therefore, there was, strictly speaking, no History of Northumberland worthy of the name; nothing of its "*Origines*," no account of its British or Saxon owners or their works, no general detail of descent of property or blood, no parochial description, and the records of the stirring and romantic transactions belonging to its history as a border county, or to its own internal feuds,—the inhabitants of one dale waging deadly war against those of another more frequently than living in peace and concord,—were sleeping under a covering of dust in the

* It is perhaps hardly necessary to add to the above enumeration, Brand's "*Newcastle*," a lumbering book in two thick quarto volumes of the same nature as Grey and Bourne above mentioned, into which its author seems to have emptied the gatherings of a long-continued common-place book, without much selection or condensation. The book contains few notices of Northumberland at large.

public or private repositories of the kingdom. But, in addition to all this, there was that mighty belt of stone the Roman Wall demanding a new historian. Horsley's "*Britannia Romana*" was an admirable performance at the time it was given to the world (1732), and no one was more ready than Hodgson at all times to own its merit, and do ample justice to the judicious labours of its author; but nearly a hundred years had elapsed since its publication, and many most important discoveries, historical and mythological, had been made; the earth had in the course of the century disclosed many secrets previously concealed in its bosom; old theories, respecting the original projector and finisher of the barrier and its accompaniments, were beginning to be questioned, and Hodgson, from long previous study and repeated personal investigations, felt himself equal to the task, not merely of revising Horsley, but of undertaking and completing such an original history of the Barrier, as might set all doubt as to its builder at rest for ever. To anticipate, in some measure, the substance of any subsequent remarks upon this subject to be advanced in a future page, one observation may here be made, that, whatever of his plan for a history of Northumberland Hodgson was compelled by want of encouragement or death to leave unfinished, his *History of the Roman Wall* is perfect; the result of not fewer than thirty years of anxious thought and painful investigation; completed, it may be, in declining health, but in the full vigour of his intellect, and having enjoyed, as could be proved, in every line the benefit of his own revising and correcting hand. In this work coadjutor he had none, and posterity will do justice to his labour.

TO MONS. DE GALLOIS.*

"MY DEAR SIR,

High Heworth, 2nd of March, 1818.

"Last Thursday was to myself and my wife a day of great rejoicing and pleasure, inasmuch as it brought to High Heworth tidings of one whose stay with us we shall always remember with the most

* This gentleman, who was a Frenchman, was introduced to Hodgson by Dr. Yelloly in 1816, and lived for a short time under his roof at Heworth whilst in a state of ill health. The following extract from Hodgson's Journal terminates the unhappy

lively satisfaction; and for whom we shall always cherish the warmest affection and esteem. There could be no necessity for the apologies you make for being so long in writing, for I can well understand how you have been every day occupied since you left us; and I am myself a most dilatory correspondent. While you were in London I once or twice heard of your being seen by friends of mine; once by Mr. Losh, and at Paris by Mr. Lamb. After your long absence I heartily congratulate you and Madame Gallois on your reunion; and my wife desires to join me in the most kind and respectful expressions of friendship and regard both to yourself and to her for whom you so often shewed such symptoms of deep affection and interest while you were with us. I shall always remember your sighings for your home and your family during your hours of indisposition. Should your son ever visit this part of the world, I trust you will be able to prevail with him to spend the time requisite to see Newcastle and its neighbourhood with me. It always gave me pain that there should be any necessity for pecuniary considerations between myself and you; but in the manner we were first introduced to each other it could not perhaps be otherwise. With your son, if ever I shall have the happiness to see him, it must not be so. My house must be his home during his stay with me; and the longer he can make his visit the more welcome it will be both to my wife and myself. The book which you so kindly offer me I shall receive as a token of friendship and regard; and preserve it as a memento of one whom it is almost more than probable I shall never again have the happiness to see. My literary friends are all rejoiced to hear that you have it in contemplation to publish an account of your observations in England.

"On inquiry at Mr. Losh's office, I find that a ship will leave this port for Rouen to-morrow. I shall therefore take the opportunity of it to send you the publication the value of which you much overrate by requesting a copy of it.* My essay wants many apologies. It has many errors in it; some of them blunders of my own; others originating in the carelessness of my associates. The last correction of the press was committed to the care of my fellow-secretary, who is a lawyer; and

history of his friend: "1833, 11 May. Mr. Buddle told me yesterday that he was informed that my good friend De Gallois got so fretted by misfortunes and the hard temper of his wife that he threw himself from a window, and was killed by the fall. He used to say of her, shaking his head, 'Oh! my wife is unamiable of temper.'"

* Hodgson's *Essay on the Uses of Brass and Iron*; communicated to the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle, and published in their Transactions.

in the hurry of business not over attentive to literal accuracy: but I have made the material corrections with a pen. This essay was not intended as a general history of the knowledge and use of Brass and Iron amongst the ancients, but merely, what it pretends to be, an inquiry into the æra when brass was used in arms and edge-tools, and consequently when such use gave way to iron.—I shall, as soon as the weather grows warm, have an opportunity of sending you a letter in a parcel which, at Mr. Losh's request, I am making up for M. Brogniart, and which will consist of a series of the organic remains found in the strata of this neighbourhood. My sister, to whom you so kindly beg to be remembered, has been for some time in Cumberland. My wife and children request their kindest love to M. Gallois, and we beg to unite with you our most sincere good wishes and regard to Madame Gallois. May the kindness of Heaven ever watch over you. Yours always,

“JOHN HODGSON.”

The Essay to which allusion is made in the above letter is doubtless “An Enquiry,” by Mr. Hodgson, “into the Æra when Brass was used in purposes to which Iron is now applied,” communicated to the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle, and printed in the first volume of their Transactions, p. 17. When it is stated that this essay extends over upwards of eighty closely printed quarto pages, and affords references to almost every author, sacred and profane, by whom the various metals, from gold downwards, are mentioned, it will readily be imagined that it manifests a wide extent of reading, and contains much minute and curious information on the subjects upon which it professes to treat. The “conclusions” respecting iron, bronze, brass, &c. at the end of the paper, abound with interest.

I make the following extract from the opening of the Essay, to indicate the object which Hodgson had in view.

“Having stated in a conversation at the meeting at which the brazen sword from Ewart Park was presented to the Society (Feb. 18, 1815,) my opinion that arms of that kind were not in use among the Romans for a long time prior to the occupation of Britain by that people; I now, in compliance with the wish of some of the members of this body, endeavour not only to substantiate that opinion, but to shew from Hebrew, Greek, and Roman testimony, the eras in which brass was used in war-like instruments by these and some other nations of antiquity, and to

draw some such general conclusions respecting the introduction of brazen arms into this country, as are deducible from the intercourse, generally allowed to exist, between the Britons and the people inhabiting the islands and borders of the Mediterranean Sea, prior to the Roman invasion."

FROM ROBERT SURTEES, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

Mainsforth, April 10, 1818.

"I shall feel much indebted to you if you will take the trouble to run over my manuscript sketch of Jarrow, &c., and will have the goodness to prevent my falling into any gross mistake or local blunder. You will believe me I am far from wishing to trespass on your private province, or anticipate any select materials for your proposed history. I only wish to give a fair general account of the place, its present appearance, and the descent of property. If any of the documents, &c. referred to in my MS. can be of use to you, I shall be happy to send you fuller references or extracts; I mean chiefly those from the Treasury; and I shall be in Durham soon for some time. I have thrown together a few queries on the other page; your answers to which will fill some lamentable blanks. Scribble where and as you like, on the MS. or opposite to it; just as may give you the least trouble. Yours very truly,

"R. SURTEES."

"Jarrow. Perpetual Curacy. What does the endowment consist of? any glebe? Did you not tell me of an odd freehold, which does not touch the ground, consisting only of an upper story?

"Heworth Chapelry. Is it under Jarrow, or joined to it—a separate presentation—or how?

"There is a vague old story that all the people in Simonside died of the plague in the time of Elizabeth; and that four neighbouring townships, I forget which, seized on the deserted lands and divided them.

"Would you wish any thing to be said in my publication as to the collieries at Felling, the fatal explosion, &c., or will you keep the subject whole as Monarch of the Mines? in which case I will only refer to your future account.

"I have made great use in Gateshead, &c. of your good guide to Newcastle. I know the second edition is yours, or chiefly yours; but I feel delicate whether in quoting it I may say so, or whether you chuse to keep on your mask and be Mr. Anonymous. Direct me herein. (*Many other queries.*)

"If you could find time, you could not do better than come over when I am in Durham, and I shall be glad to give you my labour. I can give you meat and drink, but being only in lodgings have no bed to offer you. I send you the gold Galba found in a potato field at Chester-le-Street two years ago, as you perhaps never saw it. Be so good as return it in the parcel to Mainsforth or Durham. It is said other Roman coins have been found in Chester, but I never saw any of them."

FROM ROBERT SURTEES, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

Monday, April 13, 1818.

"I am ashamed to trouble you so soon again, but the hurry I was in to send off the parcel on Friday night (which I trust you received) drove several things out of my head.

"Coin of Egfrith.* What were they doing when it was found? How many coins were there? Who have any of them now? Did you not tell me something more about the earthen vessel than is printed? Is the print in Archæol. Æl. accurate? I observe in Ruding's plates the reverse is represented—the cross within *palmated branches* rather than rays, if rays they be; and the epigraph is a little different. Do you really think it is *Lux*? Harold's coins have certainly *Pax*.

"May we say that High Heworth, or Whitehouses, or both, have an extensive prospect over part of the vale of Tyne and over the heights beyond Newcastle?

"The Bell—what is its history? Can you make anything of the inscription? Was it brought from Gateshead? for I see an entry there of the folks giving *the litell bell* to Mr. Ellison for Heworth Chapel about 1702. I have the entry from the Churchwarden's books.

"Dawes. Is the inscription correct? Will you forgive this scrawl? I am in a vortex of papers, &c. which I have forgot the way through in my long peregrinations. Yours very truly,

"R. SURTEES."

Various other letters from Mr. Surtees, about this period, prove that Hodgson rendered him much service in his second volume of the History of Durham.

I now arrive at a letter from Hodgson to Sir J. E. Swinburne, which proves that his resolution to write a History of Northum-

* See above, p. 166.

berland was beginning to give way, for various cogent reasons which are set forth in his communication. Singularly enough, I have no recollection whatever of the arrangement proposed as an alternative; in which, as it is stated, I was to have taken a part; nor do I remember my holding any conversation with Mr. Surtees on the subject: in all probability the plan had been mentioned to us, as the next best thing to be done in the event of an abandonment of the History itself; but it was quite a surprise to me to find, in compiling this memoir, that the subject had gone so far in Hodgson's mind. At all events the scheme was no sooner formed than laid aside; and the History proceeded, as we shall see, without further interruption. In truth, he began to print his first volume towards the end of the year.

TO SIR J. E. SWINBURNE, BART.

“DEAR SIR JOHN,

High Heworth, near Gateshead, April 21, 1818.

“I am at last, and with great reluctance, compelled to relinquish my design of writing a History of the County of Northumberland. To finish such an undertaking, in a creditable manner, would take me one year's constant residence in Durham, and another in London; and many years of unremitting labour in the county, besides an expense in travelling, &c. &c., which no county history can ever repay.

“I am, however, unwilling that the labours I have already bestowed upon this interesting county should be entirely thrown away; and have therefore, in conjunction with Mr. Surtees of Mainsforth, the Rev. Mr. Raine of Durham, and Sir C. Sharp, arranged a plan of giving to the public, at a reasonable rate, a vast mass of important records respecting Northumberland, &c.

“Our plan is to print, at Newcastle, ‘A Quarterly Journal of Records, &c., respecting Northumberland and the other Northern Counties.’ We propose that the book should, in type and paper, be as near a resemblance as possible to ‘The Journal of Science and the Arts,’ edited at the Royal Institution, and the same in size.

“At first the Transactions of the Antiquarian Society presented itself as a proper vehicle for bringing out our plan; but, upon mature consideration, we find the funds of that body totally inadequate to meet such a design; and we hope that when they are again recruited our labours will not be found to interfere with its objects.

"Besides our own private collections of materials for our intended work, the Treasury of the Dean and Chapter of Durham abounds in the most curious and important documents—many of them coeval with the foundation of the Priory there; and regular books of all their expenses, correspondence, &c. of the Priors, till the Dissolution, and of the Dean and Chapter since. The Bishop's Library at Durham has lately been enriched by the addition of about seventy volumes of MSS., called the Mickleton Collection. One of them is wholly in the handwriting of one of your ancestors, Sir Thomas Swinburne, temp. Car. I.; and consists chiefly of matters relative to his office of Sheriff of Northumberland.

"The Records, too, which you have for so long a time entrusted to my care, are a most abundant mine of historical matter. The miscellaneous ones, if arranged in chronological series, and those similarly arranged which relate to distinct properties, would form excellent papers for our Journal, and be of the greatest use to a future historian of Northumberland. For in our work records can be printed more at length, and in greater numbers, than in county histories; which usually throw such documents into notes and appendixes.

"The greater part indeed of your records—the most curious of them at full length, and the less important with the omission of all the formal parts—are nearly ready for the press; and one volume of miscellaneous charters is arranged and ready to be sent to Capheaton.

"I write this under the pressure of great pain from a severe affliction in my face; and am fearful that I have not made myself sufficiently intelligible. Before the commencement of our editorial labours, both Mr. Surtees and myself have been anxious to subject our plan to your approbation, before we mention it to any other gentleman. Should we be fortunate enough to obtain your patronage and countenance, we shall next apply to the Bishop of Durham for leave to print out of the Mickleton collection, which leave we have no doubt of obtaining, as the collection is already open to us for the History of Durham," &c. (*From a copy.*)

FROM SIR J. E. SWINBURNE, BART.

"MY DEAR SIR,

18, Grosvenor Place, April 27, 1818.

"I have had the pleasure of receiving your note from Mr. Ellison. I cannot but regret much the abandonment of your intended History of Northumberland, a work that you were so well qualified to execute, and one so much wanted; but your reasons are certainly very

urgent, and, under the circumstances you state, it would not be prudent for you to embark in the undertaking. I hope before this reaches you you will be entirely recovered from your indisposition. A great many people are ill here. As to the Journal you propose establishing, I really think it would be both useful and entertaining, particularly to those who take pleasure in such pursuits, and your two coadjutors Mr. Raine and Sir C. Sharp will afford you powerful assistance. I will make due inquiries at the Royal Institution as to the mode of conducting, editing, and expense attending their Journal. I only beg to suggest the propriety of ascertaining, before you start, the probable sale of the work, (you don't mention whether by subscription, and if so to what amount,) that you may have some certain grounds to proceed upon—that you may not find yourself engaged in an expensive undertaking without a fair prospect of remuneration. I can only say that I shall be very happy to afford you what assistance is in my power, either by subscription, or the necessary papers or records I may possess. When I return to the North I will send for the original charters you have already arranged and have done with. I believe there are many more at Capheaton that might be useful, besides those you already have in your custody. I wish you would find time, or your friend Mr. Raine, to come and rummage them sometime next summer. We should be most happy to see you. Wishing you health and success, believe me, ever very sincerely yours,

“JOHN E. SWINBURNE.”

TO SIR J. E. SWINBURNE, BART.

“DEAR SIR JOHN,

Newcastle, 27 June, 1818.

“The near prospect I now have of printing a great part of your papers has made me very industrious in copying them. I have, therefore, to request that you will permit me to keep them a little longer, that I may have the opportunity of collating the proof sheets with the originals. A great many of the miscellaneous papers relate to the Great Rebellion, the Sherifalty of Sir Thomas Swinburne in the 3rd and 4th of Car. I., and other public matters from the time of Hen. VII. to that of James II. These I intend to have printed in masses according to date; and after they are printed to get the originals bound in one volume with references to the printed copy.

“There are also a large collection of muniments respecting various

manors and estates, which were formerly the property of your family. These I have also arranged according to date, and nearly finished the first volume, which reaches through the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and I intend to print them in a series of papers under some such title as this: 'Miscellaneous Records in the possession of Sir J. E. S. Bt., &c. illustrative of the History of various places in Northumberland in the thirteenth century.'

"The deeds which belong to estates at present in your possession I think will be best preserved in regular binding, for they all have sufficient room in the margin for stitching. When they are merely mounted on paper, as I have done the first volume, many of the parchments with seals are too heavy for the paper, and twist the leaves aside as they are opened. Edlingham would make a volume; Heugh and Stamfordham another; Chollerton, the Faunes, and Capheaton would bind together: and there is a bundle of parchments respecting the Strother and other families, which would class together with much propriety. Mr. Surtees approves much of this method of preserving original records, and is intending to get the Croxdale ones done so.

"We have changed our plan of printing, intending now that the book shall be of the quarto size, and come out in quarter volumes at 7s. 6d. each. The doomsday or abbreviated types, proper for printing old deeds, &c. are at present casting for our use by Mr. Figgins in London, and I expect their arrival at Mr. Walker's office in a fortnight or three weeks; after which time I shall proceed regularly with the materials at present before me.

"I had some inquiries to make respecting Collins's Baronetage, and the pedigree of your family which was prepared for that work, but the subjects have slipped out of my memory. Believe me, dear Sir John, to be most respectfully your obliged and obedient servant,

"JOHN HODGSON."

FROM SIR J. E. SWINBURNE, BART.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Capheaton, July 1, 1818.

"You are perfectly welcome to keep my papers for the purpose you mention. Would it not perhaps be well, if you can spare time, to come over here (where you know at all times you will be heartily welcome), to take a look into my boxes? as I have many many papers you have not examined—a number of papers and letters during the

Great Rebellion, sequestrations, &c. are among them. Perhaps something might be useful to you out of the mass. But if you cannot come, and will direct my searches to any particular object or period, I will do it carefully, and send you the result as soon as possible. I think your plan for the arrangement and binding extremely good, but I fear you have had a world of trouble. Pray give me notice as soon as the publication is ready to come out. Collins's Baronetage is not correct as to our family. I have the family pedigree from the Heralds' Office, and a number of papers relating to it, but they are not in the order they should be. At any time you wish to see them you are very welcome. I have likewise a good many emblazoned arms of a number of Northumberland families, many of which are now extinct, and others have altered their arms. I mean in future to quarter the ancient arms of the Swinburnes along with the modern coat.—With every good wish to yourself and family, in which Lady Swinburne begs to join, believe me, ever very sincerely yours,

“JOHN E. SWINBURNE.”

TO MR. T. BEWICK, NEWCASTLE.*

“DEAR SIR,

High Heworth, Nov. 13, 1818.

“When you see Mr. Adamson respecting his subscription copies of your *Æsop's Fables*, I will thank you to say that I had rather keep the one I have than exchange it for a large-paper copy; as I have the *Birds and Beasts* of the same size.

“At length I have seen Mr. Landseer's *Essay on the Babylonian Gems*. He is very right with respect to their use, and his interpretation of Job xxxviii. 14. is, I think, very natural and ingenious. Their being intaglios shews that they were intended for sealing with; and clay instead of wax has been commonly used in the East both by the ancients and the moderns.

“The original of Job xxxviii. 14, literally translated, is, “it turneth itself as the clay of the seal,” *i.e.* it is plastic, as sealing clay—as it goeth round it mouldeth all things into shape and beauty. The Hebrew word *homer*, which is translated *clay*, also means *asphalt*, or perhaps any substance used as mortar or for sealing with. The Mother of Moses ‘bituminated’ the wicker cradle in which she laid her son ‘with bitumen and pitch.’

* The eminent engraver on wood.

"The expression 'He sealeth up the stars,' Job ix. 7, is in the original, 'above,' or 'behind the stars He sealeth.' 'He commandeth the sun, and it riseth not,' *i.e.* He causeth night to come on. Again, 'He sealeth up the stars.' He causeth them not to be seen, by the superior brightness of the light of the sun. Light is here described as the seal with which the Almighty shuts up the stars from our sight. In another place it is beautifully called the 'Garment of the Lord.' 'Thou deckest thyself with light as with a garment.' Ps. 104.

"Does Mr. Landseer think that there is any parity of signification between these two texts; and that the latter as well as the first derives a part of the justness of its metaphor from the similarity between the rotatory motion apparent in the stars, and in the morning, and the manner of sealing with cylindrical gems?

"It is now so long since you shewed me Mr. Landseer's letter that I have quite forgot the nature of his request. I have however thrown the preceding observations very hastily together, more with a view of showing that I should be glad of corresponding with him on antiquarian subjects than from any notion that they have not already occurred to him. Believe me, dear Sir, to be most truly yours,

"JOHN HODGSON."

CHAPTER XI.—1819.

The Mickleton MSS.—First Visit to London—Letters to Mrs. Hodgson.

Mr. Hodgson is again intently occupied in compiling materials for his History of Northumberland; the plan for the publication of his previous collections, as communicated to Sir J. E. Swinburne in the preceding year, having been abandoned.

“ FROM ROBERT SURTEES, Esq.

“ DEAR SIR,

Jan. 10, 1819.

“ Conceive yourself at perfect liberty to make what use you wish of the Mickleton MSS. I obtained the Bishop's leave in so ample and general a way as to leave no doubt of your present purpose being within its scope.

“ I am right glad that you once more dare look *Northumberland, with all her lands and towers*, boldly in the face. I am not aware that the Mickleton MSS. contain much exclusively belonging to Northumberland, but I have hundreds of scattered particles, which may all re-unite in your MSS., and which I shall pour in from time to time, as you demand them. I write a line in haste to set you at rest as to the Mickleton MSS. Believe me yours ever sincerely,

“ R. SURTEES.

“ For your Gateshead corrections I was much indebted; and they were all, I think, adopted. Willis* has been a good communicator. Tell me what you want, and Raine and I will always search at Durham for you.”

In the month of April, 1819, Mr. Hodgson paid his first visit to London.† In undertaking this journey he had several objects in

* A solicitor at Gateshead, and a gentleman with a strong turn for historical inquiry. He has been mentioned above, p. 54, as having been instrumental in obtaining for Mr. Hodgson the benefice of Jarrow with Heworth.

† On this occasion Mr. Surtees furnished him with many introductions to his literary friends, the public offices, &c. See *Memoir of Surtees*, *Surtees Society*, p. 386.

view, such as a contemplated new chapel at Heworth, for which he was anxious to raise the necessary funds, the visiting his relations, by his mother's side, at Bromley, &c. but his chief purpose was to collect from the British Museum and the Public Record Offices materials for his History, in which he was now again proceeding in real earnest. Happily the letters which he wrote to his wife during this his first long absence from home are preserved; and they are of such a character as to call for a place in a memoir of their writer. He is now, it must be remembered, a husband and a father; and we shall see how deeply he remembers those obligations, and with what affectionate simplicity he details his proceedings from day to day for the information and amusement of his wife and children. One single extract may suffice to shew the amiable object which he had in view in writing these letters. He thus addresses his wife when he had been little more than a week in London. The words will present themselves again to the reader in their proper place: "I have had six hours' work in the Museum, and am getting fast forward, but with work which will not afford much material for writing to you. I shall, however, continue to give you a little diurnal of observations, if for no other purpose, for the sake of sending my thoughts and my heart to thee, my dear, and to our dear children."

Mrs. Hodgson had seldom, we believe, travelled out of her native valley, even before her marriage; and now she has numerous ties of a tender and care-engrossing nature to keep her more than ever at home. The sluggish and coal-stained Tyne, with Gateshead and Newcastle, and their united smoke, were the principal sights with which she had been familiar from her girlhood; and trees and hedge-rows in healthy, uncontaminated leaf, were objects of which her children had, at that time, a very imperfect conception. The blighting effects of coal-mines and manufactory chimneys were visible on all sides of their residence; and not for a considerable period after the date of these letters, as we were once informed by Hodgson himself, had his children seen an acorn. Under such circumstances as these, how welcome to the mother, and instructive to her children, would be the description

of London, and its palaces, and parks, and habits, in such familiar and affectionate letters as these; so written as to engage the attention of the latter in particular, and make a pleasing and wholesome impression on their memory. The Letters, it will be observed, consist of a series of daily memoranda, sent home from time to time as a frank could be procured; and although there may be in them much which to the general reader, or to one well acquainted with the metropolis, may perhaps appear too minute and trifling, yet, when we remember to whom they were addressed, what pleasing purposes they were intended to serve, and, above all, perhaps, how illustrative they are of the kind and thoughtful heart of their writer, indicating in almost every line some leading feature or other in his own amiable character or habits of reflection, they must not be passed over in silence. That they were never intended to be submitted to public eyes is most certain; and therefore they are the more valuable for our purpose.

"MY DEAR JANE,

Saracen's Head, Snowhill, 23rd April, 1819.

"I have dined here and had a walk out since I arrived. Our journey was exceedingly pleasant till I parted with the Atkinsons * at Stamford yesterday evening. After that we had nothing but delays, and I could sleep none all night. Wednesday continued fair till we got to Thirsk, when it began to rain, which, with intervals of snow, darkened our prospect till we reached York at 6 in the evening: at 7 we left York, and at half-past 11 reached Stamford [?]: at 4 today I got here.

"After dining I walked to the head of Holborn, and back to Snowhill: from thence to the Horse Market in Smithfield. Saw St. Bartholomew and Christ Church Hospitals, and the outside of St. Paul's. This is the extent of my peregrinations. I have written to my 'tidy fitting taylor,' and expect him every moment to be ushered into my presence.

"April 24. I went soon to bed last night. I have had a long and excellent rest. To-day I feel quite refreshed and in high spirits, and though I have been walking from eight to the present hour, half-past four, I do not feel the least fatigue. I will just give you a sketch of my first ramble in London. Imprimis: there has been a heavy soaking

* The Atkinsons were his neighbours at Carr-hill, a family with which he was long and familiarly acquainted.

drizzle almost all day. It would have been only a Scotch mist in Northumberland. From Snow-hill I wandered to the Fleet Market, and continued sauntering there for a quarter of an hour. The Fleet Prison is there, and you see "rakes and ruined lords" at loophole grates, *not* weeping, but begging, either by proxy or personally. I traversed Fleet Street next, through Temple Bar, into the Strand, and visited Rawes's * shop in Surrey-street, sometime famous as the "cock-loft" of wits and authors. A little beyond it is Somerset House, a magnificent pile of building of Portland stone, the mouldings and all the carved work of which perishes fast. Waterloo Bridge crosses the Thames just above Somerset-place, a plain and simple but grand and massive structure of Cornish and Scotch granite, a kind of stone which, in the ordinary acceptation of language, has been considered everlasting. That of Scotland may certainly be entitled to the appellation; but all the Cornish granite that I have seen has lost the living lustre of that of Scotland, and is in my opinion, wherever it is exposed to the weather, in a continual state of decay. After being both above and below its arches, walking along it and viewing its panelled battlements, its graceful strings, and solid piers, in all their various and ever-pleasing points of view, I saw the bald and dusky front of Northumberland House; the equestrian statue of Charles the First, at Charing Cross; Colnaghi's print-shop in Cockspur Street; reconnoitred Mr. Ellison's† house in Pall-Mall (preparatory to a call). I got into Piccadilly; after traversing the west-end of which I went through the Arcades into Vigo Lane, down Old Bond Street, into the eastern part of Piccadilly, and back again through the Haymarket to Charing Cross; thence to Whitehall; Westminster Hall; the House of Commons; and Westminster Abbey, where I had a peep at the Poets' Corner. On my return from which place, while I was staring at the interior of the Square of Somerset Place, I met with Mr. George Hawks ‡. He took me into some of the public offices, and after keeping me nearly an hour we had a hackney coach, intending to drive to their office in Upper Thames Street; but we stopped short at St. Paul's, and after seeing the monuments there, I declined proceeding further on account of the wetness of the day. My dinner and porter have cost me 14½d. to-day in the Old Bailey.

* Mr. Rawes, who will be mentioned hereafter, was a Westmerland cousin.

† Cuthbert Ellison, Esq. of Hebburn Hall, in his parish at home; the gentleman by whom he had been presented to the living of Jarrow with Heworth, in 1808.

‡ Brother of Sir Robert Hawks of Gateshead, of the firm of Hawks and Co. Iron Founders, upon an extensive scale, at that place.

"Mr. Hawks has pressed me very much to dine with him to-morrow on Blackheath. His brother Sir Robert and family are on a visit there: but I intend to call on Mr. Ellison in the morning and to spend the day at the Churches. On Monday I shall look out for lodgings, somewhere about Bloomsbury Square, which is near the British Museum. Mr. Rawes cannot inform me where Robert lodges.* Sir Robert Hawks has left a very kind letter in my absence from the Inn.

"What a wretched place St. James' Palace is! I was in the court while the guard was relieving. The Keelmen's Hospital in Newcastle is as good a looking building. Carlton House, the residence of the Prince Regent, is a little better than St. James'. Mr. Ellison's house is between them.

"April 25. This morning after breakfast I called on Mr. Ellison at No. 85 Pall Mall, where I am to dine tomorrow at seven. I was at service at St. Mary's in the Strand. At one I set off from the Saracen's Head on foot for Blackheath. Two miles down the Surrey road at the Bricklayers' Arms, I got a coach to the Lime Kiln at Greenwich, near the foot of Blackheath, from which place I trudged to Grote's Buildings. I dined there with Mr. George Hawks, Sir Robert and my lady, and David and Wm. Hawks, being there. At nine in the evening Sir Robert walked with me across the Heath to the coach office in Greenwich. In our way we passed the site of the house (for all traces of the house itself have been razed) in which our *celebrated* Princess of Wales so long entertained her favourites. I adore the feeling that destroyed that place of revels. A little east of this infamous spot is the house of the Princess Sophia, Ranger of Greenwich Park. From Greenwich I was set down in a part of the City in which I had not been, in Gracechurch Street, but found my way very well past the Royal Exchange, the Mansion House, Bank, &c., to Snow Hill, where I arrived at half past ten, and after having a glass of good milk am going to bed. So ends this day's ramble. Mr. George Bramwell came to tea at Mr. George Hawks', and I had conversations with him about rebuilding the chapel, which led me to expect that I shall get an early, though I cannot say a favourable, answer to our petition respecting it.

"26th. I hope to get lodgings to-day.

"Lest I shall not have an opportunity of writing more till I get a frank for this uninteresting scrawl, let me not omit to express my anxiety for

* Robert Hodgson, a younger brother of the writer of the letter, at that time engaged in the bookbinding business in London. He was in 1819 about twenty-two years of age.

your father, who, I sincerely hope, has not ventured out since I came away, if the weather has been so damp and cold with you as it has been here.

"The weather has improved since twelve yesterday, and we have now a blithe and sunny morning. The apple-trees on Blackheath are just beginning to burst into blossom; but the spring not a week earlier than it was when I left Heworth. This country is so much wooded, especially in and about villas and gentlemen's seats, that it has a degree of richness of scenery which the bare plains of the seacoast of Durham and Northumberland cannot boast of. But the produce on our lands is as forward and luxuriant as any thing here. The cabbages in Covent Garden Market are nothing but four green leaves.

"Give, my dear Jane, my most affectionate remembrances to your father, mother, and sisters. I hope Richard* and Bessy are very dutiful and diligent in their books, and say their prayers very regularly every night and morning, and that Jane and San are well and full of frolic and play. Pray take care of yourself! Write to me soon. God bless you all! Thine,

"JOHN HODGSON."

"If you write to me under frank, it must be under a cover addressed to C. Ellison, Esq., M.P., 85, Pall Mall, London. Or perhaps it will be better, as I have not asked his permission to do so, to direct to J. H., Sir Robert Hawks, 2, Southampton Row, Bloomsbury, London.

"2, Southampton Row, Bloomsbury, 26th April, 1819.

"MY DEAR JANE,

"In a letter which you would receive on the 29th instant, I gave you a sort of narrative of the manner I have spent my time since I saw High Heworth. This morning I met Sir Robert Hawks, by appointment, in Duxfort, otherwise Ducksfoot lane, near London Bridge, for the purpose of availing myself of his kind assistance in getting me lodgings. We accordingly got my luggage and ourselves taken up on the Snow-hill, and drove to the place where I am writing from. I understood him he had got me a place that would suit me, and certainly nobody can be better or more cheaply lodged: for I have a bed, the use of his house, and the command of his servants entirely to myself, Sir Robert and his family being all upon a visit on Blackheath. On their

* Richard, aged seven, Elizabeth Hilda eight, Jane Bridget three, Susannah two.

return, I am promised I may have the liberty of seeking out a place in this neighbourhood myself.

"It would be impossible to describe to you a thousandth part of what I see every hour. Early in the morning I was struck with the extent and elegance of the New Custom House. A little church somewhere about Cannon Street, and called St. Stephen's Walbrook, I thought exceedingly handsome—it is on the model of St. Peter's in Rome. After I settled in this neighbourhood I went to the British Museum, of which I could get only a cursory view. But there was one place where I am sure you would have been delighted to have spent a day, with the bairns in your hand and 50*l.* in your pocket—I mean the Bazaar, a sort of Turkish market, which occupied several rooms on two stories; in which articles of almost every description and of the greatest elegance are exposed to sale, women's apparel and toys especially. There are two markets of this description in the west end of the town, one in Bond Street, the other (which is the larger and most elegant) in Soho Square.

"After seeing this place I went with Sir Robert towards Charing Cross, where we parted, he for Blackheath, and I for Southampton Row: but instead of passing wholly up Drury Lane to Southampton Row, I attempted to slant off to the bottom of King's Street in High Holborn, and got myself nearly lost in the intricate streets of the neighbourhood of St. Giles', where, for the first time since I left home, I was forced to ask my way.

"At seven o'clock I went to dinner at Mr. Ellison's, where I met Mr. John Ibbotson from Yorkshire, and Mr. and Mrs. Morrice. Mr. Ellison's house being nearly a mile and a half from this place, I thought it imprudent to risk myself among the ruffians that fill many of the streets of London in the night, and therefore I got an eighteen penny ride in a hackney coach.

"Tuesday, 27th April. This morning I called upon Sir J. Swinburne in Grosvenor Place, Hyde Park Corner, and expect letters from him tomorrow of introduction to persons who can gain me admission to the objects I am in search of. I did not tell you yesterday that I had an interview with Mr. Jenner, a proctor in Doctors' Commons, and Secretary to the Commissioners under the Act for building additional churches. I have little hope they can do anything for us, but Mr. Jenner recommends me to call upon the Bishop of Durham, and get him to send an answer to the Commissioners' letter. I am at this moment, six o'clock, exceedingly tired, having wandered about all day by myself.

Hitherto, no tidings of Robert, as I have not been able to meet with Rawes at his shop to-day.

"I have had tea and spent the evening with Mr. John Hawks, who lodges near me.

"As Sir Robert Hawks will be returning soon, I think I shall endeavour to get a bed at Willis' or some other coffee-house, which will be quite as reasonable to me as a sitting-room and a bed-room in a private place.

Wednesday, 28th April. This morning I have been to Chesterfield House, where I saw your cousin and her husband. Mr. Burrell and his bride were there. I arrived before they had breakfasted. George went to school yesterday. The youngest child is very healthy and lively, and the little girl, who has dark red hair, has bloom and colour as much as if she had been bred in the country, with all the *sang froid* and address of a mademoiselle that has been introduced.

"I have since I returned from Chesterfield House been employed in preparing a prospectus of my work for Mr. Ellison to present to the Duke of Northumberland.

"On my way back I have seen a very interesting sight, a panorama of the North Pole. It represents the ships of discovery pent up in ice, on the shores of Spitzbergen. It is a most admirable performance.

"Will you, my dear, when you write to me, consider if there be anything in the way of furniture or dress of which you think we stand in need, and which you think I am capable of purchasing, and give me your opinion about the size, quality, &c. for I see that in the brokers' shops here things may be got at very low prices: or if they want anything at the Shore let me know.

"I now do wish most heartily that you had come with me. Excepting in the journey, the expense would have been nearly the same. One lodging-room and one sitting-room for us both would have only been the same as for myself, and then I should, during my stay, have been at home; and, if we had come by sea, we should have been at less expense than the journey and the stay in London will cost me individually.

"To-day, as yesterday, I have been obliged to spend chiefly in lounging and visiting. I have, however, seen both Dr. Prosser and the spiritual chancellor,* respecting the chapel: to-morrow I hope to call on

* Dr. Prosser, Prebendary of Durham, and at one time Rector of Gateshead, with Hodgson for his curate. The spiritual chancellor was the late Rev. James Baker.

Lord Barrington * to obtain an interview with the Bishop on the same subject.

"Mr. Morrice in my absence has called and left a note asking if I wished for an introduction to Mr. Combe,† which is the very thing I wanted. Sir John Swinburne's letters have not yet arrived.

"I must tell you what I have seen to-day. After returning from Chesterfield House, I employed an hour partly in writing to you, and two or three notes to persons I wish to see. At twelve o'clock Mr. John Hawks and myself set out for Mr. Ellison's. On our way we visited Covent Garden Market, of which I think nothing; to be sure there are all sorts of herbs and fruits, eatable and medicinal, green sods, ragwort, and other weeds for cage-birds: flowers, such as the season produces for bouquets for city noses; but I have seen every thing of the kind as good in other places, and in no place I ever saw worse stalls, more shabby people in them, or a worse paved market-place. I am much disappointed with it. From Covent Garden we passed through Leicester Square by Piccadilly and St. James's Street to Pall Mall. I called on Mr. Ellison, who was out. Returning we met with Mr. George Forster and a Mr. Burne, with whom we first went to see the dandies riding on hobby horses; or, as they are called, velocipedes—mere whirligigs and playthings, fit only for boys to ride on under ten years of age. Then we went to see the Exhibition of Mr. West's Pictures, of which you will find an account in a little pamphlet which I put into D'Oyly and Mant's Bible in the Book of Revelations. Death on the Pale horse is finely designed; the head of the horse he took from the fragment of a statue brought from Athens: but he has not come up to the spirit of the prototype. His Christ rejected is a fine picture, and both of them splendid efforts of genius for an old man, a man near 80; but I have heard so much about Mr. West's paintings that I was disappointed with them. They are not so good in colouring, or grouping, or in expression as many that I have seen. The two I have mentioned are certainly very large, and time will probably effect a considerable change in the colouring for the better.

"From this place we visited the arcades and bazaar adjoining the opera-house. Went up Bond Street, a place crowded with all the fashion of Westminster and of the squares of the west end of the town.

* Rector of Sedgefield and Prebendary of Durham, of whom much has been said above; see p. 12, &c. Lord Barrington may be considered as Hodgson's first patron in the diocese of Durham.

† Keeper of the Medals in the British Museum. See above, p. 166.

But it will be relieved of its crowd in a short time: a new street now is forming from opposite to Carlton House, in Pall Mall, across Oxford Street to Portland Place, which it will connect with the Regent's Park. In this Bond Street, small baskets of ripe cherries and ripe strawberries are exposed to sale. At Mr. Ellison's I had seen gooseberries last Monday, and eat tartlets of them to my lunch in the arcades to-day.

"Nine o'clock. I have just returned from dining with Mr. John Hawks, and have a pressing invitation from Sir Robert to attend an evening party at Mr. Braham's the celebrated singer, at which the Duke of Sussex and several of the nobility, with the singers from the opera-house, are expected: but I have thought fit to decline his kind invitation, for reasons which I know you will be angry with me for when you hear them: it is not because I left my authority at home, but a certain article of dress which my portmanteau does not supply me with.

"29th April. This morning I had a long walk before breakfast with Sir Robert Hawks. We went past the Foundling Hospital, by Gray's Inn Lane Road, Euston Crescent, Islington, the Regent's Circus, Devonshire Place, and thence from street to street to this place. On our way we called upon Shield, the celebrated composer, and master of His Majesty's band, a plain, venerable old man, who was born at Whickham, and bred at South Shields. After breakfast I called upon Mr. Morrice for an introduction to Mr. Combe of the British Museum: he lives in Devonshire Street, Portland Place: from his house I went to that of Lord Barrington in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, and from thence to Surrey Street, Strand. But in all my searches, I can only get this account of Robert, that he has got a good situation in Piccadilly. From Surrey Street I went back to the Exhibition of Foreign Paintings in Pall Mall, where I stayed about two hours, dined at an eating-house, Leicester Square, dressed and went to the meetings of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies. The Earl of Aberdeen presided at the Antiquarian Society; and after it was concluded I was introduced to that of the Royal Society, in which the chair was filled by the aged and venerable Sir Joseph Banks. Mr. Carlisle, the Secretary,* invited me to take tea with him; and I reached my lodgings at ten; half an hour after which time I am wishing to you and the dear bairns my best wishes.

30th April. There was a very interesting gentleman at Mr. Carlisle's yesterday evening, a M. St. who was at the head of the

* Hodgson's correspondent in 1815, on the subject of the Saxon Coins found at Heworth. See p. 166 above.

Swiss guards when they were cut down in Paris twenty-five years ago. He and another officer contrived to escape into a wood, and after eight days' suffering under severe wounds, he was noticed by a London hatter, in one of the English ports, brought to his own house in Holborn, had medical attendance, and lived in his family for many years. He has the character of a gentleman of great worth from his friends here, and they have had twenty-five years' experience of his principles; and no person can be an hour in his company without perceiving an uncommon depth of thinking, great choice of words, masterly conversation, profound learning, and withal a gaiety of disposition that reminds you of nothing but the playfulness of a child.

"30th April. Since breakfast I have gone through a great deal of fatigue; my left shoe has pinched my toes so much that they are all blistered. I called on Mr. Pepys at the Royal Exchange; on Mr. Wylam,* in Upper Guildford Street, which is a short distance from this place. Mr. Atkinson,† by appointment, met me at half past twelve, and took me to Mr. N. Clayton‡ of Lincoln's Inn Fields, who has undertaken to assist me in my Queen Anne's Bounty matters. On my return I found a note from Sir J. E. Swinburne changing the hour at which I had engaged to dine with him, in consequence of which I was under the necessity of dressing very hastily, and calling in the aid of a hackney coach, to get me there in time. Just after dinner his brother Edward§ arrived from the North; he says he had called on me after I had left home. To-morrow I call on the Bishop by appointment respecting the chapel. The Mr. Wylams set off for home on Tuesday. Miss Wylam is very well, and a visitor in a very agreeable family. I have got lodgings a few doors below the place I am at. At the coffee-rooms, Willis', the Tavistock, &c. a bed, breakfast, and attendance, costs in regular charge 6s. a day: for a comfortable bedroom and a neat sitting-room I am to pay 18s. a-week; but I trust my stay will not be long, though I assure you that I like London much. Again good night.

"May 1st. Now that I think of it, let me strongly urge upon you, my dear Jane, the necessity of overcoming John's indisposition to attend to his book. It must be done, and the sooner it be done it will be the easier to himself. At the age of five all children should be able to read a little, and if he be not pushed forward soon, that is, be able to read in

* A gentleman from his parish of Heworth.

† Of Carr's Hill, near Gateshead.

‡ A Newcastle gentleman resident in London as a solicitor.

§ His friend the amateur draftsman.

the Testament before he be six, Richard and he will never be companions at their books; besides the habit he is getting of having his own way with respect to his lessons is very cruel and ruinous to himself, inasmuch as it will, if encouraged, at his time of life, grow so strongly upon him, that we must either use great severity to overcome it, or he must when he comes to reflection employ such labour, self-denial, and firmness as are rarely to be met with. I really, my dear, charge myself with great neglect towards that dear boy; for I am sure he would learn quite as readily as Richard if proper firmness was used in drawing him to his lessons, and gentleness and persuasion in implanting in his mind the necessity for such attention.

"This is Mayday morning, and the chimney-sweeper boys are dressed in their ribbands and gilded papers, and have their faces disguised: all the mirth of an unfrequent holiday, and the gaiety and lightness of a being set free from long confinement, break out in the tricks and farces of these little merryandrews; besides them, there are groups of French girls attended by a man bearing a Maypole round which the party dance. The weather is uncommonly fine. The laburnums just come into bloom, though I am sorry to find that you have had some severe frosts in the North. A person told me that the hoar-frost about a week ago at York was very strong.

"I have been with the Bishop, and very kindly and gracefully received: he thinks it quite expedient that the parish should be divided, and will instantly recommend that measure to the Commissioners, though he is afraid they will not be able to effect it. He requests, however, that I may not leave London before the 12th instant; when I hope to have a final answer both on that and other matters respecting my living.

"To-day I have been at Deptford, and dined on board a ship there. The discovery ships, that have been just equipped for the Northern Expedition, were lying near us, and I regretted much that I could not get on board them. On my return, I landed at Ratcliff Cross, from which place the way was very long and fatiguing; and, if I had not been in a party, would not have been easily found. Mr. John Hawks and myself halted about half-an-hour at the London Coffee House, in Ludgate Street, where we found Mr. Alderman George Forster * and Mr. Bourne. I have entered upon my new lodgings, and have no fear that I shall feel myself very comfortable there, and much more to myself

* An Alderman of Newcastle.

than I have been. My landlady has procured me some tea, sugar, bread and butter, and I have requested her to take me in a pint of milk every evening.

"May 2nd. I hope your father and mother have taken up their residence at High Heworth. To-morrow I shall expect a letter from you with a good account of them both. I hope I shall want no more money, especially as I propose coming home by sea.

"As I passed the Lord Chancellor's door, I thought on the tale your father relates of his friend Mr. Kendrick. But how am I to do about calling upon Mr. Burke?* I expected some directions from your sisters on the evening before I came away, but the wetness of the weather prevented their getting to High Heworth.

"I have been most cruelly crippled in my left foot for several days. Yesterday morning I halted and hobbled like one tender-footed from the gout.

The Bishop told me that if I found any coldness or difficulty in getting at the manuscripts in the British Museum, he would remove them for me, if it were possible; and recommended me not to be afraid of asking for anything I thought might be serviceable to me.

"The garden, my dear. There should be some more peas planted below the row which I planted last: there was a few left, and I think you might get a pint and a half or a quart more of the same kind, viz. blue prussian; also a small quantity of lettuce seed should be sown, and some kidney beans; the last of which must have a dry situation. The lettuce, too, which was sown with the first radishes, will be soon fit for planting out; and the cabbage and brocoli stalks should be pulled up and the ground dug. In the north-west corner of the garden there were a few cabbage plants, which I intended to plant out. If you could by any means get your compliments to James at Hebburn, saying that he had promised me a few cauliflower plants, and that as I was from home you would thank him for them, you might plant them on the ground next the autumn cabbages, after its being manured. At the head of the north border I sowed some potato seed: should it spring up, after the plants are in rough leaf, be so good as to have some of them removed into a dry border (manured), first taking care that the ground be sufficiently moist to secure their taking root. You will observe that I have planted some potato, which are also for experiment, on the north part of the border opposite the raspberries. On other matters be so good as to solicit Mr. Wylam's advice in the garden.

* A relation of Mrs. Hodgson.

My greatest difficulty is with my duty. How does Mr. Gibson get through it? Try, my dear, to see him; and say that I cannot leave London before the 12th, and, if you can, encourage him not to faint under the load that is upon him.

"I have inclosed a note to Mr. Snowdon, and shall send some instructions to the new constable as soon as I find an opportunity.

"May 2nd. This blessed sunny morning! this day of rest and delight! I have spent in a most agreeable manner. The persons with whom I live are Roman Catholics, and I requested to go with them to their chapel in Leicester Square. But how ashamed have I been with their unchristian ceremonies! how pitiable it is to see persons calling themselves after the holy name of Christ debasing their minds and suffering their judgments to be darkened with superstitious rites! Oh! it is lamentable to see the human race seeking for comfort and consolation from things and creatures and phantasies that cannot assist them, or, at the furthest, give them only an imaginary assistance; only filling their minds with debasing fears, or leading them to place reliance and to hope for happiness where there is literally nothing for their hope to rest upon. The sermon I heard there was indeed such a one as might have been thought orthodox in any church; but the rest was mere show.

"In the afternoon I went to the church of St. Botolph without Aldersgate, and heard a good sermon from a Mr. Marsh, of Colchester. His text, I think, was at Coloss. iii. 16. He introduced an eloquent, though, in my opinion, an unjust diatribe into the latter part of his discourse against the Roman Catholics. He said they could not have the use of the Bible without a licence from their bishop or pastor: in foreign countries it may be so; in Ireland it may be so; but I know that in this country the Douay Translation was suffered to be read about Lanchester indifferently, and that the college * there had no objections to the boys of Roman Catholic parents reading the Protestant Bible in classes with Protestant children.

"In the evening I went with Miss M. Wylam, and the family with whom she resides, to the private chapel belonging to Mr. Daniel Wilson.† His sermon was long, eloquent, and delivered in the most animated style. It was from Isaiah vi. 8: only one verse was chosen for the text, but he explained with masterly eloquence the whole of the vision that follows the third verse.

* The College of Douay upon the French Revolution was removed first to Crook and afterwards to Ushaw, both in the parish of Lanchester.

† Afterwards Vicar of Islington, and now Bishop of Calcutta.

"On my return, I found my brother Robert waiting for me: he is very well, and a very fine steady young man. His long apprenticeship has solidified him, if he had anything unsteady before. He is with a person at No. 8, North Street, near Westminster Abbey, where he is learning something which he could not get a knowledge of where he served his apprenticeship. He is comfortably situated; though he has too long hours to work, and a considerable part of his earnings to give to the foreman of the shop in which he works, as a bonus for the instructions he receives.

"Now, my dear, at present I know of nothing I have further to add, excepting my prayer that you will pay attention to your father during my absence; though I do hope that his complaint is so far subdued that he is able to ride about. Remember me very kindly to him, and to your mother and sisters. Kiss my dear children for me; and I pray God to watch over you all, and to guard you all from all trouble and misfortune. Most affectionately thine, my dear Jane,

"JOHN HODGSON.

"11, Upper King Street, Bloomsbury, London, 2nd May, 1819.

"3rd May. The hawthorn is not yet in blossom. The stalks of the flowers are distinct, but the flower has not opened. We had a severe frost on Thursday morning; but, as it was not attended with rain, I hope it has done only very partial injury. The apple is scarcely in blossom.

"I send this by Mr. R. Wylam, who, with his brother, breakfasts with me this morning."

"11, Upper King Street Bloomsbury, May 3rd 1819.

"MY DEAR JANE,

"I think I told you I expected Mr. George and Mr. Ralph Wylam to breakfast with me this morning. We walked after breakfast to Somerset House, with the hope of seeing the exhibition of the Royal Academy; but on account of its not opening on the first day until twelve o'clock, I walked with them by the Burlington Arcade and Bond Street to see Portland Place. In our way back we called at the British Museum, and after going hastily through it, I succeeded in finding Mr. Combe at home, and consequently in getting admission into the Reading Room. I therefore immediately bid good morning to the Wylams, and entered upon my labours. There are generally about twenty gentlemen besides myself employed in consulting and transcrib-

ing manuscripts. We write down the titles of the volumes we want, and the servants of the Museum bring them into the Reading Room, which is open from ten to four on every day of the week, Saturdays and Sundays excepted.

"I have already found several curious documents. A very old letter of one of the monks of Durham to the Prior and convent at Tynemouth, respecting the discovery of the bones of Malcolm, King of Scotland, and his son, the heir apparent, at Tynemouth. Also a very old and curious account of the miracles which had been performed by the Saints of Hexham; the latter of which is rather a long article.

"At four I had a beef-steak with Sir R. and Mr. D. Hawks, and went at seven with them to a concert for the benefit of Dr. Calcott, in Hanover Square. It was a very large and elegant room, and very numerous and splendidly attended. Lady Swinburne gave me a ticket to it, and I was exceedingly fortunate in walking into the part of the room where her ladyship and Lady Gordon (her sister) had taken their seats. Dr. Calcott was a composer of music, and is now unfortunately deranged. Braham sung, as did several other excellent masters of the tuneful art. I was much taken with the playing of one of the violincellos; but the concertos and symphonies were dull, unintelligible stuff to me—so dull that, in spite of the skill of the performers and the display of beauty and brilliance with which I was surrounded, I was frequently travelling in the Land of Nod.

"Your kind and acceptable letter, my dear, was here on my arrival from the Concert. I need not say how gratifying it was to hear so good an account of you all, and especially of your father: you say he talks of coming here. If he has such a design, I hope he will be able to effect it while I am here; but I really fear it will be too great an undertaking for him to come by land, and by sea he would have poor accommodation.

"I cannot think of any observation that I have to make arising out of your letter, excepting that you have nothing to fear about inclosing a letter to Miss Wylam, provided the sheet you write on, her letter, and the cover, do not weigh an ounce; if they should weigh more, the parcel would cost Mr. Ellison three shillings at the least.

"4th May. We have had fair weather since the 26th of last month till this morning, and to-day it has rained more or less from seven to the present time, seven in the evening. I have had six hours' work at the Museum, and am getting fast forward; but with work which will not afford much material for writing to you, I shall, however, con-

tinue to give you a little diurnal of observations, if for no other purpose, for the sake of sending my thoughts and my heart to thee, my dear, and to our dear children.

"This is the first evening since I arrived in London that I have been by myself, and I assure you, in spite of all the noise and hurry of this overgrown place, I feel myself as much at ease and quiet as if I were a thousand miles from it.

"In the morning I wrote a note to Robert, wishing him to come and spend an hour or two this evening with me. I am expecting him every moment.

"The stays of dandies are commonly exposed in the street shops in the Strand, &c. for sale. They are made of a sort of elastic girthing, have straps at one end, and buckles at the other; and on the top have three openings, pierced with holes for a lace, thus (*here is a drawing with the pen*).

"Besides the dandies there are infinite successions of very observable personages in London. A day or two since I met, in Holborn, a young man dressed in a fashionable short-backed great coat and wide pantaloons, of the moderate length of six feet seven inches and a half: he wears spectacles: this kenspeckle youth is called Wilson, and is from Westmerland. At St. Botolph's church there was a young man, who, as far as I could see of him, and that was only the head and a part of the neck, was tossed off as much as any of the Bond Street bodies: but that which made him an object to be looked at was white eyelashes, and a profusion of white hair of the precise tint of that of the white bear of Greenland.

"I have sat up to near ten o'clock, and as my brother has not made his appearance, I begin to think of my bed. The wetness of the night, I apprehend, has prevented his coming; as he lodges and works a little to the west of Westminster Abbey, and the street I am now in is north of Oxford Street, there is a distance of nearly two miles between us.

"I have bought a paper to-day, to see the debate on the Catholic question, and have directed it to your father. Though I am so near the Houses of Parliament, I see and hear less concerning the business transacted within them than I usually do in Newcastle. Till to-day, I have not seen a newspaper since I left the Saracen's Head. Sir J. E. Swinburne tells me that Mitchell is dead.*

* The Editor of the Tyne Mercury, and the great advocate of Radicalism in the North of England.

"The watchmen are calling 'Past ten:' it is therefore time for me to retire, to pray that the favour and blessing of God Almighty may rest on you and our dear children, and the family at the Shore.

"5th May. After getting the newspaper posted for your father, and a walk for nearly an hour, I returned to breakfast, and found Robert in my sitting-room. At ten I went to the Museum. Dined at five, and at half-past eight went with Mr. and Mrs. John Hawks to Covent Garden Theatre, where we paid 8s. 6d. for half-play seats in the boxes,—so, for me, adieu to the theatricals of London. The play of which we saw part was *Evadne, or the Statue*. Miss O'Neil played the part of the heroine, and performed it well. We had seats in the second tier of boxes, and there were three tiers more above us. One theatre is much like another, at least Newcastle is a very correct model, as to effect and good acting, of anything I have seen here, or indeed can possibly be done in any theatre: but it is a mode of amusement and killing time that I have—and I can most heartily thank God for it—no passion for. I am sure that the greater part of the people who crowd these fashionable places of amusement would be more honestly and more morally employed in sleeping, and the whole mass might be more usefully and more happily employed, if their minds only vibrated with a right tone of thinking, in a thousand ways, than in hearing the silly stuff, and feasting the eyes with the silly sights, of the theatre.—Not that I think that persons of fixed principles can be corrupted by them, but that such persons will have no desire to attend them or defend them. Many plays are excellent lessons of wisdom and virtue; but the stage is not supported by such plays; it lives by licentiousness.

"May 6th. Though it was twelve when I went to bed, I rose, after an excellent sleep, at six, and was with Robert in his workshop, Dean Street, Soho, a little after seven. He showed me a most splendid copy of *Magna Charta*, in the old text hand, and printed with gold, parts of it beautifully illuminated; also a specimen of beautiful binding, *Mudford's History of the Battle of Waterloo*, for the Countess of Besborough.

"After breakfast I walked to Covent Garden to call on Mr. Lambert of the Grand Allies * Office, who, I understood, had called here yesterday in my absence; but he had gone out. Thence I proceeded toward Chesterfield House; in my way stopping to see a show of

* A Company of Coal-owners on the Tyne.

French prints and caricatures in Leicester Square. They are quite out of the English style, and to me more gaudy than beautiful. Many of them, however, are very playful efforts of fancy, such as "Love pictured in a rose." Of Buonaparte there are several evidently designed by his friends. On one I noticed he is styled Napoleon the *First*, as if they still expected his son would make a *Second*. In another, his name is surrounded with stars. But in a shop near those that deal in French prints, and at the corner of Pantom Street, there is a large collection of very spirited and witty caricatures in the true English style, which attract their due proportion of notice. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon and family are well, and Mr. and Mrs. Burrell still there. Mr. Burrell says they are thinking of purchasing a ship in London, the scheme of building one in Newcastle having gone off.

By appointment I was with Sir J. E. Swinburne, at half-past ten; and at twelve he walked with me to General Sir Willoughby Gordon's at Chelsea, on the margin of the Thames. In his garden I saw a fine Glastonbury thorn in full flower, and two American thorns also in flower. The English hawthorn has not yet come into blossom, though the flowers of it are beginning to peep out. One tree in the garden, I mean the *Arbor Judea*, was quite new to me: flowers of a fine red colour burst out of its bare stem in great patches, where there are no appearances of either leaves or branches. Mr. Callcott, the artist, met us there. After lunching with Lady Gordon we went to the Military Asylum for the orphans of soldiers. The children are admitted between the years of seven and twelve; at fourteen they are apprenticed out. We saw them assemble for dinner at one; 850 boys, 400 girls, in all 1250, marched in column into their respective dining-rooms at the same time. After they have been for a moment stationed in their places at the table, and while they are still standing, one stroke of the drum announces *attention*, and a second is for *grace*; that done, a third stroke is for them to *sit down*. Their dinner was a piece of boiled beef with potatoes, a large slice of the finest bread, and small beer for their beverage. After dinner, the same order is observed as before it, in saying grace, and returning to their respective play-grounds.

"Their meat and potatos are boiled together in large metal caldrons, formed of plates of malleable iron riveted together. The meat is put at the bottom and the potatos at the top, and only as much water is used as will cover them. They breakfast on thick gruel of water and oatmeal, to which a quart of water is added for every six boys; each having nearly a quart of this pottage for his mess. Colonel Williams,

who superintends the Asylum, went round it with me, and was exceedingly civil and attentive to all my inquiries. On Sundays they have roasted meat and potatoes. After dinner, they have two hours of play, and at three one party goes to their work and the other to their books. Great numbers of them are bred up as tailors and shoemakers, in which employment we saw them at work. I was peculiarly struck with their prison and mode of punishment. They consist of a cage of strong iron wire, in which is a sort of clock, the hands of which move one minute by turning a handle like that of a grindstone; so that to be sentenced to move the hands one hour is a severe punishment.

"This splendid institution is close adjoining the Chelsea College, where we also saw numbers of the old veterans sunning themselves, and enjoying the air of this charming spring,—and I may also say this charming climate, in comparison to ours. I observed that the leaves of the noble horse-chestnut in the College grounds have been blackened by the late frosts; though they are at present in full blossom, which is not the least injured. The grass here is getting very thick and long.

"We returned at five, and I dined and had a pint of porter in the Strand for 11*d*.

"Mr. Gordon tells me he will send your father a cheese, and I promised to pay for it; though, I fear, if it be large, the price may *pinch me for cash* to set me home, and I should not like to be forwarded by a vagrant's pass. I have, indeed, employed all the economy I am master of since I came here, and yet money steals from me much too fast. For one thing, I found I could not do without a trunk, and that cost me 20*s*. out of my 25*l*., besides several little articles of dress which I have been obliged to purchase.

"In walking from Chelsea we passed several large nurseries: one especially is very observable, on account of the variety and great number of greenhouse plants which are reared in it: it is kept by a person called Colville. As we passed it, it was very dangerous to cross the road on account of the great numbers of carriages driving to and from it. This place is a very great resort of ladies of fashion during the whole of the winter and spring of the year; and it is not for plants merely that large sums are daily expended, but even for flowers. Early in the year it is not uncommon to pay a guinea for a rose, and larger sums for more uncommon flowers. Some ladies expend as much as 100*l*. a year for *flowers* here.

"I called at the Courier office in the Strand to-day, and bought a paper, which I sent to your father.

"No person can form an adequate notion of the great wealth of London from a cursory observation. One thing, however, must strike even an inaccurate observer with astonishment; I mean the great number of silver and goldsmiths' shops scattered through all parts of the town and its environs. In a walk from Charing Cross to Leadenhall Street, one night, I suppose there were articles of plate and jewelry exposed to public view in the windows, sufficient to satisfy all the luxury and all the necessity of the British Empire; but a very little reflection is sufficient to unravel all the mystery that induces astonishment on the subject. Every family in the kingdom, and a very large proportion of the individuals of the kingdom, who can afford it, pass a certain part of every year, or some portion of their lives, in this theatre of commerce, legislation, and fashion. It is the great mart of nations: the Exchange of the World. In our own country there are few families who have not some article of plate or jewellery made in London; and from this place to all the corners of both the civilized and uncivilized world, ornaments and trinkets are exported. People tell of the want of gold, too! but specie struck with the dies of every nation in the world may be purchased of the jewellers in London, and that too to almost an indefinite amount.

"May 7th. I have stirred very little out to-day. At ten o'clock I went to the Museum; and fell in with plenty of rich material there to serve me for a few days. It is full of stores for my purpose: but five days a week, and only six hours a day, is much too short time for persons who have travelled nearly 300 miles for the purpose of labouring in it. To-day I found a finely written manuscript, which contains numerous very ancient pedigrees of Northumberland families, drawn from records in the Tower, &c., and large extracts from the Register Books of the Abbeys of Alnwick and Newminster and the Priory of Brinkburn.

"In walking down Holborn Hill this afternoon to my dinner, I met Mr. Taylor, the gentleman who resided some time in the Grove House in Heworth. He seems quite well, though you will remember the state of mind in which he was when taken from Newcastle some time ago under arrest. He resides in London.

"I expect the garden is beginning to look well. I saw peas in blossom in General Gordon's garden yesterday; but the stems of the plants were low and feeble. How will you do for pea-sticks? there are plenty at Hebburn.

"May 8th, half past seven A.M. I have just returned from taking a third sight of Covent Garden Market. It is thronged this morning:

the great avenues to it are all choked up with cabbage carts. It teems with abundance, and of things of the most excellent of their kind; but there is nothing neat about it—it is all confusion and disorder. I had supposed that every thing in this celebrated *garden* was disposed in regular stalls, with great neatness and regularity; instead of that, carts, stalls, baskets, wheel-barrows, and all the rest, are as rudely jumbled together as if they had fallen from the heavens. The carrying-women are here, as in Newcastle, very tormenting, but very civil: they took me for an half-pay officer, as I went in my great coat, without one under it, and split their jokes very freely, but very goodhumouredly, upon me: they were very witty, without any thing like indecorous language.

“Rhubarb of two kinds—one red for mixing with apples, the other green to mix with *grosiers*, is here now in great abundance; *fifty large stalks* of the green kind only one shilling. Vast quantities of lilac flowers, tulips, &c. &c., but by no means in a nice state, are sold and that not cheaply. You will recollect the evergreens and flowering plants kept in pots in greenhouses in the market; among them are great numbers of spruce-fir and boxwood plants, which are sold to the citizens as window ornaments. I have indeed observed in Snowhill, and other places, that fir-trees are among the rarities of the collections which grace the virandas of the London windows. Large cucumbers sell for 1s. 6d. a piece; gooseberries, 1s. a quart; new potatoes about 2s. 3d. a lb.; old ones at 3s. 6d. for sixty lbs.; asparagus of the finest kind 4s. for 150 heads; old onions, 9s. a peck. There were small quantities of strawberries, and small quantities of peaches, such as are taken off in thinning overloaded trees. This sort of fruit, on the old walls of Chelsea, were of the size of pigeon's eggs. I mean peaches and apricots.

“I forgot to say, before I went to bed last night, that Robert spent above two hours with me yesterday evening. I don't think that his health is good.

“The trunk which I have bought is thirty inches long and fourteen deep. It is neatly covered with leather in hair. I intend it for your use; it has an excellent lock.

“Since ten I have had a ramble. First I called on the Wilsons at Nottingham Place, in the New Road. Then left my card at Mr. Askew's * house in Wimpole Street; thence, by Bond Street, I proceeded to Christie's sale-room in Pall Mall. In my way I stopped to look at a drawing of the machinery, where an automaton figure plays at chess,

* Of Redheugh, in the parish of Gateshead.

and has never but once been beaten since it came to London. The admittance to see it play is 2s. 6d., I therefore contented myself with seeing the picture of this lifeless wonder. The people of London are provokingly silly; they talk of this box of wheels, and of the figure that moves the men, as if the one or the other were endowed with intelligence. The real matter of fact must be that intelligence guides the movements, and that the man who shows it makes them; but the query is, how he applies an impetus to the machinery without being observed? I think, when the number of men, and the various ways each man can move, are considered, it is infinitely beyond the compass of mechanical art to calculate against all the varieties of change of position that the men can be put into on a chess-board, by anything like clock-work: but I see no difficulty in contriving machinery to direct a hand to any figure which the conductor chooses to place it upon. This ingenious contrivance is by a Mr. Kempelen, of Vienna.

"A large quantity of the Queen's curiosities, such as were sent as presents to her on her birth-day, &c., are selling off at Christie's rooms. I was about an hour in the room; and marked the prices of the things which I saw sold in a catalogue which I will bring with me. It is very curious.

"At two I had a second interview with Mr. Jenner, respecting the division of the parish, which I now most confidently hope will be soon effected, and to my entire satisfaction.

"You see I have very little room to write about yourself and the bairns; recommend me kindly to all inquirers; affectionately at the Shore; kiss my children for me, and God bless you all! From thine, always, my dear Jane,

"JOHN HODGSON.

"I hope to receive a letter from you before you receive this."

"11, Upper King Street, Bloomsbury, 10th May, 1819.

"MY DEAR JANE,

"Yesterday morning I met Robert at the Admiralty, from which place we took seats upon a coach for Bromley.* The morning was exceedingly charming; a cool fresh air with a bright sun, and an agreeable elasticity or springiness in the atmosphere, gave a cheerfulness and sobriety to the spirits, and to the tone of thinking, that made one

* The Palmers, who were relations by his mother's side, resided at Bromley. To this place he paid frequent visits now, in 1821, and afterwards.

delighted with being in existence. Of all things in nature a fine spring morning is the most delightful, and the more so when that morning is a Sunday morning, and connects all our better thoughts with that glorious and magnificent Being that formed us capable of being delighted with the contemplation of His works.

"Spring, my dear, is a season of hope and pleasure, and it has often in this beautiful season reminded me of the hope and pleasure I have in my children. At present it is delight, unmixed with any uneasy anxieties, that occupies our mind when we contemplate the prospect of their future life. As the summer of the year begins to advance, and the expectation of fruit is every day converted by degrees either into real promise or disappointment, our satisfaction, if we find in them the fruit of good living, will be greater than it is at present; but our anxieties may also be converted into sensations more poignant than those of disappointment.

"Kent, as far as we travelled in it, seems a delightful county, well-wooded, has a waving surface, and is covered with a luxuriant verdure. In some parts I observed the trees to be sorrily mutilated, stripped of all their branches, excepting a little tuft at the top, so that they resemble the inverted queue of the man of fashion thirty years ago. But the abundance of untossed trees, especially the fruit-trees, and the luxuriantly-flowering horse-chestnut, give a richness and charm to all the suburban villages of the metropolis, which to a person habituated to the bare hamlets of the North of England is exceedingly enchanting. All nature here is in the greatest luxuriance—even the ash is beginning to clothe its naked branches. Will you, my dear, when you receive this, note how the hawthorn is advanced about High Heworth? On the road between Lewisham and Bromley I observed that in a few places it was full blown; but generally that the petals of the flower are unfolded.

"I found all the family well, excepting my aunt and Mrs. Richard Rawes.* My aunt has had a bad fit of the gout, of which she is, however, much recovered, and able to hobble into the garden and watch her bees. Mrs. Richard Rawes has been ill during the winter. She has had one child, and though her expectations of having another have often been raised, they have as often been prematurely disappointed; she is at present still very lame, and it is truly pitiable to see the lively, active, and high-spirited Miss Cantwell, now scarcely able to hobble

* All relations by his mother's side.

over a well-carpeted room, and robbed of all her wonted vivacity; but she is in the way of recovery.

"I dined with Mr. Palmer, who married one of my cousins: they are exceedingly kind and hospitable people, and have a delightful residence on the outskirts of Bromley. Mr. Palmer has done much to it of late, by way of beautifying the garden and orchard ground, and adding largely to the stock of green-house plants, of which Mr. Richard Rawes brought him a splendid collection last year from China. I must remember that I have promised to send him a few plants of the Ayrshire rose. He is both an agreeable and intelligent man, and I was much pleased with the frank and open simplicity of his wife.

"I had tea with Mr. Robert Rawes, the master of the school, a gentleman of refined education, and a member of Magdalen College, Oxford. His spirits I understand are far from equal, now cheerful and now low and melancholy; in whom the *L'Allegro* and the *Il Penseroso* of Milton are combined. There were on this day a swarm of cousins and half-cousins, and countrymen, at his house, where open hospitality seems to be kept on Sundays.

"We left Bromley at seven, with inside seats, as the evening began to gloom, and indeed it rained heavily for half-an-hour before we reached Charing Cross, and very heavily about eleven. I hope the weather with you is quite as good as it has been here for the last week; it is the finest spring ever remembered. Nothing has been injured by the frosts that prevailed about a fortnight since, excepting the laurels, the flower-buds of the laburnums, and the young germs of a few other trees.

"On Saturday I bought two sets of copy-heads for Bessy and Richard, which I would have sent down with my last letter, if I could have seen Sir R. Hawks to have got a frank; but he is still on Blackheath.

"Will you, my dear, get the children to attend to their catechism; I think they have not fagged at it lately. If there be any book you think they may want, you had best go either to Akenhead's or Charnley's for it.

"To-day I called on Adamson* at Willis's Coffee House in Lincoln's-inn Fields. He walked with me into Pall Mall, and waited for me till I had a conference with Mr. Ellison respecting the chapel. After that,

* His brother secretary in the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle, and a solicitor of great practice in that town. Mr. Adamson was an eminent Portuguese scholar, and a man of considerable literary and antiquarian knowledge.

we called at Buckingham House, the palace of the late queen, where Mr. Carlisle the librarian showed us the excellent collection of books which constitute the King's library. The first room consists entirely of early printed books, which can be considered in no other light than as curious specimens of the art of printing in its infancy. In this room the king used to sleep during the times the queen was confined. We were also shown the room and the chair in which Dr. Johnson was sitting when the king paid him the memorable visit, which is recorded by Boswell in his "Life of Johnson."

"From Buckingham House we went to St. James's Park and Westminster Abbey, and over Westminster Bridge to Lambeth Terrace, where Mr. Adamson had to call upon a friend, and from that place by the Obelisk in St. George's-fields to Southwark Bridge, which spans the river with only three arches, all of cast iron; its piers are of granite. From this noble edifice London Bridge has a most clumsy and heavy appearance, and seems as if it had been built with a view to dam back the river. At three, I called on Mr. Jenner, to get some further information as to the best manner of proceeding to divide the parish. We lunched at Willis's; then walked to the Strand, called at Somerset House, at Stockdale's in Piccadilly, at a printer upon stone in Great Marlborough Street, at Tassie's in Leicester Square, and from that place I proceeded to my lodgings. At six, we dined together at Willis's, and parted at nine; Adamson and Mr. Allason,* of Heddon-on-the-Wall, to Covent Garden Theatre, and I to bed, after scrawling thus far.

"I have had another meeting with Mr. Ellison, respecting the church and chapel: but cannot bring the matter to a conclusion. If the patronage had been wholly in Mr. Ellison, there would have been no difficulty in the way. I dine to-day with Mr. Ellison; and Mrs. Ellison has promised me a ticket to the Opera. From twelve to four I had a search in the Museum.

"On Sunday I saw rye in ear in several places. To-day I have seen heads of barley in the window of a corn-merchant. They were brought from the country.

"In returning from the Museum, I find Miss Wylam and Miss Meek have called, and left their cards.

"I have received your last kind letter, my dear, before I go to dinner. The article of dress I wanted at the time of Mr. Braham's party has been supplied. I got a pair of new pantaloons immediately on my

* Vicar of Heddon-on-the-Wall, near Newcastle.

arrival, but not a pair of breeches, and I could not go there excepting in full dress. I have also got a pair of silk stockings. I wonder that you did not see it was a pair of breeches I wanted, as I supposed I had hinted to them plainly enough.

"I will not leave London without bringing something for the children, if they take great care with their lessons; and when I arrive you must expect me by sea: but I will not stir till I get everything settled as far as possibly can be done respecting the chapel.

"11th May. I did not get from the Opera till near one o'clock this morning. Mr. Middleton, a gentleman I had been accustomed to meet at Hebburn, dined with us. At eight, I left the dinner table and went to the Opera House; the rest of the party, being habituated with the sight, did not go till ten. When I got there three or four scenes had been acted. With the opera in my hand, and the use of an English translation, I was able to follow the performance pretty well, and to be pleased with parts of it; but, on the whole, nothing can be more dully stupid and unnatural than it was, and all operas must be. It is a species of amusement that cannot be enjoyed but at great expense, and on that account it is fashionable. No person, or very few, seemed to be interested with it. The ladies and gentlemen formed little coteries in the boxes, and chatted without being at all interested with the exhibition. Now and then there was a clamorous bravura, and I think I could, consistently with my own feelings, have joined the passionates in clapping; but the applause was altogether unconnected with the drama—is was for the *airs*, some of which were certainly sung in good style: but they have no Catalani at the Opera House now. The music was by Mozart. At the conclusion of the first piece, a statue of white marble walks in and sings to a hardened and wicked hero, who had murdered its prototype: but he braving all the terrors of futurity and the warnings of the dead, chooses torments rather than say "I repent!" and demons rise with flaming torches, and howl and shake their pale blazing lights over his head; the earth opens, and they descend with their victim into hell.

"Now, if there was any moral in this thing—if it was intended to make any good impressions on the heart, all that impression could not have failed being washed off by the levity which immediately followed. What is it that pleases the spectators, that draws them together, and that brings them back again and again to the exhibitions of the opera dancers? Some of the attitudes they put themselves into are certainly graceful, and their nimbleness is a proof of great strength of muscle and

of health, and in these views their performances are connected with ideas that lawfully create pleasure. But——

"12th. After my six hours were past at the museum, I went to dinner at the house of the Bishop of Durham. The party consisted of the Rev. Mr. Lysons, his wife and daughter, his brother Samuel Lysons, the keeper of the records in the Tower, and one of the vice-presidents of the Antiquarian Society,—these two gentlemen are joint editors of the *Magna Britannia*; Sir George Staunton, who has been twice with the embassies in China, a gentleman well skilled in all the difficult literature of that country; Mr. Weston, a celebrated connoisseur in antiquities, and a very various and elegant scholar; Mr. Price, who brought with him a roll of large drawings made by himself of various towns and ruins in the East, especially in the countries between Constantinople and Persia; this gentleman speaks the Arabic and Persian languages with great fluency, and is at present engaged in translating a Persian poem, which is founded on the History of Joseph; and last, but not least, the biblical antiquary and illustrator of Eastern customs Mr. Burder, the preacher of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, and evening lecturer at Christ Church Chapel. Mr. Burder presented the Emperor Alexander with a copy of his works, in return for which his Imperial Majesty sent him a beautiful sapphire ring set in two rows of pearls. It was exhibited at table. When I entered the room, the Bishop said, 'Gentlemen, I have the pleasure of introducing to you a brother antiquary—a Durham antiquary; of whom I can assure you we are exceedingly proud.'

"The lady who lives with the Bishop is very pleasant. I think she is above forty: she has an expressive and agreeable countenance in conversation, dark piercing eyes, and apparently very unaffected and engaging manners.*

"The Bishop is quite a wonder.† So old, and yet so healthy, so lively, elegant in manners and conversation, full of anecdote, and a memory of all past and passing things, that you would suppose his faculties still in the vigour and playfulness of youth.

"We dined at five, and left his lordship at nine. On my arrival at my lodgings, I found my brother, who came here by appointment, and stayed with me till eleven.

"My negotiations respecting the chapel are still unclosed.

"I continue to enjoy very good health. The only inconvenience I

* Miss Colberg.

† The Bishop of Durham died in 1826, in the 92nd year of his age.

feel is the spasmodical flatulency, which sometimes affects me grievously for a few minutes, but never more than a few minutes, once in about twenty-four hours, and only for the few last days. I was often afraid the complaint originated in indulgences; but now that I very seldom ever see anything stronger to drink than milk, the complaint is precisely the same.

"I hope you may expect to see me at High Heworth in a week's time; but, as I have made up my mind to take my passage by sea, I cannot mention the day of my arrival, even if Providence make all things to combine to give me a safe and expeditious voyage.

"I feel confident that our dear children are very good, and that Bessy and Richard and John endeavour to make mamma happy, and mind their lessons. Once more, my dear Jane, wishing a good night to thee and thy dear children, and the good family at the Shore, with all of whom I long to be again united.

"13th May. After breakfasting this morning, I was preparing for the Museum, when a message was brought me that there would be a great meeting of the Sons of the Clergy at St. Paul's to-day. The description given me was such that I could not resist being present.

"Before proceeding thither I visited Ackermann's, with a view of ascertaining whether I could apply the new discovery of printing upon stone to any useful purpose in getting up my History of Northumberland. I was much and agreeably surprised at the spirited specimens of the art which were shown me. It will answer excellently in making facsimiles of all kinds of writing and printing, and for plans of buildings, camps, &c.; but it is not applicable to giving fine views of buildings or portraits of persons.

"At eleven I went to the cathedral; but I found the choir everywhere so crowded, and such a circle waiting to press by force through the doorways, that at first I despaired of getting access; and to remain on the outside of the choir would not have gratified me, though I should have heard the music distinctly enough. At 12 o'clock I had worked my way into a part where I could both hear and see distinctly enough, but the crowd was so closely jammed together, and kept up such a waving motion, and the ladies, of whom there were very great numbers, were so intolerably squeezed, that I began to think there would be exhibitions of fainting, &c. and therefore by great exertion of main strength made my way out. Mr. Allason, of Heddon-on-the-Wall, was waiting for admission. I, therefore, though unknown, represented our case to one of the Canons, who had a key, and he readily went and let us

in by a private door to the Bishops' stalls, two of which, on the side we entered, were empty. I consequently got a good place, Allason only a stand; one of the clergymen of the church having reached the head of the stairs before him. There were eleven Bishops present, among whom were the two Archbishops and the Bishops of London and Carlisle; the rest I did not know. The Duke of Northumberland was also present. All the music which was performed was by Handel, excepting one piece, composed some time since on purpose for the meetings of the Sons of the Clergy by Dr. Boyce. Among the pieces by Handel was one which was quite overpowering in its effect; for you must know that the organ was assisted by the King's band, and the whole choir of St. Paul's. The piece I allude to, is called, I think, the Halleluiah; its words are these:—

'Halleluiah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The kingdom of this world is become the Kingdom of the Lord and of his Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. Halleluiah!'

The Coronation Anthem was also sung: you will find it in the Book of Kings.

'Zadok the Priest, and Nathan the Prophet, anointed Solomon to be King. And all the people rejoiced and said, God save the King! May the King live for ever Long live the King! Halleluiah! Amen.'

"From the place in which I sat the view of the congregation was exceedingly grand. The whole area of the choir and within the rails of the chancel was completely crowded. In the three tiers of stalls, and above them in large temporary galleries erected between the pillars, not a person more could in any way be admitted. Some ladies fainted, one was seized with a sort of roaring hysterics. Dr. Goddard preached. His text was, "I have been young and now am old, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread." The service commenced soon after twelve, and concluded about ten minutes before four. The *Te Deum* lasted an hour: to be sure the music of it was exceedingly grand. How all the trifling shows of the Opera House fade into nothing in comparison with what I saw and heard here! During the whole of the service everything was calm and still; there was a solemn silence, and a riveted attention observed by every one. I think that the continuous din of the carriages and waggons passing in the street did not interfere with the grandness of the effect—it resembled greatly the

roaring of a tempest of wind around a large building enveloped in trees, or the distant murmur of the sea in a storm.

"I forget to say that the Lord Mayor, Recorder, and three of the Aldermen, came in state: I saw their carriage; it is exceedingly antique and curious in its shape, much gilded, and admirably painted with metaphorical figures.

"While I was waiting for the procession coming out, Mr. Coulthard came to me. We dined and had coffee together, and in my way to my lodging we went, through Moorfields and by Finsbury Square, into Smithfield.

"Be so good, my dear, as to write to me again before I leave this place. You may without hesitation direct to Mr. Ellison in this manner, which I dare say is the way you have done. 'C. Ellison, Esq. M.P., 85, Pall Mall, London.' And upon the letter in the inside for me, 'The Rev. John Hodgson, 11, Upper King Street, Bloomsbury.' It only troubles Sir Robert Hawks's people directing to their house, though it is only five doors from my lodgings. I have seen Miss Wylam this evening, and invited her to a great meeting of royal dukes, &c. &c. at the Freemasons' Tavern to-morrow at twelve o'clock, to which I have had a present of a ticket, for myself and one lady, from Sir J. E. Swinburne.

"May 13th. The weather continues very fine. I had a walk this morning through the three squares, which this street, and those which join with it, bound in a right line on the north: viz. Bloomsbury, Bedford, and Russell Squares. The trees in the area are in all their richness, the gold of the laburnums being the most costly as well as the most beautiful of the ornaments. What numbers of children with their maids, belonging to different country families, who reside in the square, were walking and scampering through the gravel walks, and over the finely shaven lawns of these squares!

"I have determined to return by sea, and as soon as ever I have finally arranged matters respecting the chapel. A week in the Museum will do much for me; and I hope to establish a correspondence with the keepers of the records in other public offices, which will answer all my purposes.

"It is very agreeable and gratifying news to hear that your father continues so well, and that the children are so attentive to their lessons. Pray influence your father to stay a few days at least with you. I am sure it will be of use to him.

"Thank you, my dear, for the last kind letter, which I received on my return from St. Paul's this evening; and thank you for your attention to the garden, which I hope will repay you for all your trouble in it.

"To-morrow I will give you an account of this day's observation. You see I write a little every day, and at every leisure moment. It is indeed the only amusement and the only thing I have to fly to while I am by myself in my lodgings.

"With affectionate regard for all at the Shore, love to thyself and the children, and compliments to the Wylams, believe me to be, thine most truly,

"JOHN HODGSON.

"The next by Mr. Coulthard, who goes hence on Monday or Tuesday."

"MY DEAR JANE, 11, Upper King Street, Bloomsbury, 14th May, 1819.

"I made a great mistake this morning. At nine I received from the Bishop of Lichfield * a note, saying he would see me on business respecting the chapel at one. I expected Mr. Allason at breakfast. He never came. This new arrangement caused me to write to Miss Wylam, saying I could not go to the meeting at the Freemasons' Tavern; soon after I found that the meeting was not till the 15th.

"The Bishop of Lichfield is not so old in years as the Bishop of Durham, but much more so in intellect. I could not bring him to the point I wished to be at; though he was exceedingly kind and accessible—ready to assist me, yet I could not fasten his attention on the sole object I wished to accomplish; he flew off to something else. At the Queen Anne's Bounty Office they told me they had no power to separate Jarrow from Heworth; but I succeeded in one thing, which could not have been accomplished without my presence, and which I hope will eventually repay me the expenses of this journey, viz. in getting, to the 1,000*l.* with which my living has been augmented, two additional allotments of 200*l.* confirmed upon it; so that I have now 1,400*l.* to lay out in land.

"I am most miserably tired this evening; I have been all over the town on the business of our most wretched chapel, and am still no

* Dr. James Cornwallis, afterwards Earl Cornwallis, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and Dean of Durham.

nearer than I was when I set out first, in falling into a method of getting it separated from Jarrow. On Monday I intend to call upon the Brownes, owners of Jarrow.

"I was half-an-hour with Mrs. Gordon this evening, where I saw Mrs. James Burrell, whose husband has purchased a ship, for which he is looking out for a freight to St. Petersburg. It is not quite to his mind, being about a foot too low for the trade he was wishing her to enter into; but, though it is seven years old, he considered it a well-timbered and strongly-built ship. I did not see him: he sleeps on board.

"My work at the Museum has not proceeded as I wish this week. It is full of valuable matter, and I am very loath to leave it without taking away a considerable portion of the most valuable of it.

"15th May. You will look long for a letter from me. I see Mr. Ellison has so many letters to frank on his own account, that I am loath to rob him of the privilege. If I can call on him to-day I will get a frank for Sunday, on which day the members seldom make use of their privilege, no post-office being open but the general one in Lombard Street. This morning, since writing the above, I have desired Sir Robert Hawks to get me a parcel franked at the Secretary of State's office, which I hope you will receive on Monday, on which day both Miss Wylam and myself will send dispatches by Mr. Coulthard.

"At eleven to-day Miss Wylam and myself went to the Anniversary Meeting of the British and Foreign School Society. Though we were an hour before the time the meeting was announced to commence, and precisely two hours before it did commence, yet we were rather late to get the best range of seats: we could not, however, complain, as we were even in front of the chair, and not more than eight or ten yards from it.

"At ten o'clock the Duke of Kent arrived, and immediately took the chair. I was exceedingly gratified with his conduct and his abilities. I never before saw any person quit himself half so ably. His manner of speaking easy, dignified, and unstudied, no gesticulations, no "sawing the air with his hand," no hesitation, no affectation of eloquence, but a straightforward, convincing, and forcible language poured from his lips, as naturally and as nobly as a full river rolls over its channel. From his situation in the chair he had often to speak and often to reply, and invariably a masterly style was maintained. Not so amongst the rest of the orators, amongst whom were several able men, and very probably men of more various and more profound abilities than himself. Lord Effingham, to quote poor old Goodrick's

phrase 'made a sad set of himself.' The Honourable and Reverend Mr. Hamilton, the son of an Irish Bishop, gave a most eloquent and impressive description of the state of education in Ireland. He was followed by the Honourable Grey Bennett, who spoke badly enough, before a less august meeting than the House of Commons, where he frequently holds forth respecting the climbing boys, &c. His words stuck in his *hause*; in short, he blundered most miserably. Of a different class, followed Mr. Anderson, the Secretary of the Lady's Subscription School in Edinburgh: his narrative was plain and unembarrassed; his tale affecting, and now and then gracefully ornamented with the jewelry of rhetoric. He said that an old man who enlisted into the King's service in 1715, at the age of 117 became desirous of learning to read, and that it was an affecting and gratifying sight to see, in the school which he attended, mothers bring their infants and cradles, that they might themselves have the benefit of being taught to read the Scriptures. Mr. Philip, a member of the House of Commons, spoke a deal better than his honourable friend Mr. Grey Bennett. But of all that spoke none had so great a command of language, and of the flowers and the elegancies and ornaments of speech, none was so fluent and so warm and zealous as Mr. Wilberforce. I could not always hear what he said, as he frequently sank too low to be heard; but he is growing old, and his personal appearance is much against him, for he is plain, low in stature, and of a very awkward shape. I cannot enumerate to you all that spoke, and name very few that were present. But we had orators from both France and Germany: a citizen of Paris and a member of the Legion of Honor *read* a speech; and I left a gentleman from Bombay on his legs, and labouring very hard. The two Princes of Hesse sat one on the right, the other on the left of the Duke of Kent; of whom I must not omit to state that that sincere, upright, and patriotic senator, Mr. Wilberforce, said, that he was constrained to bear public testimony to the many public and private virtues, and to the laudable and exemplary zeal, of his Royal Highness in everything that concerned the welfare of the lower orders of society. No person ever heard me defend the vices of the royal family; in so far as I believe them really to exist, I do most sincerely deplore them; but my persuasion is that they have been belied, injured, and calumniated on every side by persons a thousand times more wicked than themselves. He that would go about and feed his mind upon the drunken and pestilential trash of a London mob, or a London newspaper, daily edited to gorge the ravenous maw of the discontented of London, must never hope to

arrive at that healthy and delightful state of mind which rejoices to feast itself in the contemplation of the virtues and the excellencies of those whom God created for the purpose of filling high and honourable stations among their fellow-creatures. You, my dear, have heard it said that

“Publicity,
Though like the angel Innocence, would move
Divisions, horrid grinnings, and the yell
Of Jealousy.”

Our royal dukes have virtues, and I hope I shall never arrive at that low and sordid state of mind which cannot afford the due meed of praise to the great as well as to the low. For I think it a vice which has greatly prevailed within the last twenty-five years in Europe, and which cannot be too highly reprobated, to endeavour to extol the inconsiderable benefits rendered to mankind by low and obscure persons, and to detract from the merit of real and important advantages conferred upon society by men of rank and opulence. But I forget to whom I am writing, and am hurried on by a warmth, as if I was addressing myself to, and endeavouring to convince, some idle and worthless politicians, and not one who wisely suffers the rulers of the nation to manage matters in their own way, and feels no pleasure in seeing the light of public praise and public gratitude withdrawn from the characters of the wise and well intentioned. My love, to be contented is to be happy: he that can praise another can rejoice within himself; and I rejoice to have seen only one of the sons of that monarch whose character I revere and venerate, advocating with zeal and eloquence, such as I never before heard, a cause the most important a human being can be engaged in, the instructing of the ignorant, the giving light to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death; and I have, further, no doubt but that all the children of my venerable sovereign have virtues, which in the great day of account, when we must all answer for ourselves, will hide the multitude of sins to which our nature is so prone, and the more so when that proneness is ripened and fostered under the beams of affluence and prosperity.

“16th May. Robert came to breakfast with me, and at half-past nine we set out for the Magdalen Chapel, not the nearest, perhaps; but on our road we looked into the Chapel of St. Stephen's, Westminster, in which is a window of beautifully painted glass.

“I was not much delighted with the method of doing duty in the Magdalen. An elderly man, Mr. Prince, who has lost some of his

fore-teeth, read prayers, and with far too much endeavour at effect, in too theatrical a style. He was succeeded in the Communion Service by a young man, whose method was impressive and dignified. A Mr. Bowles, from Wiltshire, preached in a slow and solemn manner, from Luke xv. 18. 19. His sermon was made up of shreds and patches, a chaos of sentences on the subject of the parable of the "Lost Son" and the Magdalen Institution, but it was in a great measure extemporaneous; and I have never yet heard any man deliver a well-connected discourse extemporaneously, of advice and instruction, that had in it that depth and consideration, which I think every sentence that is delivered from the pulpit ought to have bestowed upon it before the preacher commits it to the heart and consciences of his hearers. But the singing and the organ here were delightful. Of the notes of the organ I may say as Sterne said of Maria's music—"they were the sweetest notes I ever heard;" and of the singing, it flowed in that sweet and captivating melody, which we think would fall from angels' lips. After service at the Magdalen Chapel we went to Hyde Park: but I forgot to mention one thing respecting Magdalen Chapel. I think its form is well adapted both for hearing and seeing the preacher. It is octagonal, thus: (*a ground plan in pen and ink is here given.*)

"The Magdalens have a screen of green stuff before them; their dress appears to be uniform, and is, I understand, the same as prevailed when the institution was commenced: their hats are of this form, as may be distinctly enough seen through the screen. (*A sketch of the head-dress.*) I understand the number in the Hospital is about eighty.

"Now for Hyde Park! We lunched at a pastrycook's shop on the way: at half-past two we arrived in the Corner. Mr. Morrison of the Team* came in soon after us, and talked about half-an-hour. Still there was no throng; we therefore walked to Kensington Gardens, and quite around them. These gardens should be called a park; as the place abounds in fine trees, and not any part of it is now in garden ground. The Palace there is a contemptible building of brick. The horse-chestnuts were still in full flower, and the most richly-blossomed trees I ever beheld. The thorns, too, which are large, are beginning to throw out their blossoms and perfumes most charmingly. The day has been hot, and from Kensington Gardens along the upper part of Hyde Park the heat and dust were almost insupportable; still, however, the stream of London population flowed heedlessly through these inconveniences. When we reached the Park, near the head of

* A place near Gateshead.

Oxford Street, it was a moving sea of veils, hats, and parasols before us. The carriages, in two rows, stood immovably for ten minutes, the way before and behind them being choked up:—but it is folly to run into descriptions of things that cannot be described. The crowd, it was observed, was greater than had ever been seen excepting during the time that the Allied Sovereigns were in London. The object of attraction was the Persian ambassador; he was mounted on a most beautiful grey horse of the Arab tribe, the fullest chested animal I ever saw. His dress was a close gown with long sleeves of ruby velvet; his cap lofty and of a sort of sable fur; he had three attendants, each mounted on fine Arabian horses, but men of rather a shabby and certainly dirty appearance; their seat—for saddle, according to our ideas, it was not—was a sort of carpeting, but small, and gave you the idea of a bit of hearth-rug. Their stirrups were short, consequently their position on horseback not graceful. His Excellency seems to be of the real Tartar race; he is about fifty, a strong robust man with a very thick and black beard, and his eyes are set in his head in the cat-like way in which the eyes of the Chinese stand. This figure will give the children a correct idea enough of him (*a sketch in the margin of the letter*). He was attended by an English gentleman, with whom he was in earnest and apparently amusing conversation, as he frequently laughed to great excess, shaking his short thick stick over the gentleman's head.

"As we came out of the Park we met with Mr. and Mrs. John Hawks and Mr. and Mrs. Brumell—the gentleman whom you will remember me visiting at Kibblesworth. He wished us to go to dinner with him, which I declined, with the view of going to another place. After dining at an eating-house at six, my brother and I therefore went to the Foundling Hospital. It was the anniversary day of the institution, and above thirty boys and girls were there who had served their apprenticeship "faithfully and honestly," and came back to return thanks for the advantages they had derived from being nurtured and educated in this excellent institution. The preacher's name was Mr. Pitman, and his text was Luke xvii. 17, 'Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine? there are not returned to give glory to God save this stranger.' The sermon was well adapted to the occasion, well delivered, and altogether a piece of excellent composition.

"Now, my dear, I purpose coming hence about the conclusion of this week or the beginning of next. Still I expect to effect something more useful respecting the Chapel; and should I be delayed beyond the week end, I hope no serious inconvenience will arise from it; the worst

part of the matter is that my money is fast exhausting, and I cannot find in my heart to ask for more. My weekly expenses, now that I have got, as it were, into the method of the place, amount to about 30s. which I think must be considered moderate. If, however, you think you could get a few pounds from Mr. Jameson, and desire your father to send it to me through Sir M. W. Ridley's bank, I shall bring it back if I do not want it. I hope you will receive this by Thursday, but I will not come off till I have an answer from you. I now feel sure that my work will answer to me.

"May 17th. I am waiting of a note to inclose with this from Mary Wylam, and fear she is going to put me late, as I have to be at Brown's office in the city early this morning.

"I hope you have the same sort of glorious weather that we have here. There is considerable abundance of green peas in Covent garden market this morning. Gooseberries are 4d. a quart.

"I have given myself no time to correct the blunders of this letter.

"Assure your father that I will not stay here a moment longer than I think I am spending my time to advantage. But I hope his health is such, that in these long and fine days he will be able to amuse himself, and to pass his time with enjoyment.

"My compliments and affection to him, your mother and sisters, and love and tenderness to thee and our dear children. From thine, my dear Jane,

"JOHN HODGSON."

"11, Upper King Street, Bloomsbury, 17th May, 1819.

"MY DEAR JANE,

"In a letter which I despatched this morning I expressed a wish to be supplied with a few more pounds: but your anxiety and care for me have gone before my wishes; and I beg that you will thank your father for the indulgence which he offers me. I shall draw upon him, but not till about the time I am coming away, as I am not yet without money, having about 4l. left.

"I have been so miserable in my feet that this morning I have bought four pairs of very fine raven-gray worsted stockings, from which I find a great relief,—they are a sort that are not worn at present, inasmuch as boots and pantaloons have superseded the use of fine stockings; and on that account the dealer only charged me 14s. for the whole. I gave at the same house 16s. for a pair of silk ones, though I might have had silk stockings large enough for me for 8s. a pair; but they were thinner than gauze at the heel.

"After losing two hours at the Museum by waiting for Mary Wylam's note, I went to the Messrs. Brown's office * (the owners of Jarrow), in Fenchurch Street; as they were not within, I left a note, requesting they would give me a hearing respecting the chapel. Being so far on the way, I thought it a good opportunity to visit the mercantile docks, and accordingly got Mr. John Hawks to accompany me to Blackwall. We had refreshment on board an Indiaman from Calcutta. I got as curiosities two East India Gazettes dated in November last; they are curious on account of the paper on which they are printed, and in containing advertisements in three languages.

"The governors of Morpeth School have written to me to procure them an office copy of their Charter, which has been discovered in the Tower since I came to London.

"Without referring to your letter, I suppose the mistake about your father coming to London originated with me. You said, I think, 'that your father talked of coming up as soon as he got a part of his throng over,' and that 'coming up' I now see was only to High Heworth.

"I often sit with amazement here when I think how quiet I am in the midst of so many hundred thousand people, and how I have got so far from home apparently without any trouble or exertion.

"What trouble you have taken in copying the account of Mitchell's funeral! Sir J. E. Swinburne thinks Mr. Turner did imprudently,† because Mitchell —————; and so all the Newcastle people think, whom I have heard speak about it. But 'let the dead bury their dead,' and let us be ready always to obey the command, 'Follow thou me.'

"May 18th. I have had six hours' work at the Brinkburn Register‡ to-day in the British Museum, and am now going to dine with Sir R. S. Hawks.

* The presentation to the living of Jarrow is *in turns*. The next turn belonged to this family.

† "1819, April 24th. Died at his house at Chimney-Mills, on the Leazes near Newcastle, Mr. John Mitchell, editor and printer of the Tyne Mercury, aged 47 years. April 29th, his remains were interred at the foot of the garden of his residence. The procession was conducted in the usual manner, and a numerous assemblage of friends attended the body to the grave. The funeral service was read in a most impressive manner from the reformed liturgy of Dr. Lindsey, by the Rev. William Turner, of Hanover Square (Unitarian) chapel, who also delivered an address suited to the occasion." *Local Historian's Table Book*.

‡ Transcripts only. The original Chartulary was then at Stowe, in the possession of the Duke of Buckingham. It is now buried in Lord Ashburnham's collection.

"Our party this evening consisted of Sir R. Hawks and Lady Hawks, his two sons, Mr. Shield the composer, Mr. Purvis (a young barrister,* and son of Mr. Purvis of Earsdon), and Mr. Tully, a musician. This last gentleman plays delightfully on the horn. He amused the company with many curious imitations of performers—especially he mimicked with great success, with a walking-stick to finger upon, the playing of a foreigner on a flute; and Catalani's singing, on the horn, on which instrument he also played the *Thorn*, the music of which is by Mr. Shield.

"This Mr. Shield I told you was born at Whickham, and has risen to fill the highest situation in his way in the kingdom, namely, that of leader of H. M. band. He talks about Jarrow church with great reverence and enthusiasm.

"My dear Jane, I will not stay an hour longer here than I think it prudent to stay. I would have been with you before this, if I had any prospect of coming back again; but as I have no early view of such an event, I think it right to learn as much of this wonderful place, as I think every one, who has a public situation in the country, ought to have some knowledge of, and that little cannot be had by a mere superficial glance.

"The little boys about London are all getting dandy-horses, for such seems at present the name of the Velocipede: I wish Richard and John could see one of them; as for Richard, he would never know how to guide it, but John, I think, in a year or two's time, will be able to master it, though it will move only on level ground.

"Jane and San must have dolls, and I have seen a shop in Cranbourne alley where I will call for one before I come away; they have very beautiful eyes, and some of them can, I dare say, do anything but eat and talk; Jane's shall be a very clever one and San's very pretty.

"As for Bessy, I think she must have a little workbox, or something of that nature. She is too big a girl to want a mere plaything.

"I hope both Bessy and Richard are plying at their Catechism, and that they get up a portion of it every night, and say it to mamma at breakfast every morning. They would receive each a nice set of copy-heads by the last packet; to which Sir R. Hawks said he added several other things.

"The shades of another evening, my dear, are over us: it is eleven and I hope you and our dear children are all well and sound asleep.

"There has been a very strong debate, as you will see in the papers,

* This gentleman in a later period made himself very useful to Mr. Hodgson in making transcripts for his use from the British Museum. See hereafter.

in the House of Lords, on the Catholic Claims. I lament that I have not been towards the Strand to get a paper for your father, as I am told that several of the speeches are excellent.

"May 19th. It is a month, my dear, this morning since I left you,—a long month to us both: an eventful one to me, for I have seen more in it than through all the rest of my life.

"We have had very hot weather for ten days. At 12 o'clock last night it began to rain, and has continued to do so, at intervals, very heavily, till this time, nine o'clock.

"In returning from my dinner this evening I bought a New Times newspaper, and sent it to your father, which I hope he has received; it contained the debates on Mr. Tierney's motion on the state of the nation.

"There is a general supposition that the milk used in London is a composition; that it is first diluted with water, and then thickened with some white substance. Be it as it may, it is a very clever and excellent thing. I see nothing bad in London excepting their veal, which is neither beef nor veal, but a tough hard substance very unlike either, and like nothing but itself in badness. London is a most disagreeable place in wet weather; the streets are so dirty in the crossings, and there are such unceasing successions of umbrellas on the flags (or pavements, as they call the side-paths here), that it is both disagreeable and laborious to make one's way through the crowded parts of the town in the rain. To-day about 3 o'clock the atmosphere was so dark that I could scarcely go on with my work in the Museum.

"I have not yet been to the House of Commons, but will see Mr. Ellison on Saturday morning for an order which he offered me some time since.

"I think I have some cold about me, and am therefore anxious to get to bed. Though my health is very good, yet I have had a sort of stiffness and soreness in my back for some days, which make me both incapable and unwishful to walk about. Good night, my love, good night!

"May 20th. I have been breakfasting with Mr. Purvis, a young barrister, and son of Mr. Purvis, of Earsdon, at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn. He is a very open and right thinking young man, and I hope will succeed in his profession.

"Under a very heavy rain—that is, a thick, dark, dronching London drizzle, a thing far worse than a Scotch mist, I have been wandering about the town for four hours. The rain overtook me in Leicester Square, where I looked about for a place to shelter in, and took refuge

in Miss Linwood's gallery of pictures, done in needlework; and it is a very curious and excellent collection of pictures, all of which are copied by herself from the works of eminent artists. The colours are most happily and harmoniously blended; in the dresses especially it has a most happy effect.

"The rain continuing, I called on *Barnes*, the dealer in papers printed for the Houses of Parliament, with a hope of procuring copies of the Population, Charitable Donations Returns, &c. &c., but did not meet with him at home. Sir J. Swinburne I found engaged at his house in Grosvenor Place, Hyde Park Corner, with a brace of lawyers. His brother, in Bury Street, St. James', was gone out. Mr. Ellison was also gone out, so that all my calls at that end of the town were fruitless. After leaving an advertisement respecting my work on Northumberland, at Mr. Nichols's office, in Fleet Street, I proceeded to the Heralds' College, Bennett's Hill, near St. Paul's, and was most civilly received by Mr. Young,* one of the officers of that ancient corporation. I had letters to him from Mr. Surtees, of Mainsforth,† and from Mr. Bentley, a partner in the house of Nichols and Co., proprietors of the Gentleman's Magazine. He has promised to supply me with any documents their office affords, and that gratis: which I cannot but consider as a very great indulgence, especially when I am aware that he has taken upon himself a great deal of labour and drudgery.

"I forgot to say that at the request of, and by the advice of Sir J. E. Swinburne, I left a card at the Duke of Northumberland's house in St. James's Square, thanking his grace for the facilities which he has been pleased to offer me in collecting materials for my History of Northumberland. Having got all matters arranged at that quarter, I have, therefore, sent an advertisement to the Gentleman's Magazine, and am to have copies of it to circulate among my friends here, before I commit myself to the mercy of the ocean.

"I saw the Guards to-day march into the Park. Richard and John should have been there to have seen the beautiful dresses of the officers, especially of the Polish Lancers; the feathers of their caps are very bright and magnificent—they appear like those of the bird of paradise. but the wetness of the morning made them droop. If the boys should ask what sort of appearance these fine men make, mamma can let them see one of them on the other side; though Richard must not ask what sort of an animal the soldier is mounted upon, if papa does not

* Now Garter King of Arms, of whom much hereafter.

† See Memoir of Mr. Surtees, (Surt. Soc.) p. 386.

succeed in doing, what he has never yet succeeded in, that of drawing a horse. (*A sketch with the pen.*)

"The dress of the Lancers is intended to have the appearance of ancient armour, and the officers are narrowed at the waist, and sit as stiff and upright as if they were cased in a jerkin of steel. There is a very good French caricature of two Cossack soldiers preparing a young Russian officer for the parade: he is seated upon a stool, and they have passed a sort of swathing band of great length once round his body, and are each of them pulling with all his might to tighten it: but I apprehend this sort of dandyism is going out, except in the army, where it commenced and is fixed as long as the order stands for the present sort of dress. Indeed, the present sort of tightness and tidyness, which prevails in the army dresses, is, I think, suitable enough in the soldier—he should be finely and smartly dressed, especially in London and in the present time, when he is of little more use than to be looked at, and admired either on account of his person or his dress; and as every soldier cannot boast of a good combination of personal perfections, it is right that his dress should be such as to make up in show that which is deficient in the attraction of his person. A soldier in the park, or on parade-ground before the Horse Guards, is certainly one of the cleanest and best dressed animals in the creation; especially when he has risen while young to the dignity of two epaulettes, and has the privilege of plenty of goldlace to cover the seams of his coat and his pantaloons. But dandyism in Bond Street is taking quite a different turn: the man of fashion is now in some degree a negligee, in appearance partly a male and partly a female, for his pantaloons is gathered into his waistband, so as to have the appearance of a petticoat under the waistcoat; and the coat itself is made full before, tight in the waist, and with very wide gathers about the hips, so that the animal that moves in this sort of habiliment does appear at a distance to be a thing of doubtful gender. I will attempt to draw one. (*A sketch, front and back view, with the pen.*)

"Here now you have one of the exquisites both before and behind. I cannot say whether they came before or followed after the Persian Ambassador; but I have no doubt but the Eastern trouser and mustachio have caught the affections of the European beaux: but whether they were first smitten in Paris and sent the distemper to London, or London does not owe this fashion to Paris, I do not know, as among the numerous inquiries I have to make, and the questions I

have to ask, I have hitherto neglected to inquire into this very important matter.

"I have dined with Sir R. S. Hawks, and Robert has been with me some time this evening.

"Nothing in London is more astonishing than the great exertions of every person connected with trade, especially that of the mechanics; their hours of labor are very long; Robert works from six till nine, that is, three hours' overwork. It is the same almost in every trade. Here, if you are astir to see it, you find shops open at six in the morning and at eleven at night. The booksellers have a very hard life; they have to labour immensely. Comparatively speaking, we, who live in the country, are only half alive; but the consequence of this overstrained exertion seems to me to be this, that the constitution of the population is perpetually wearing out, and that if very large supplies of fresh people were not always poured into it, the present labourers would sink under their load. It is not the climate of London that annually kills so many, it is an over attention to their employment; they have too little relaxation; their hours are divided between sleep and labour, no time is allowed for breathing in the open air, and for relieving the mind from its constant and intense application to one definite subject. The system pursued is such as will always tend to enrich a few, whom nature has blessed with constitutions and abilities stronger than the rest; but I question much that it tends to general happiness, because I think it has a greater number of miseries attending it than a less laborious, less hazardous, and less anxious life in the country.

"I am afraid I shall not be able to get a frank for this letter before Sunday, on which day I intend to call upon Mr. Ellison and breakfast with him.

"But after this letter arrives I must deprive myself of the pleasure of receiving any more letters from you, as I hope to be at sea before they can possibly reach me.

"This evening I had a note from Mr. Thomas Brown, fixing twelve o'clock to-morrow to meet him respecting the chapel.

"My prayers to God for the happiness of you and your infant family shall not, my dear, be forgotten: God bless you all! and though I am not personally with you to say good night into your ear, yet my good wishes, my affection, and my blessing, are never absent from you.

"May 21st. Friday. After breakfast I walked to the Paragon in the

Kent Road, about three miles from this place, and immediately returned in company with Mr. Atkinson by Blackfriars Bridge, through the Temple to Lincoln's Inn, where I called upon Mr. Clayton to thank him for the interest and trouble he took for me with the Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty. As we came through Lincoln's Inn Fields a tremendous thunder-shower drove us for shelter under the portico of the College of Surgeons. I returned to my lodgings, and then walked into Fenchurch Street (about two miles) to wait on Mr. Brown. At first I found him, as I expected, jealous and cold, and afraid of committing himself. He was afraid the division of the parish would make alterations in the divisions for the maintenance of the poor; and much of such other unreasonable objections I had to explain away, and by openness and candour I at length got him to promise to meet Mr. Ellison on the subject this day next week; sooner he could not; so you see it will be next Sunday morning before I can possibly get off, as I am determined to have final answers respecting the chapel before I leave, for there is nothing to be done here by letter on the subject. Next week will finish all I have to do for myself, and I shall be hard enough driven to do it.

"After leaving Mr. Brown, I called at Mr. Lysons's office in the Tower, but was not fortunate enough to find him. Then I went into the Coal Exchange; there was nobody there whom I knew. In Upper Thames Street I inquired for Mr. Nichol: soon found him, and with him his brother-in-law Mr. Graham, and Strachan, a captain of one of the traders, who told me he had seen your father twice last Saturday, and, what was more gratifying than anything I had heard since I came here, that he appeared very well and was very hearty. In my way to King's Street I had my plate of boiled beef and a piece of cheese in the Old Bailey, and after all this ramble had a full hour's work in the Museum. Since four o'clock I have visited Priestley the bookseller's shop, and, excepting two volumes of sermons, have bought the only book I have ventured to covet since I came here,—it is Benson's edition of Somner's Saxon Dictionary, a work which I have long wanted, and the only one which I think of purchasing; it cost 1*l.* 7*s.*, and is in no great bulk, being very scarce.

"Since I got new stockings my feet have kept in excellent order.

"After a very long and heavy rain, the sky has this afternoon cleared up, and the weather appears settled.

"As I hope to get this letter franked to-morrow or Sunday, I shall close it this evening, noticing to you, that you will have another chance of

gratifying me with a letter, if this reaches you by Monday. If you do not get it before Wednesday, I fear I may not be to be found on the morning of Saturday the 29th, on which day a letter posted on the Thursday before nine would reach me.

"Here, my dear, is the last side of another portion of a very carelessly written journal. If I should relate all I see it would take up more leisure than I can spare, and leave us nothing to talk about when I come home.

"I hoped to have been able to have sent you a proof of the Prospectus of my History, but I have not received a copy of it yet from the printer.

"If you chance to see Mr. Russell or Mr. Snowdon, you may say to them that I wished to mention to them that I now have very sanguine hopes of getting Heworth made an independent parish, and that I am waiting till I am certain whether the division will take place or not, to ask for money to assist in building the chapel, as it would be in vain to ask for money before I have grounds and plans sufficiently digested to prove to the trustees of the fund, to which I confidently look for assistance, that our scheme is a settled and practicable scheme.

"Now, my dear, to say in my own style, *finally*, let me entreat you to take care of yourself. You have never yet said to me how you are. To your father be so good as to say, that if I have a prosperous voyage, God willing, I will be with him and see him smoke a pipe of Oronooko by the second of June. My love to him, your mother, and sisters; and to thee, my dear Jane, and the children, my tenderest affections. Always thine,

"JOHN HODGSON."

"MY DEAR JANE, 11, Upper King Street, Bloomsbury, May 22nd, 1819.

"Mr. Allason, of Heddon-on-the-Wall, breakfasted with me this morning, as also did Mr. Purvis of Lincoln's Inn. Between ten and eleven I was fearful the weather was going to continue wet, but after a heavy shower it cleared up, and to-day has been remarkably pleasant. At eleven I called on Mr. Ellison, and made arrangements with him respecting his interview with Mr. Brown on Friday.

"After that I called at Nichols's office (the printer), and was astonished to find that the advertisements on the back of the Gentleman's Magazine pay duty, and that my prospectus will cost three guineas. Indeed I am not certain but I will countermand the order tomorrow morning; though it is certain, I cannot have it so well or so

widely diffused over the kingdom in any other way, as the Gentleman's Magazine is read almost entirely by antiquaries, and such country gentlemen as have a taste for local history.

"From Mr. Nichols's office I went to Mr. Lysons's chambers in the King's Bench Walk; but not finding him there, I proceeded towards the Tower, where I waited till he arrived. He showed me the Charter of Morpeth School, which was endowed by King Edward the Sixth with certain lands that had belonged to Chantries, &c. in Morpeth. It is beautifully emblazoned, and has the seal of Edward attached, but, as the document has been inrolled, Mr. Lysons could not permit me to take a copy of it, because the copy of it in the Chapel of the Rolls is of greater force in legal matters than the original itself, after that original has been in the hands of its proper keepers, namely, the burgesses of Morpeth.

"Mr. Lysons showed me the room in the White Tower where the main body of the records is kept. The first room is the chapel and the second the great council chamber. It would be impossible to attempt to describe them to you; it is sufficient to say I was gratified with the order and care in which they are preserved.

"It was at least curious to be shown some letters in the handwriting of some of the Kings of England; one especially of Richard the Third, written with great spirit and freedom. Shakespeare has made him eloquent, a great master of words and argument, but perhaps not more great in that way than he really was.

"After being very politely offered to have any *extracts* out of these records gratuitously for my History, I left Mr. Lysons and proceeded to the office of the Tower guards, to get an attendant to show me the Tower armour, with the sight of which I was greatly delighted. The horse armour was to me not novel, but curious, especially the three hundred cuirasses of the French soldiers taken at Waterloo. But of all the astonishing sights I ever saw that of the muskets and other small arms is the greatest. There is a small room into which you are first shown that contains the volunteers' arms; the other room is 345 feet long, and 60 feet wide, and completely piled with highly polished armour, arranged in the most beautiful manner.

"To see all these sights cost me 6s. 6d. It was nearly five as I came through the archway of the Tower, and I had to dress and afterwards dine at six at Nottingham Place, in the New Road, Paddington—a thing impracticable without the assistance of other legs than my own: I accordingly took a hackney coach in Cheapside, and after dressing,

another to Nottingham Place, which cost me 4s. 6d. It is by expenses of this kind that the money is drawn from one's pocket in London, not so much by expenses of board and lodging. Of the party with whom I dined was Mr. Blanchard, a very sensible man, serious, quiet, and endowed, apparently, with great correctness and liberality of thinking. He told me he is the great grandson of Roger Gale, and the great nephew of Dr. Stukeley, two names ever memorable in the list of English antiquaries. Of the other party I know little, excepting that I have forgot the names of two of them and the other is called Miss Dalley: they are from Ireland; and greatly against the Catholics. I think the gentleman's name is Godby. His wife is Miss Dalley's sister; they are very accomplished people, staunch Protestants, and connected by blood or marriage with most of the great families in Ireland.

"I suppose the great fall in the Stocks will make great noise in the country; but by judicious persons it is considered purely artificial. Your father will rejoice to hear that Lord Castlereagh is seriously, as I hear, determined to try for a new property tax.

"But I am writing about things which will be old news when this letter reaches you. O! how I long to be at home! I am truly sick of being here. And yet I must fag another week.

"Bromley in Kent, May 23rd. This morning my brother and I came here on the stage. It was highly gratifying to observe on our way the great improvement the country had made since the 9th, on which day I first visited this place. The late rains had greatly refreshed the country. We arrived just in time for church. The clergyman preached from 'If ye love me keep my commandments, and I will pray the Father and he shall send you another Comforter.' Before dinner I sat with my aunt about two hours: she is at her own house, but confined to her bed of the gout, which was brought on by over anxiety for her daughter Mrs. Richard Rawes, in the beginning of this month. She is, however, recovering and in good spirits. Her memory is still astonishingly accurate—as well in present matters as those which occurred 60 years ago. She remembers all the people in Bampton in Westmerland, where she was born, much better than I do, and brought many things back to my memory which with me would for ever have sunk into oblivion, but for the conversation I had with her.

"After dining with Mr. Palmer we had a stroll in Mr. Rawes' shrubbery; it is a deep narrow dell with fishponds in the middle. One side partly in garden, and one side partly in grass, with filberts, flowering shrubs, &c. The other side is covered with tall forest trees and

underwooded with laurel in great health. On the brow of the hill on one side of this shady retreat is a boarding school for ladies, which belongs to the lay Rector of Bromley, the Bishop of Rochester, and which is rented and sub-let by Mr. Rawes. It was about 8 o'clock when we were here, and close to us, but not that I could discern it, we listened to the

"Sweet bird that shuns the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy."

I was charmed with the variety and sweetness of its notes; but still there were too many pipes of the woodland choir playing their evening service to hear its warbling in its fullest charms; and I reluctantly left the sweet abode of music and gratitude, with the hope of visiting it before bed time: but at ten the night became wet and I was disappointed.

"Bromley. The country around this place is very beautiful, though they tell me not so much as about Tunbridge and the hop country. I have made this sketch out of my aunt's breakfast-room window. (*A sketch with the pen.*) It represents garths behind her garden; then a gentleman's house, and beyond in the distance two seats in a country which appears to be wholly wooded.

"There is not much hay cut. My cousin, Mr. Rawes, has had one field down for a week, and in very unfavourable weather. Several fields between this place and London are much laid by the late rains.

"London, May 24th. We came from Bromley at eight, and I got here at ten. The wind is N.E., and the weather not cold but wet and gloomy. At ten I went to the Museum, where I staid till four, and Mr. Atkinson and a Mr. Murray and two daughters came at four, and got me to go through the galleries with them.

"I have employed a person to copy for me in the Museum, and after I get a specimen from him shall be able to judge whether it will be of advantage or not to commission him to transcribe for me such parts as I may write for from home.

"After dining to-day I came home by West Smithfield, Saffron Hill, Liquorpond Street, and Theobald's Road. Saffron Hill is quite as elegant as Sandgate, Newcastle; it is full of shops for old iron, old clothes, and all sorts of rags and fragments. The people who tenant it seem poor and wretched. No person can judge of the true condition of London who does not look into places like this: what a contrast between splendour and filth! The shops of the Strand and Cheapside glitter with gold: Saffron Hill and the adjoining streets are set out with rusted iron

implements, great quantities of which are second-hand things, exposed to sale for use, as they are not for working up.

"The College at Bromley is a very excellent establishment for the widows and children of clergymen. Each family has a comfortable suite of apartments. Miss Shepherd, who edited her father's work on the Common Prayer, and which you will find in new binding among my books, lives with her mother in this establishment, and came up in the same coach with me this morning.

"If you go to church in London there appears such attention to the duties of the place, and in general such numerous congregations, that you would suppose that the whole population of the place was influenced by the purest and most zealous devotion. In the theatres they appear to be in everlasting attendance, and given up to licentiousness and folly. In the most public streets all appears to be wealth, gaiety, and happiness—in the back lanes and alleys you see nothing but nastiness, wretchedness, and discontent. It is a place, like all others, made up of people in all conditions of life: but great magnificence and extreme poverty stand in more conspicuous opposition here than in any other part of the kingdom.

"I have been nearly five weeks here, and during all that time have only peeped out into the country three or four times. I say peeped out, for even the journey to Bromley, which is called ten miles out of London, is almost the whole way a sort of street, and people at all times swarm upon the road more thickly than they do in the streets of many provincial towns.

"I am sure you are longing for my arrival, and I know well enough that something or other, on account of my absence, is occurring daily of a vexatious nature; but you, kindly enough, have kept them from me. Five or six days elapsed, and I shall be on my way home. By Wednesday or Thursday, if a tide answers in the day-time, how glad would I be to be set on shore at your father's, and meet thee, my dear, and our dear children there. Again I give the melancholy but affectionate salutation of Good night, my love, good night!

May 25th. I scarcely know whether I shall or not ~~send~~ anything to write about this morning. I expected Mr. Atkinson would have called on me at the Museum at twelve to-day, to let me have some money, as I mentioned my intention to him of drawing for some, and he would not permit me, saying he would see me to-day about twelve and let me have as much as I might want: but, as the morning was wet till about eleven, I suppose he did not come up to town to-day.

"In the morning I wrote to the Bishop, inclosing a copy of the Prospectus of my History, and also sent one to Mr. Askew. You will see by the copy which I will forward to you with this letter that I have neither dealt out long and large professions, nor cramped my plan with too many explanations.

"I have been at the Museum from ten till four, and have met with several very interesting papers, some of them as old as the time of Richard the First; and one in particular, which contains the characters of most of the gentlemen of Northumberland, sent to King Henry VIII. by a 'Mr. Browne;' some of them are called 'sharp borderers.' Sir Francis Ratcliffe is styled 'a wise counsellor, but no adventurer in the field.'

"Mr. Smith has left a note and his address, saying he wishes to see me, and that you had given him my direction, and that you are all well. I have fixed twelve to-morrow for him to meet me here.

"The most provoking thing in London is the shortness of the hours of business; I can get into no public office before ten or after four. If I could only have been in the Museum twelve hours a day, my work would have been soon completed.

"I have laid out three shillings in catalogues of the Queen's effects which have been exposed for sale. You will think them very amusing, and I am sure your mother will not readily lay them down after she has once had a sight of them.

"This evening, after writing the above, I went to Sir R. Hawks, and, not finding any of the family at home, I tried his brother John's lodgings, where were Mr. and Mrs. Brumell. To solitary individuals, as I am at present, I can well enough conceive that the various theatres and places of public amusement with which this place abounds may serve as antidotes against that faculty of the human mind which some consider, and in many certainly is, a disease, namely that of turning its operations upon itself, of reviewing its own state, volitions, and intentions, and with these connecting outward circumstances, such as fame, disgrace, adversity, prosperity and the like. When these are such as the mind cannot review but with sensations of pain and despondency, it naturally flies off to something which may divert its operations to things unconnected with itself and its affairs; and for this purpose, the exhibitions of the theatre, like stimulants taken into the stomach, afford a temporary relief, and if returned to, fix into habits.

"It is on this account, I think, that every person ought to form in themselves, at an early period of life, habits of filling up their leisure

hours with rational employments. And amongst these are those connected with religion, science, and literature. Painting, and some other of the arts, may be also reckoned amongst them. Religion, of all the employments of the human mind, is that which a worldly mind goes to the last, and in which it has the least knowledge. But to one who can see things rightly, it, religion, connects itself with all useful and elegant reasoning. He who would study the philosophy of our planet, its air, and variations, and seasons, and connect these with religion, will have enough to fill his mind with triumphs of delight, in the visions and assurances which he will have of the goodness of God. And then what is the study of Natural History, or the kinds, and economies, and habits of organized nature, but a searching into the depths both of the wisdom and the goodness of God?

"For my own part, were I to choose one of two unavoidable alternatives, I had much rather be seized with some powerful phantasy and live, as it is said our venerable sovereign is living, upon the memory of passed and visionary things, but without a consciousness of right and wrong, than be condemned to sicken my mind night after night upon the feverous and unwholesome folly of the theatre.

"I have been two hours at the Museum, and Mr. Atkinson is not arrived: but fortunately I have got 10*l.*, of Sir R. Hawks, with which I can pay Mr. Nichols, who on Monday morning sent a stamped receipt for the three guineas expense which I have incurred with him by advertising my History.—————

"At two o'clock I called at the Tower for a copy of the Morpeth School Charter, for which I paid 1*l.* 10*s.* ✓ As I went out of Lower Thames Street, I met James Burrell, and was sorry to find that George Wood would sail to-day; as I should have preferred coming home by him to being stewed up in a trader.

"At half-past four I dined in Pentonville with Mr. Rawes of Surrey Street, in which last place he has merely a shop. The particulars of our banquet I shall explain when I come home, everything not being easily described on paper.

"Robert came to me at half-past eight at my lodgings, and left me at half-past ten. You wish he would come down with me: but he cannot be released from his business for three or four months.

"I have nothing more to add to this day's observations. Adieu.

"May 27th. The day of the Venerable Bede; and, should I live to see the 27th of May a Sunday, I trust I shall not forget to compose a

sermon and preach it, on the excellency of that ornament of Jarrow and the human race.

"I have breakfasted with Mrs. Smith in Clipstone Street. She begs to be kindly remembered to you.

"Only two hours in the Museum to-day. At twelve I called on some business at a stoneprinter's in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and then gradually worked my way down to Mr. Brown's office in Fenchurch Street, where, to my surprise and vexation, I found that Mr. Thomas Brown was not returned, being detained in the Trinity Barge at Gravesend, and unable to finish his voyage on account of contrary winds. Mr. Nichol, however, tells me that I cannot get a ship till Monday or Tuesday; but I shall disappoint him if I can, and be off on Saturday: but more of this before I finish this letter, as I cannot get it franked to-day, and it cannot be posted before Saturday.

"Should I not eventually succeed in my desire of getting a new church, I trust I shall stand blameless before my parishioners either of supineness or neglect in the matter, as I have really laboured hard to effect my object.

"Before I went to Church Row, Fenchurch Street, I walked up Houndsditch and through some of the streets that lead out of it, for the purpose of observing the features and habits of the Jews that inhabit that part of the City.

"It is a very curious, and to me a reflection full of the deepest interest; it is rather awful than pleasing to reflect how long this family of the human race have, by laws and customs peculiar to themselves, been hedged out from the rest of mankind, and to see how they still differ in their features from the rest of their species. How is it that the different families of mankind have through all the ages of authentic history preserved their peculiar cast of countenance, and yet that no new varieties have originated? Or is it, and perhaps it is the case, that the variety is indefinite, and not to be counted; and that if a new family from England, for instance, with some peculiarity even in one feature of their countenance, was to settle in an untenanted country, it would propagate a people strikingly different from the general body of the people from whom it had migrated, and yet be various among themselves in the form and cast of their visages.

"I have been dining with Mr. Brumell at 77, Baker Street, Portman Square. There was a French gentleman in the party with whom John Hawks got acquainted while travelling in the Pyrenees last summer,

and with whom he met yesterday at his own door, a few hours after his first arrival in London.

"I have been very well lately. No return of the spasmodic pains in my stomach. I still, however, hope that my passage by sea may have a good effect upon my general health, by removing that bilious affection which I have not resolution to combat by medicines which would have the same effect as a sea voyage.

"By to-morrow evening I hope I shall be able to say when I shall be liberated.

"May 29th. I must be very brief to-day. In the morning I went to see after several little trifles. At one, Mr. Atkinson came to me at the Museum and gave me 15*l.* for which I gave him a check, of which you will find a copy on the back of this letter, which be so good as to give to your father as soon as possible, lest I may appear to have been doing wrong, if Mr. A. should send the check home before he comes himself, which I think is not likely.

"At two, I went to Mr. Gordon's, saw the house, and paid 1*l.* 13*s.* for a cheese, 2*s.* of which were for carriage to the wharf. The paintings in this house are good; the staircase superb: half of it was purchased at a sale of the Duke de Chandois for 50,000*l.* and the other part made here of Italian marble at the expense of 100,000*l.*: so that the whole, as they say, cost 150,000*l.* I find, from persons who knew him, that the late lord was no witch in understanding. Lord Berkeley was once dining with him in a large party, when it was usual to drink wine until they were mellow. Berkeley was a plain blunt John Bull, and had, whether by design or accident I am not told, shot one or two game-keepers, and Chesterfield, under the warmth of wine, said 'Pray, my Lord Berkeley, how long is it since you shot a game-keeper?' 'Not since you hanged your tutor, my lord!' was the reply. You know that Lord Chesterfield brought Dr. Dodd to trial, in consequence of which he was hanged.

"May 29th. Positively I intend to embark on board Mr. Cooper's ship, which I understand will not be ready till Monday or Tuesday. I was at Astley's Theatre last night seeing the horsemanship. I went with Lady Hawks, her son, and another gentleman, and was amused. But if I have time I will continue this journal, and write on Monday. With love to you, and the dear bairns, and the family at the Shore, thine most truly,

"JOHN HODGSON."

" 11, Upper King Street, Bloomsbury, May 29th, 1819.

" MY DEAR JANE,

" I am tired everyway; with wandering about all day, and with really being alone and so far from home.

" My first journey to-day was to Reed and Nichol's office on Dowgate wharf, where I met Mr. Cooper of the Halcyon. He directed me to have my things on board on Monday night, and not be later in embarking myself than seven on Tuesday morning. Mr. Reed is a Hexham man, and showed me some antiquities found in that place, and several urns from Girgenti in Sicily. From his place I went to see Mr. Pepys, a friend of Davy's,* whom I once saw in company with him in Newcastle: but I did not find him, though he heard I was in London and had wished to see me.

" But I should have told you that in my way hence to Dowgate I came through some of the lanes that adjoin Saffron Hill by the Hatton Garden office, St. John's Gate, and the Guildhall, where I saw Gog and Magog in company with Chatham and Mr. Pitt, all of them silent now, though people that once made a great noise in the world. From the Poultry, where Mr. Pepys resides, I journeyed to Moorfields by Finsbury Square, through a wilderness of streets, to call on Mr. Caley, Exmouth Street, but he also was out. The way from this place led me past the House of Correction for the County of Middlesex, into Guildford Street, where I called on Miss Wylam. She supposed I had left London, and had called here in my absence, to ascertain if that was the case; she intends to write by me.

" Since that time I have called at the Navy Pay office in the Strand, being nearly two hours in the exhibition room in Somerset House, at Prince and Bunting's in Pall Mall; dined in Pantton Street at six; traversed the shops in Cranbourne Alley; threaded the intricacies of the Seven Dials; walked up Oxford Street, to Swallow Street, on one side, down it on the other to Tottenham Court Road, and by that street through Gower Street, Keppel Street, and Russell Square—home—tired as a dog.

" I have not yet been able to please myself with two dolls, and fear that I shall have great difficulty to execute a promise which I must not break.

" The weather during the last week has been very cold; yesterday

*riend Sir Humphry Davy, who during the whole of this visit appears to have of town.

and to-day have been quite peevish. On Wednesday I caught so much cold as to be still uncomfortable with it. Soon after I got here we had about eight days of hot weather, but since that it is quite as chilly as it can be in the North. I wish for a fire.

"Every day when I am passing through the streets, I see a thousand things which I think I will mention to you, but when I get to my rooms I have forgot the whole; one thing has often struck me, that if a person of small income be fond, of collecting curiosities he must come to London, and take a survey of the shops that deal in such things before he ventures to buy. Such a person, I am sure, if he has a grain of sense will be cured of his complaint; I mean his diseased appetite for things that cannot contribute to his happiness will be satisfied. For I put a rational curiosity in these matters quite out of the question: as reason contemplates nothing but with a view either to private happiness or public good. China-shops, in which specimens of the arts of all the nations who have succeeded in making fine porcelain are exposed to sale, are exceedingly numerous—bronze figures, curious coins, oceans of snuff-boxes of gold, silver, and all manner of precious stones, Chinese gods, antique vases, &c. &c.

"May 30th. I breakfasted this morning with Mr. Ellison; called on Sir J. Swinburne; went to the Lock Hospital; met my brother in Hyde Park Corner; took a chaise going to Hampton Court, and got out of it at Richmond; walked up Richmond Hill; for a short time admired the extensive and well-wooded prospect from that widely-celebrated spot; then we strolled through the Royal Park, and were let out of it into Wimbledon Common. The brackens in the park wherever they were exposed to the late cutting winds are quite destroyed; the potatoes too are much injured, and the wheat has lost its healthy green, though on the side of Wimbledon Common we saw a field of wheat nearly wholly in ear. As we passed over this common the sky began to darken, and we knew of no place near to shelter in, but fortunately a hidden turn of the road exposed to us the view of the sweet village of Roehampton, embosomed in trees. Here we had some refreshment, and waited till the rain was over. The road from Roehampton to Putney is on one side wholly planted with villas, each having an opening into the road or common, but hidden from the eye of passengers by fine trees and a dark paling. Putney is on the Thames, has two churches and a bridge, on the Middlesex side of which is Fulham, from whence to Chelsea we passed along footpaths several miles in gardens, nothing but gardens, full of fruit trees. Robert had tea with me, and left me at

eleven. I am much tired. This is my last night in my lodgings. What more I have to tell must be after my arrival 'if by any means I may have a prosperous voyage unto you.' I think I shall sleep on board the *Halcyon* to-morrow night.

"The wind changed to the south-west to-day, and hope it will continue there for some time. Commend me, my dear, to the mercy of God in my voyage, and may God bless you and the dear children. From thine, with affection to all at the Shore,

"JOHN HODGSON."

"June 1st. I have left myself very little room to write upon, this being the only piece of paper which I have not packed up: but I must write a little to keep up a sort of record of the places I have visited.

"After breakfast I called, with Sir R. Hawks, on Mr. Bentham, 6, Upper Gower Street, to whom Mr. Surtees gave me a letter. Thence I walked to Somerset House to transact some business for a sailor's relative. In Exeter Change I laid out 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* for toys; 7*s.* for a box for Bess; 6*s.* for a German fair and a village for John and Richard; 1*s.* for a book for Richard; 2*s.* 6*d.* in questions for Bess and Abb.; 2*s.* 6*d.* for dolls; and 2*s.* 6*d.* for a pair of strong scissors. This job executed, I went to West Street, Smithfield, to call on Figgins the letter-founder, about some types, but, to-day being holiday, he and his men were absent. Besides all this I have posted a letter for you, seen a great number of shops, and in my way home, for the third time smelt the delicious perfumes, and seen the exquisite sights, on Saffron Hill.

"I do not know whether I can get this letter franked or not; it is five o'clock, have paid my lodgings, am all packed, and ready to flit after I have dined with Sir R. Hawks, to whose kindness I am much indebted.

"Not having any book to note my expenses in, it is requisite that I also say that I have paid 3*s.* to the servant that waited upon me, besides 5*s.* which I have already accounted for.

"Robert came with me to Tower Dock, when I paid 3*s.* 6*d.* for coach hire, 2*s.* for trunks and boat, 6*d.* in the morning for cheese.

"*Halcyon*, Tower, London, 2nd June. At eleven, went to bed. A person of the name of Reed, drunk and lame through intemperance, very annoying; he breathed each way and every way loud and freely. I got up at half-past five. We were under weigh at seven o'clock. At nine passed Greenwich Hospital; had a fresh breeze at S.W. Cool, delicious morning.

"20 min. before three. We have dined, and none of us has been sick yet, though we have been nearly an hour in the Swin. As I sit in the cabin to write I feel more of the ship's motion than I do on the deck.

"A very fine new steam-packet, called the Eclipse, passed us on her way to Margate, at Deptford, this morning; Price, of Gateshead, at her head. We are in company with the Union, in which Sir J. Swinburne's people are on board. The sea has a delightful swell, very little white water.

"At five, I began to grow sick, the sea to swell higher. At eight, off Orford, and after two or three severe fits of sickness, went to bed, and rested very comfortably.

"June 3rd. At six, off Hasborough, the wind N.W. and not so fresh as yesterday. At ten, the wind nearly died away. The sea calm, and the ship makes no way. Off Cromer at half-past ten. Wind from the south-east, after an hour's calm; sick once during the calm. Cromer continued long in sight; the wind feeble, but the day fine. Only one bird seen to-day; a white butterfly appeared about three miles north of Cromer, and three or four miles off land. At six, the land to the south still in sight, but growing dim in the horizon. At six, a light breeze sprung up from S.W. The float-light in sight (a vessel anchored in the deeps), and called the Dudgeon Light, from the shoal on which it is placed. Sounded with a line of eight fathoms, without finding any bottom. The sun shining on vessels fishing oysters in Burnham Flats. Fifteen after eight, the sun set beautifully on the sea with streaks of dark clouds before it; the breeze pretty stiff; the sun's half orb a rose or ruby tint, the upper section of it lighter than the lower on account of a thin film of haze close to the horizon darkening the lower part. Half-past ten, Spurn Light in sight; beautiful moonlight; fine masses of cloud; steady breeze. I write by moonlight.

"June 4th. Rose after an excellent night's rest at seven. Then off Flamborough-head Light-house, a tower, called Flamborough-head Tower (of a church?), near it. The cliffs chalky and stratified, like those of Marsden, eaten into caves. (*A sketch of Flamborough-head.*) A fishing bay between Flamborough-head Tower and the farm-house. The cliffs are very white, excepting where they are tarnished by diluvium falling from the tops of the cliffs. Near Flamborough-head the diluvium is several, perhaps ten or twelve, fathoms thick, *i.e.*, between the bay and the farm-house; farther north it is thin, and when the main headland is about a mile or something more in length is precipitous; after that it is a slope to the water-edge.

"About the Head myriads of sea-fowl on the wing, in the sea, and lining every seam of the strata, filled with nests; two sorts, one black and white, the other white and bluish, in troops. (*A sketch.*)

"Scarborough, ten o'clock. 4th June, 1819. On the south cheek of Robin Hood's Bay at twenty minutes before twelve. The strata remarkably regular, dipping to the south. In one part covered with brush-wood; a strong breeze.

"(*A sketch of*) Robin Hood's Bay, ten before twelve, 4th June, 1819. The sky covered with thin clouds; rather inclined to rain, though the sun shines dimly.

"Ten o'clock, passing Whitby. Lord Mulgrave's seat to the north shows its towers out of a wood on rising ground. Alum works on both sides of Whitby. Smoke rising from alum works on the shores on the north side. Very large excavations on the sides of the hills out of a very thick bluish stratum. The abbey and church of Whitby on the east side of the town.

"Dined at one o'clock. The view of Whitby from the north very striking; irregular indented shores; broken sloping lands; much diluvium on the strata in some parts. The smoke arising on the verge of the shores Mr. Cooper thinks is from sea-weed burning. At Runswick, a little creek, lime burning. Staithes is a little sheltered spot close upon the shore and rising in a slope from it.

"Opposite the Staithes the shores of Durham come in sight.

"Huntley Foot, a very fine bold headland, very regularly stratified; an alum work in it burning, and several large excavations. Where parts of the cliff are fallen it is of a reddish appearance. At two o'clock the breeze strong, the water breaking over the midships.

"With a steady and strong breeze arrived at Marsden at six. Stood off till twenty minutes before seven, when we took the Bar, but struck upon it, and continued beating upon it for twenty-five minutes, when we got off it and again stood off to sea; at half-past eight took the Bar again, crossed it, and passed Clifford's Fort at nine; dropped up the river to Whitley Point, and then sailed to Jarrow Quay end, where we now are, at half-past ten o'clock. At twenty past eleven we anchored at Wallsend Staith, when it began to rain heavily.

CHAPTER XII.—1819.

Announcement of History.—Correspondence on History.—Edward Swinburne, Esq.—
Correspondence respecting Engravings, &c.—Destruction of three cart-loads of
ancient Records at Little Harle.—Richardson and Dixon's Picturesque Views in
Northumberland.—Correspondence.

MR. HODGSON'S engagement in a History of Northumberland had long been a matter of notoriety among his friends, but it was during his late visit to London that it was first announced to the public. By the following advertisement, on the cover of the Gentleman's Magazine and in the local newspapers, he publicly pledged himself to carry his design into execution, and made known at the same time the plan which it was his intention to adopt and follow out in bringing it to a termination. This scheme, however, was afterwards materially departed from in the progress of the undertaking; and it seems certain, that if he had lived to complete his task, it could only have been brought to a conclusion by a still further deviation from the original design, inasmuch as three volumes, judging from the method which he pursued in arranging his materials, and the space which he permitted them to occupy, would have been found utterly incompetent to contain the details of his parochial history. Neither could three volumes by any possibility have done justice either to his subject or to himself. In monastic history, Northumberland may not be as rich as other counties with peace in their borders in times of old, but still in this respect there are many subjects of great interest to the historian, the more interesting perhaps from the circumstance of their situation in disturbed and lawless localities where plunder was more frequently thought of than piety. Tynemouth, Newminster, Hulne, Alnwick, and Brinkburn, to say nothing of the minor ecclesiastical institutions within the walls of Newcastle and elsewhere, might of themselves have justly claimed a volume at least—and when the great extent of the county, its Roman Wall, its British and Saxon remains, its military and predatory character, its border history, its families of old

renown, its castles and towers, and all its various subjects of martial and civil interest, are taken into consideration, any history of four volumes in which such stirring subjects should have been cramped and confined would have been nothing more than an unsatisfactory abridgement.

His arrangements for the printing of his History were as follows: "I agreed with the Courant office, Newcastle, to have my History printed by them, on the condition that they should collect all subscriptions, and pay first the engraver, then themselves, and the remainder to me."* The proprietor of the Newcastle Courant was at that time Mr. Edward Walker, who was succeeded by Mr. Cooke, and he again by Messrs. Blackwell and Co., all of them in their order of time the printers of Hodgson's volumes, and all of them affording him every facility and indulgence in their power, treating him invariably with the greatest respect and kindness.

"IN THE PRESS AND WILL BE PUBLISHED, WITH ALL CONVENIENT SPEED, A HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF NORTHUMBERLAND IN 6 VOLS 4TO., BY THE REV. JOHN HODGSON OF JARROW, SEC. ANTIQ. SOC. NEWCASTLE, &c.

"The first volume will contain the General History of the County, and separate Treatises on its Agriculture, Revenues, Mining, Geology, Natural History, &c. &c.

"The second, third, and fourth volumes will be taken up with descriptions of the towns, villages, public buildings, and antiquities; with pedigrees of families of rank, the descent of property, and such other local matters as usually go under the denomination of Parochial History.

"The fifth and sixth volumes (the first of which is in the press) will consist of Ancient Records and Historical Papers relating to Northumberland and the English and Scottish Borders.

* Letter to Mr. J. G. Nichols, 25 June, 1842. "The remainder to me!" Alas for him and his family! Where in the end was the remainder? On this subject he was not long in learning a lesson, but it was then too late to be of use. He thus writes a few years afterwards upon having come to the conclusion that there was great need of a good History of Cumberland. (Hist. Part ii. vol. iii. p. 221.)

"To any one who has the ambition to write a work for which he may neither receive thanks nor pay, but can be satisfied with the consciousness of being patriotically employed, the History of Cumberland offers a wide and rich, but ill-cultivated, field to work in."

"The whole of the authorities, especially the large collection of ancient grants of property and franchises to individuals and corporate bodies, which will be given in the fifth and sixth volumes, will be printed in Domesday types.

"Complete Indexes will be given to each volume.

"The impression is limited to 300 copies, 50 on royal, and 250 on demy paper.

"4th May 1819."

Upon this announcement many offers of assistance were made by gentlemen who possessed, or believed they possessed, local information which might be of use. To such communications Hodgson paid due and thankful attention; and in numerous instances he received contributions which were of importance, and were afterwards publicly and gratefully acknowledged in his various prefaces. Along with those offers came the usual letters with which every topographer has been troubled, and which experience soon teaches him to throw aside. "I understand you are going to write a history of Northumberland—you must have many papers gathered together for the purpose. I am very sorry indeed to trouble you, but your extensive collections, and your well-known courtesy, &c. &c.—Will you be kind enough to give me all the information you can about our family, *at your earliest convenience?* We think we spring from the ———s who were once owners of ——— Castle. We have the same arms; but I am sorry to say we know nothing beyond my grandfather. The ———s say they are related to us, but we do not spell our names in the same way," &c.* And then, if the author chooses to give himself a little trouble, and enter into a wild-goose chase with no other evidence than that of a "name" and "hearsay" to guide him, and good-naturedly makes a communication to his corre-

* Will the extreme folly of this argument of spelling never be exploded? Why, till the time of George the Second the chances were that the same man would have written his name thrice on the same page in different ways. Nay, as a still further proof how heedless people were in this matter, the late Mr. Surtees used to tell a story of his grandfather or great-grandfather, whose name was *Edward*, but who always signed his name as *Robert*, because, as he said, he could write it better. In proof of the extent to which these absurdities of spelling are now carried, the tortures which the name of *Smith* is compelled to undergo to make it deny itself and assume a garb of fashionable gentility will bear ample testimony. The name in its simple state is decently clad. Why clothe it in motley?

spondent, taking care to say that what he writes is chiefly conjecture, his letter is stamped with the impress of truth, and quoted as evidence in support of groundless pretensions. I see many proofs that Mr. Hodgson was plagued in this way to more than the usual extent, and we know enough of his obliging disposition to assure ourselves that he was far too frequently occupied with such frivolous inquiries at the expense of more useful engagements. In the case of one family, after he had taken great pains to make it respectable, the heir apparent acknowledged the receipt of the pedigree with a "Sir," and "yours, &c." at the beginning and end of his letter. Poor thanks for a month's worth of labour!

I cannot better illustrate the kind of questions put to county historians than by printing here the following letter, although it belongs to a later period. "Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!" The preposition *de* in connection with a local name, "a token of nobility!" Happily the letter is anonymous.

FROM "ANGLO-SAXON."

"REVEREND SIR,

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, April 12, 1838.

"I take the liberty most respectfully of asking you the following questions relative to some old Northumbrian family names, and I shall feel extremely favoured by your returning me an answer at your leisure to the address hereafter mentioned.

"*First.* I am desirous of ascertaining for a certainty whether one might resume, if one thought fit, the prefix '*de*' which is attached to some English surnames, such as in the family names of 'John *de* Felton,' 'Robert *de* Harle,' 'Thomas *de* Fenwyke,' &c.; and if (I am of opinion it was not always) the *de* may *invariably* be considered as a token of nobility. This was sometimes the case with the Normans of olden times, as with the French of the present day; and like the German '*von*,' and the Dutch '*van*.' That the *de* is not accounted a mark of nobility *now in England* is, I think, pretty plain—for instance, it is even *lower* than an *Esquire* (if this word can be called a title)—'*de* Cardonnel Lawson, *Esq.*' 'Otto *von* Behrens, *Esq.*,' &c. I ask this question because I find the '*de*' often used synonymously with '*the*,' as Robert *de* Brus, or Robert *the* Brus, &c. &c. &c. Besides it is often used as the *Latin*

preposition, *e.g.* 'Test. domino Hugone *de* Herle, Roberto *de* Hertwayton,' 'Rogerio Heron filio Walteri Hearon *de* Chipches,' &c., and 'Noverint universi per presentes me Johannam nuper uxorem Willelmi Fenwick *de* Fenwicke defuncti,' &c.

"Also the *de* or *of* was *formerly* generally the assuetude to point out the residence of people living in the country, of the same name or otherwise; and in this way to distinguish one from another, which was not easy before Christian names were common; as 'Fenwicke *of* Little Harle,' 'Dodde *of* Thorneyburn Hall,' &c. This distinction was and is not much required in towns, where citizens were generally known by their trade or callings. This using the *of* is, as has been observed, not only the case at the present day throughout Great Britain, but also on all parts of the continent with which I am conversant, viz. 'Berckemeyer *of* Thurowerhoist,' &c. &c.

"The name of 'Fenwicke * *of* Fenwyke, or *de* Fenwyke' is clearly a Saxon name, and that family (in my opinion) was either an aboriginal one in the country or of Saxon extraction, and consequently the *de* or *of* might have been assumed *before* the Norman Conquest. I mean that the *de* does not *prove* that the above mentioned family or families *necessarily* came over with William the Conqueror, and were also *noble* *because* they had sometimes the prefix of 'de.'

"*Second.* Could one then resume the preposition *de* when it has laid dormant sometimes for centuries, *perhaps* from inadvertency? Is one entitled to it (provided, of course, that one can *certainly* trace an unbroken descent from those families of whom we claim kindred), and if the right to resume the aforementioned prefix of *de* could be disputed, or if any law has since passed to prevent the families of that day from using the 'de' now?

"In taking the great liberty of addressing these queries to you, allow me to observe that I know of no gentleman so learned in the historical lore of the country, and consequently your opinion on the aforementioned heads will perfectly set the matter at rest in my mind, and confer a great obligation on, Reverend Sir, your very obedient servant,

"ANGLO-SAXON.

"Address Post Office, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

"To the Rev. the Vicar of Hartburn, Secretary to the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle."

* *Fen.*—*fenn* is a Saxon word meaning a marsh, a moor, or bog—*wick* or *wic*, *pie*, also from the Saxon, means, according to the different nature and conditions of places, a village, or bay made by the winding banks of a river, or a castle, and often a cot. We have many *wicks* in Northumberland, as *Prestwick*, *Berwick*, &c. &c.

Another subject in which local vanity not unfrequently manifests itself is an offer to a County History of the likeness of a mansion house, executed in coarse mezzotint or lithograph, or in some such uncostly way, with trees, as Hodgson has well said, "like wool packs," around it; and for this contribution, which is in general unworthy of an ordinary Guide Book, the author is expected to be grateful. Some of these, as I have ascertained, Hodgson respectfully declined. He admitted others which do no credit to his book. Instances of real solid disinterested assistance in his case there were few indeed, but those few were bright exceptions in the midst of a gloomy indifference. From the commencement to the termination of his labours, the county of Northumberland, in a general way, seems to have been contented with folding itself up in its own impenetrable cloak of apathy, either unable or unwilling to appreciate the painful toil of one who was patiently devoting himself to the elucidation of its gallant history in times of old, a history of which every inhabitant within its limits might have been proud; ready enough, however, to depreciate and decry his labour if he had called a man's great-grandmother Margery instead of Margaret, or had made a mistake in "our coat of arms," or in the number of acres in "our" estate. But, as he says in one of his letters, the die was cast, and, heedless of the present generation, he looked to posterity for the due appreciation of his labours.

The following letters, or portions of letters, all refer to the contemplated history.

SIR J. E. SWINBURNE TO MR. HODGSON.

"MY DEAR SIR,

18, Grosvenor Square, 10th May, 1819.

"I inclose you the answer from the Duke of Northumberland; you need not return the letter, as you may wish to keep it. I did not mention subscription; not knowing that your work was to be so edited. Pray let me know. Yours very sincerely,

"J. E. SWINBURNE.

"Rev. J. Hodgson, 2, Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square."

TO SIR J. E. SWINBURNE, BART.

"DEAR SIR JOHN,

"From the account you give of Mr. Hodgson's abilities, I shall have great pleasure in subscribing to his work; though I fear I can contribute but little information. Collins's history of my family contains the whole of the information that I am possessed of; and if there are any other papers which would add to the history they are either in the possession of Lord Egremont, heir to the Petworth property, or they are to be found in some of the public offices. Yours very truly,

"NORTHUMBERLAND."

MR. HODGSON TO SIR J. E. SWINBURNE.

"DEAR SIR JOHN, Upper King Street, Bloomsbury, 11th May, 1819.

"I feel greatly obliged by your kindness in sending the sketch of my intended work to his grace the Duke of Northumberland. Before I issued any prospectus of it I was anxious to have his Grace's approbation of the measure: and am therefore gratified by the permission I have received to place his Grace at the head of the list of my subscribers. I think I mentioned to you that only 800 copies are printing, 50 on royal, and 250 demy, of which only 30 of the royal and 220 of the demy are for sale.

"I am well aware that the antiquarian part of the History of the Percy family has been rendered very complete by Mr. Collins;* and that I can have very little to add upon the subject: but there are various matters connected with the County of Northumberland which I cannot with propriety write upon without his Grace's permission, especially upon the castles and other military antiquities which lie within his estates, and which frequently require plans and elevations to illustrate them. In visiting such places the tenants or servants would naturally ask my authority for making drawings or admeasurements; and I have always refused to obtain information surreptitiously or by bribes. In the use of any facilities which may be afforded me by his Grace in this arduous undertaking, I shall scrupulously avoid the publication of anything which can have the slightest tendency to create litigation; and be always ready to suffer my MS. to be examined, and any objectionable part struck out before it goes to press.

* It is in the fifth edition of Collins, 1779, that the history of the Percy family was given in fullest detail, a contribution of Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore.

"If you can permit me to trespass this much further upon your kindness to solicit this general sort of indulgence from the Duke, in my rambles over the county, you would confer another great obligation upon, dear Sir John, your most obedient humble servant,

"JOHN HODGSON."

"Sir John Swinburne to Mr. Hodgson.—18th May, 1819. I have stated to the Duke your further wishes and have received the inclosed answer; so that you now see what ground you have to go upon, and should leave your name to thank him. As you publish your work by subscription, I beg you will put my name down for two copies."

The Duke of Northumberland to Sir J. E. Swinburne.—"St. James's Square, 17th May, 1819.—Dear Sir John, In answer to your letter, I can have no hesitation in assuring Mr. Hodgson that it will give me great pleasure to facilitate his publication of the History of Northumberland, by allowing him to make drawings and plans of any ruined castles, or ancient camps, on my estate, as are likely to prove interesting to the historian and antiquarian; provided Mr. Hodgson adheres to his promise of abstaining from the publication of any matter which is likely to have a tendency to create litigation. When Mr. Hodgson visits Northumberland, I beg to refer him to my commissioners, to whom I will give the necessary directions, to prevent his meeting with any unnecessary obstruction."

"The Rev. Mr. Hodgson begs leave to return his respectful thanks to his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, for the obliging facilities which his Grace has been pleased, through Sir John Swinburne, to afford him, in collecting materials for a History of the County of Northumberland. 11, Upper King Street, Bloomsbury, 18th May, 1819." (*From a copy on the back of Sir J. Swinburne's letter.*)

"From Sir John E. Swinburne.—Capheaton, July 23rd, 1819.—My dear Sir, I am most extremely obliged to you for all the trouble you have given yourself with arranging my Records; and I hope they have been of some little use to you in your present pursuit. I cannot help thinking you might pick up something from what are remaining here. I wish you would find time to come over, and make search. We shall all be most happy to see you. With our united good wishes, yours very sincerely, J. E. SWINBURNE."

The reader must now be introduced to Edward Swinburne, Esq., a younger brother of Sir J. E. Swinburne, Bart., an amateur artist of consummate taste and powers, and a gentleman from

whom Mr. Hodgson received an uninterrupted series of kindnesses of the most varied nature, extending from the commencement of their acquaintance over the long period of thirty years. Hodgson has left behind him a note, that on the 27th Feb., 1814, he met Mr. Swinburne at dinner, at Mr. Ellison's house at Hebburn; and, as this name does not occur in any memorandum of an earlier date, it is probable that the two then for the first time became acquainted with each other.

Soon after the death of Mr. Swinburne on the 6th of September, 1847, in the eighty-third year of his age,* Sir John Swinburne kindly presented to the author of this Memoir a bundle of letters, addressed at various times to his lamented brother by Mr. Hodgson and Mr. Surtees of Mainsforth, regarding the embellishments of their respective histories, to both of which he was at all times ready and even most anxious to contribute elaborate drawings ready for the engraver. The letters from Hodgson commence in the year 1819, at which we have arrived in his history, almost immediately before the publication of his first volume, and they prove the great obligations and gratitude of their writer to Mr. Swinburne for the benefit of his advice and pencil. It may be interesting to trace the progress of one volume at least of the History of Northumberland in an artistic point of view, and therefore I propose to make a copious use of this correspondence, which proves more satisfactorily than any words of mine could do, Mr. Swinburne's kindness of heart, his taste, and, I think it may be added, his patience. A few of his other letters on the subject of the History are hereafter printed in their order.

TO EDWARD SWINBURNE, ESQ.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Newcastle, 21st August, 1819.

"I have inclosed in a parcel to your brother Sir John three of Buck's† views, reduced to half-size; that of Belsay Castle is in an unfinished state, wanting a new sky, shadowing, &c. If you could give

* Mr. Swinburne would therefore have been in this present year of 1857, 93 years of age. And yet his elder brother, Sir John E. Swinburne, has this winter travelled from Northumberland to pay a visit in the Isle of Wight with the health and spirits of a man of forty!

† The Bucks were two brothers, who, in the beginning of the preceding century, had published a series of Views of Castles, Ruined Monasteries, &c., arranged in

it any touches of truth or detail I would feel greatly obliged to you; for I know that Buck's views are greatly deficient in accuracy and minuteness.

"I have also sent a rough sheet of my book, which will give you an idea of the size in which the drawings for it may be made.

"Will you have the goodness to say to the Miss Swinburnes, that I beg they will not put themselves to any inconvenience in getting me sketches of Thockrington Chapel, or of the tombstones at Cambo; as I am in no immediate want of them.

"The greatest difficulty I labour under is that of supplying my printer with vignettes for the ends of chapters. Should either yourself or your nieces have any small sketches of villages or scenery, in Northumberland, such as would come into a compass of from three to four inches by about two inches, or two and a half inches, they would be of the greatest use to me, and I would take great care to return them.

"I write this in great haste at a bookseller's shop; and am, dear Sir, with many thanks for the great and valuable assistance which you have offered me, your most obliged and obedient humble servant,

"JOHN HODGSON."

FROM THE REV. A. HEDLEY.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Kirkwhelpington, Aug. 29, 1819.

"Permit me to return you my best thanks for your communication, which the demon of procrastination has prevented me answering earlier. I have, in the mean time, three other subscriptions for you, which is a great proof that I have not been quite idle in your cause. As this is the only way in which I can give you any effectual assistance, I shall not fail to be as industrious as I can—I really think you should advertise more liberally.

"If you have any *rough literary* work that you think I can perform for you, do not hesitate to apply to me. As Sir John Swinburne has not yet sent me any materials, I have had no opportunity of taking a counties; and had met with much patronage. Their Views are very valuable; for, although the principles of perspective were not then well understood, and consequently in this respect they are deficient, yet, in general, they are accurate in detail, and afford representations of numerous edifices which have, since that time, been destroyed. That of Widdrington, for instance, one of the four sent to Mr. Swinburne, upon a reduced scale, affords now the sole representation of that, at one time, fine old castle. The original copper-plates of Buck's Views were not long ago found and sold in London; Mr. Charnley, a Bookseller in Newcastle, becoming the purchaser of those referring to the Counties of Durham and Northumberland.

deciphering lesson. Mr. Trevelyan, of Wallington, with whom I dined a day or two after I saw you, will be happy to see you when you favour us with another visit. He has an immense mass of old deeds; but all unfortunately relating to the Calverley property in Yorkshire, sold by Sir Walter Blackett. They are all copied in a very neat, plain hand and properly authenticated; with indian-ink drawings of the seals.

"The late Lady Charles Aynsley, of Little Harle, after the death of her husband, burnt, most wantonly and wickedly, what would have formed *three cart-loads* of old papers and deeds! My very blood boils when I think of it. The man who assisted her in this most nefarious transaction now lives in my village. He told me, the other day, that many of the seals were nearly as big as his hand. Many most valuable and, to the antiquary, most curious, documents were thus, I have no doubt, destroyed; as the Aynsleys, though not a very ancient family, had been lawyers, for several generations, and the last of them was chairman of the quarter sessions, for very many years, and was likely to have in his hands many papers, even of public consequence.

Yours ever,

"ANT. HEDLEY."

FROM EDWARD SWINBURNE, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Capheaton, 1st Sep. 1819.

"Owing to my absence from Capheaton I did not get yours of the 21st August till the day before yesterday. We shall be able to furnish you with some vignettes, and speedily, from amongst my Northumberland sketches. Having nothing more than general county locality, I cannot offer you subjects specially connected with the contents of your fifth volume, the papers and records. This is an additional reason why I apprehend that, unless you get them etched with taste and spirit, they would be worse than an useless expense to you, for they will be merely ornamental. Now the public has, for some time past, shewn a great relish for topographical representations, which has induced very able artists to bestow their labour on such objects; and the taste of the public, accustomed to such fare, will be ill-disposed to put up with indifferent things in that way: and I apprehend they would even be injurious to the work itself, particularly where they are not immediately illustrative of, and assisting, particular descriptions in the body of it. I freely express my opinion, as I think

you will not take it amiss. It appears to me, as your expenses on etchings or engravings cannot be to any extent, that it were better to limit very much the number of your plates, and to have what you allot for that department applied in getting those few done by able hands, in whatever way you may judge it best to get them done—and in that case the choice of the subjects should be attended to, and pains taken with them. And, as far as regards myself, though I shall be most happy to afford you all the assistance I can, out of what I have or may get, suitable to your purpose, I must candidly confess I should not like to have whatever merit the designs may possess, and I am aware they could not have much to spare, thrown away in their transfer to the copper by unskilful and tasteless artists; but let that be a secondary consideration. The other is sufficient, in my opinion, to require your mature deliberation.

“With the same freedom I shall now make some observations on the prints you sent for my inspection. That of Belsay I wholly disapprove of, and for these reasons: There is not one feature of the castle and house which does not now exist, but they are all distorted, and the character and beauty of the tower lost; the lay of the ground is all false, rising where it ought to fall. The only novelty to justify this repetition of Buck is the garden in front; of the accuracy of the details of which we have great doubts, extending further from the door than the road would allow; but, admitting it not to be materially inaccurate in that respect, is the representation of the garden a sufficient apology for so bad a view in all other respects? I do not think that any alteration in the sky or elsewhere would do good.

“As to the Widdrington Castle, as nothing of that exists, the details are interesting. As a print it is very deficient: the tint of the middle part of the building is so forced as to look like a shadow; the shadow is too weak; for the shady part of the square tower which throws it, receiving reflection, should be lighter than the shadow it casts. There is a want of keeping in the print: the shadows at *a.* (*red ink*) are too strong; and all the sides of the buildings are so out of perspective that I do not know where to find the vanishing point of their lines; in some it is above, in some it is below the horizon. See *b. & c.* Would not a mere outline, on the reduced scale, from Buck have been sufficient? On reflection, instead of returning you the print with the marks, I had better keep it by me, in case of further observations from you. The shadows I

meant at *a.* are those of the square pillars, supporting the stag's heads (which are enormous), and of part of the ballustrades adjoining: they come further forward than the nearest part of the garden walls. For the perspective, look at the windows of both the square and ornamented towers, and then at the side of the square building near the garden.

"Of Alnwick we apprehend the inaccuracy is considerable; the distance without any keeping, &c. I cannot suggest any remedy there; all is so altered.

"Apropos of Belsay, I have a view of it from nearly the same point of view, with quite sufficient accuracy of detail; which will shortly have, if it has not already, some value for the antiquarian, as it contains the house part, which is in great part now taken down.

"Your sheet of letter-press will do to regulate the size of the plates. For the vignettes something between the two measures you gave, viz. about $3\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{1}{4}$, by $2\frac{1}{4}$. I can send you a specimen by the next post, and also tell you what I have that might be got for your present volume; that you may say which you prefer. I have heard it remarked that you will probably find 300 copies too small a number to bear you out in expenses, accidents, &c. incident to your publication; but I hope you have got the best practical information, and that you are not embarking so far as to involve yourself in a way that may subject you to loss. If I understand it right, you mean this fifth volume in the press as a trial. Yours very truly,

"ED. SWINBURNE."

FROM EDWARD SWINBURNE, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

2nd Sept. 1819.

"I have been looking over my sketches, since I wrote to you yesterday (1st Sept.), and as Mr. Ord is going to Newcastle to-day I shall send you a list of what I have met with, which might serve as vignettes. I believe about four inches in width would be a good general proportion to the letter press.

"Copeland Castle—not good enough for a larger plate.

"Twysell Bridge—over which Earl Surrey marched to Floddon.

"Chipchase—a distant view of, reserving the nearer one for a plate.

"Thirlwall Castle—not good, but might do for a vignette.

"Ford Castle—distant view of, would do for ditto.

"Bothal—distant, I have a nearer view with details, for a plate.

" St. Cuthbert's Chapel on Farne Island—not good, but might do.

" Norham Castle—either for vignette or plate. I should prefer the former, as I have a drawing of it to make for Mr. Raine's North Durham.

" Warkworth Bridge.

" Wyllmoteswick—picturesque, not much of building, which is secondary.

" Featherston—might do for a vignette or plate.

" Dunstanborough I could give a distant, reserving the principal

" Bambro' } views of each for plates.

" Holy Island—would do for a plate. I have nothing but distant views of the Old Church, the ruin.

" Yeavering Bell—outline from a bridge over the Glen on Wooler road, picturesque.

" Bellingham Church and River—I could make a vignette.

" Haughton Castle—might be made either a vignette or a plate, as you like.

" I might get the bit in Hexham Church, and the Bridge up the Devil, near Battlefield, or Aydon Castle, this autumn.

" How many would you want, and say which you would prefer? Write me this soon.

" I could not conveniently get at Branxton. It appears a hideous village. Floddon Field has no monument of the event to mark it. I had no opportunity of looking after Fair Cross; nor could I hear of it. Does anything exist? Nor could I stop for Wooler Church. Mitford Castle I have not yet got. The bit of the Abbey (Newminster) near Morpeth is too shabby. I may perhaps get this autumn up the Reed-water for Otterburne, &c. Point out anything that is come-at-able which you like better. In haste, yours truly

" ED. SWINBURNE."

TO EDWARD SWINBURNE, Esq., Sen.

" MY DEAR SIR,

High Heworth, near Gateshead, 4th Sep. 1819.

" I received your two letters this morning; and feel very greatly obliged by your candid and judicious advice; I will certainly have no more of Buck's Views reduced. My reasons for having them done at all were that Widdrington Castle does not exist; the view of Alnwick is the oldest of that building; and that of Belsay showed the old style of laying out gardens—and for having them done in Newcastle, because I

thought that servile reduced copies (I aimed at nothing else) might be made there as well as elsewhere; though I find on comparing the two performances Buck's is every way better.

"My wish respecting the Views, which you have had the kindness to offer me for plates, was that they should be etched by able artists in the style in which Blore has done the church of Houghton-le-Spring for Mr. Surtees's Durham; and that the vignettes should be done by Bewick, on wood; for I could not get the latter either well engraved on copper or printed well in Newcastle; and it would be very inconvenient to send the paper for the purpose of having them printed upon it in London, on account of the letter-press being printed in Newcastle. I have great promises of having them executed in the best style; though I am aware that wood is not equal to copper for doing justice to the original designs.

"For the drawings for plates I am in no great hurry, and shall not want more than six for the present volume. It will be four or five months before I can publish a volume, on account of the slowness of the process of printing my book. It is, however, immaterial what views appear in the volume that will be published first; as no part of the parochial history will be given in it. If it makes no difference to yourself, I could wish that the views of Bamborough and Prudhoe might be amongst the number, also that of the private bridge at Dilston.

"Your list of vignettes is interesting to me, as they are the only species of embellishments which I can give in the fifth volume (I mean permanently to remain in it), and I shall be greatly obliged to you for drawings for that purpose of the following places at your leisure:—Thirlwall Castle — Dunstanborough — Wyllymoteswick — Copeland Castle—Ford Castle—Featherstone Castle—Warkworth Bridge—Bothal Castle—Chipchase Castle; and, at some future opportunity, the remaining part of the list, viz. Twizel Bridge—St. Cuthbert's Chapel on Farne Island—Norham Castle—Holy Island—Yeavinger Bell—Haughton Castle—Bellingham Church.

"The Frid-stool in Hexham Church, and the Bridge over Devil's-water at Linnells, whenever you are in that part of the country. I beg you will not go a step out of your way for them.

"Will you also have the goodness to give me the name of any engraver whom you would recommend me to employ in engraving the plates. It sometimes happens that such plates as mine can be got executed at a moderate charge by giving them into the hand of an artist, and saying 'You may do them at your leisure.' If, therefore,

you could recommend me to any gentleman in London, I would get my brother there to make arrangements with respect to the time of their being finished, payments, &c.

"I do not recollect anything about an antiquity of the name of Fair Cross; but I think I mentioned to you one at the way-side in the parish of Ilderton, which was discovered some years since under a heap of stones, which had gone by the name of *the apron full of stones*. The base of it is circular, twelve feet in diameter, and has five rows of steps from it to the remains of the shaft. It is now called Percy's Cross, from a supposition that one of that family fell there, and not on Hedgeley Moor, as has been said by later historians: but on what grounds this new idea is founded I have not examined.

"I thank you also for your kind solicitude respecting the success of my undertaking. My main inducement for the undertaking is to gain so much by it as to enable me to get my children better educated than my present means will allow; and, if I can sell 300 copies, I have no doubt of realizing my object. The fifth volume will be dull, but if I can struggle against the difficulties of getting up the second I shall have no apprehensions about the sale of the whole of the copies.

"I do not intend to give any views of gentlemen's seats at present tenanted by their owners, but confine myself to such buildings as come under the class of antiquities. With this rule before me, Chipchase would be admitted; and, if I recollect rightly, you showed me a view of it in which the old tower makes so principal and so interesting an object that I could wish to give it. Belsay Castle is also one of those interesting objects that must not be omitted; and I will thank you to look again at the old painting of Capheaton; and if the labour of reducing it be not too great I trust that Sir John will allow me to have a copy of it. With many thanks for your great kindness, I am, dear Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

"JOHN HODGSON."

FROM EDWARD SWINBURNE, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Capheaton, Friday, 20 Sept. 1819.

"I was prevented by an interruption from getting the vignette of Warkworth Bridge ready, though it was nearly so, by Thursday's post. To make up for it I shall send another with it on Monday in our bag, to be left for you at the Post Office, Newcastle, as being less likely that way to be doubled and creased. It is a small one of Chipchase

Castle, at a distance, with the river, and will not interfere with the larger one you wish to have for a plate. I will write to my friends in London to make inquiry about an engraver for the plates; and I trust we shall not find it difficult to meet with some clever artist to do them as you wish and well. The size of your Buck reduced; which you sent me, seems to me a good one for the proportion of letter-press. There is room enough for what we want, and I hope it is one that would not be a very great expense, even though the engravings were finished rather further in effect than the one you allude to in Surtees's Durham. Some information, which I will obtain, about the price will enable you to judge. You have chosen three good subjects; and, as I think no time ought to be lost in putting the drawings into the engraver's hands. I shall be getting them forward without delay. I shall think of three other subjects to complete your number. Might not Widdrington Castle be reduced, and the details given in an outline as a vignette?

"It seems of consequence that the plates of your first published volume, if the matter is not very interesting, should be as attractive as you can afford to get them.

"Thebit I have of Thirlwall Tower is so small (it is a poor one) and without any of the general situation relative to the great (Roman) wall, I have doubts whether it is worth having. I could make it into a tolerably picturesque vignette. Quære, would not a small view of Bambro' from the other side of the view you choose for a plate, including the sea, be a good substitute for it; or would you wish to reserve that for another volume?

"When you mention Bothal as a vignette I suppose you mean a general and distant view of the Tower, and not the near one I have; of which, I presume, you would want a plate some time or other.

"My brother has not the least objection to the old picture's being copied, and my nieces will make a reduced drawing of it for you.

"Lady Swinburne desires to be put down as a subscriber to your work. All unite in best regards. Yours truly,

"ED. SWINBURNE.

"Your reasons for getting the vignettes done at Newcastle are quite sufficient. You cannot put them into better hands, or so good indeed, for wood engravings."

MR. (AFTERWARDS SIR A.) CALLCOTT TO MR. E. SWINBURNE.

"MY DEAR EDWARD,

Oct. 18, 1819.

"You will see by the inclosed extract from my letter to Mr. Hodgson what I think as to the execution of plates to his work. If you should agree in opinion with me as to their being executed in aquatint, I should recommend you to use the pen most freely, so as to require little more than flat washes in the tinting. This will make them to give a spirit and detail, in which in general such works are defective. Lewis's power of imitation is quite surprising; so much so that his prints are perfectly deceptive on the closest inspection, and when he has good things to work from, beautiful. The specimens inclosed are from very loose sketches of Claude; but, loose as they are, I will be bound to say that there is not a touch or a line but what is a precise fac-simile of the original. *You* will readily judge from them that his ability is equal to the rendering of any kind of drawing in two colours; and there is no degree of finish compatible with a drawing, in which the outline is conspicuous, that is not within his power of imitation. With regard to the price, of course the difference from seven to ten guineas is to meet the variety of labour that the different subjects will require.

"AND. CALLCOTT."

MR. CALLCOTT TO MR. HODGSON.

"I have made the necessary inquiries, and see no prospect of the possibility of your obtaining any decorations to your work executed in line engraving; as the expense of any thing tolerable in this way would far exceed the sum you have named, and add so much to the expenses of the publication that, without a considerable rise in the price, it would be quite ruinous to your profits.

"I find, however, that in aquatint you might very well accomplish your object; as the price of engraving plates of the size you mention will be from seven to ten guineas each, and that six of them would be very well executed within the time specified for the first publication, or at any rate within six months, which would be impossible in the line way.

"I am the more induced to recommend this style of work for your history, as fac-similes of a most perfect description can be obtained from Mr. Swinburne's drawings in this way, and the just reputation he

has for taste among his friends in the North cannot fail to make this a point of great importance to the work.

"I shall send to him by to-morrow's post specimens by the best engraver we have in this style, Mr. F. Lewis, with my ideas on the subject, and you will no doubt shortly hear from him on the point. The detached architecture, seals, &c. I should think would certainly be best rendered on stone."

28 Oct. 1819.—MR. SWINBURNE to MR. HODGSON.—"I have sent you, to the care of Mr. J. L. Loraine, at the post office, two more vignettes—Wyllymoteswick, of which there is just enough of the Tower to swear by, and a distant view of Bothal Castle. Mr. Bewick will make such alterations in them, and the others, as he may think advisable, to adapt them to engraving; as I have not sufficient experience to know what is best in the management for that purpose. When are we to hear any thing about the larger concerns?"—E.S.

From EDWARD SWINBURNE, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Oct. 29, 1819.

"Line engraving being out of your reach, I do not see that you can do better than put the drawings into the hands of Mr. Lewis, of whose very great powers of imitation Mr. Callcott speaks so decidedly in his letter to me. The specimens he has sent have a peculiarity of touch and manner, which I have observed in sketches of Claude, from which they are done, corroborating his testimony. I am getting, now the thing is decided on (for such I presume is your determination) Bambo' Castle and Prudhoe Gateway ready as fast I can, to be sent off and put into Mr. Lewis's hands, that he may be set agoing; and the other four (I believe you want six for your first volume, am I right?) to follow, as soon as I can get them done; if we keep free from an explosion.* The Bridge at Dilston I propose to make the next: the three others I have not determined on. I cannot say I am satisfied with the first specimen you have sent me of the vignettes: I have compared it with those of Bewick's works, his *Birds* and *Æsop*, and can see nothing of the taste and spirited touch to be found in most of them. It is to my eyes generally heavy and tasteless in the execution, with deviations from the original in making out parts, which I cannot feel as

* Alluding probably to the Radicals of the period.

improvements. I cannot see his hand in it. I think it is best not to notice it till I have had some conversation with you about it. I had intended, weather permitting, to have been in Newcastle on Saturday, but, in consequence of a note I have just received, I shall defer it to Monday, between two and four o'clock. I am to be heard of at Mr. John Ord's, in Westgate Street. Bad weather will probably prevent me. Yours ever truly,

"ED. SWINBURNE."

In October 1819 Mr. Hodgson was applied to by Mr. T. M. Richardson, a well-known and justly-appreciated artist in Newcastle, to revise the letter-press of a publication which he contemplated in conjunction with Mr. William Dixon, who was, I believe, first a scene and then a portrait painter in Newcastle. The work was to be entitled, "Picturesque Views of the Architectural Antiquities of Northumberland;" and it was intended to confine it to twelve parts, but, after four had been published, the undertaking appears to have been abandoned. Such plates as were executed are now in the possession of Mr. Charnley, a bookseller in Newcastle. The descriptive pages submitted to Mr. Hodgson's inspection in the first instance related to the Town of Alnwick. "I trust," says Mr. Richardson, "you will be gratified with the perusal of the accompanying papers, as we consider ourselves exceedingly fortunate in our authoress, who has already appeared before the public in different works with much credit to herself: her services to us are gratuitous, which enhances the favour. Our first description, being the residence of our patroness, may probably be the longest." Mr. Richardson, as we shall see, afterwards made a second attempt upon a like subject, with Hodgson again as the supervisor of his descriptions, and in this also he was unsuccessful.

In this same year, 1819, a new name was added to the list of Mr. Hodgson's topographical correspondents. John Smart, Esq. of Trehitt, kindly offered his services in investigating the British and Roman camps and roads in the northern parts of the county, and communicated a sketch of old Rothbury, &c., promising further assistance. It must be admitted that in his quest of antiquities of this description Mr. Smart occasionally made a

happy discovery; and, further, that he took a sincere pleasure in making his friends acquainted with the result of his labours. Occasionally, however, he was fanciful. He was apt to mistake the fosse of a Border tower for the ditch of a Roman camp, or the mounds thrown up as sheep-folds, or night-lairs as they were called, for British fortifications. An outline of one of his discoveries may be seen in the second volume of Mackenzie's patch-work History of Northumberland, p. 19, illustrative of what he considered to be the remains of a Roman camp at Crawley Tower. This cut however had "a double debt to pay." At no greater distance than that of two leaves from the page on which it first makes its appearance, the editor adroitly introduces the very same illustration (if I am not mistaken) in an altered position, and makes it do duty as a British camp between Linhope and Hart-side. This however is nothing to the use made of the same embellishments, especially the portraits, in that earliest of our Pictorial Histories—the Nuremburgh Chronicle. The self-same woodcut stands in that most amusing book for Zaraya the priest, Solon the philosopher, Salathiel, Demetrius the orator, Panætius the stoic, Suetonius the historian, Julius Africanus, the Venerable Bede, Hugh de Sancto Victore, Bernardus of Compostella, Alexander de Hales, Johannes Calderinus, and John Gerson.

Nov. 19th, 1819.—HODGSON to MR. SWINBURNE.—"Nesbit has Wyllmoteswick in hand. Bothal is still with me, but, if Nesbit succeeds in the cut he is working upon, I will send him it also. You will be glad to hear that Warkworth Bridge looks much better in the book than in the proof, as it is not printed so very black, and the sky has been very lightly borne upon."

TO RALPH SPEARMAN, Esq.

"DEAR SIR, High Heworth, near Gateshead, 29th Nov, 1819.

"On Saturday last I received at Mr. Adamson's office your copy of Mackenzie's Northumberland, with two parcels of papers respecting the families of Widdrington and Errington, all of which shall be gone through with as much expedition as I can make.

"At present I am engaged in making a selection from the Sheriff Book of Sir Thomas Swinburne, and wish to get done with it before I

make any regular attack upon your papers. Several volumes of the Mickleton and Spearman's MSS. have gone through my hands, and I hope to be able to get transcripts of the best part of Dr. Hunter's papers relative to the churches in Northumberland.

"Have you heard anything respecting a vast mass of ecclesiastical papers at present at Paris, and which are said to have been taken from England to Rome about the time of the Suppression, and brought from Rome to Paris by order of Bonaparte when he meditated the invasion of England? I have been told that there are several amongst them relative to establishments in Northumberland, particularly the Appropriation Deeds of several of the Northumberland vicarages. In the spring an opportunity I hope will occur to have them examined, and, if the tale I have been told prove true, I will get fac-simile copies made of such as will be of use to me.

"At present Mr. Raine, of Durham, is gleaning for pedigrees out of a volume of extracts which I made from the MSS. in the British Museum. When he returns it I will let you have a sight of it. Many of my extracts were made on loose paper, and have been arranged under the several heads which they refer to; but a few of them which were copied on paper nearly all of a size I have got stitched together, and send for your perusal. When you have gone through it you can return it to the care of our friend Mr. Adamson.

"In a record respecting the manor of Houghton, in Heddon-on-the-Wall, the Roman wall appears to be called Thwertoner Dyke, which is as much as to say the *Thwartening Barrier*. Thwerton being plainly from a Saxon word for *against*, &c.

"Did I say to you that while I was in the Tower I met with the original endowment charter of Morpeth School? It had been brought with a great mass of accounts, &c. from the Paper Office in Westminster, and deposited in the Tower a few weeks before I found it. I suspect that it had been in the custody of Lord Widdrington, or some other Northumberland rebel, and taken to London with the muniments belonging to his estate, for the whole of these papers related to rebellions in the North. I got an exact copy of it, and sent it to the Bailiffs of Morpeth.

"What think you of the character of Maister Ralph Ilderton, at p. 42 of the extracts? I like the description of Horsley and Carr.

"The two printed pages which I inclose are the only spare leaves of the *Placita de quo Warranto* which I have in my study. It is a long

article, and very illustrative of the tenures in the time of Edward the First.

"Allow me to return you my very sincere thanks for the kind and favourable manner in which you have mentioned me to Sir Henry Lawson and Mr. Stapleton. I have had a letter from Sir Henry offering me the perusal of his papers and title-deeds, when I can find an opportunity of going to Brough Hall.

"Mr. Lysons at the time of his death was engaged in printing a Calendar of the 'Inquisitiones post Mortem tempore Eliz.' upon a much better plan than the Calendar for the reigns of Henry the Third and the three first Edwards, printed by the House of Commons, which is nothing but a copy of a very imperfect catalogue of the extracts in those reigns made by some slovenly clerk a long time ago. The Calendars for the reigns between Edward the Third and Elizabeth are also in the printer's hands.

"With many apologies for the trouble I give you, I am, dear Sir, most truly your obliged and obedient humble servant,

"JOHN HODGSON."

FROM JOHN TREVELYAN, Esq., AFTERWARDS BART.

MY DEAR SIR,

"Wallington, Dec. 15, 1819.

"On our return from a visit at Matfen we heard with regret that you had been at Whelpington * during our absence. We shall be most happy to see you whenever you will favour us with a visit; and perhaps I could shew you one or two MSS. which might afford you some addition to your collections for the history of this county, in which I heartily wish you success; and remain yours very sincerely,

"J. TREVELYAN."

* Doubtless upon a visit to his friend Mr. Hedley, then curate of that parish.

CHAPTER XIII. 1820.

Correspondence respecting Engravings continued—A rival History of Northumberland—The Greenwich Hospital and Tower Records—Correspondence resumed—W. C. Trevelyan, Esq.—Henry Petrie, Esq.

DURING the year at which we have arrived the Correspondence with Mr. Edward Swinburne on the subject of drawings and engravings was still carried on, and continued to be of the same interesting nature; until, at length, in November the volume was published for which there had been all this thoughtful preparation; and Mr. Hodgson made his first appearance before the world, in a thick quarto, as a County Historian. Along with these letters I print a few on different subjects, and touch upon other matters connected with his personal history.

FROM EDWARD SWINBURNE, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Capheaton, 9 Jan. 1820, Sunday.

"Mr. Lewis has sent me proofs of the aquatints of the two drawings put into his hands.* Mr. Callcott, he says, thought they looked very well, and was to write to me shortly. I have not yet heard from him. This approbation of Mr. Callcott's is too vague for me to know what he thinks of them as fac-similes, which they profess to be. As for myself, after the very strong manner in which Mr. C. had expressed himself about Mr. Lewis's powers of imitation, I am disappointed. There are many deviations in the copies, which appear to me the effect of haste and carelessness. I will send you the aquatints and the drawings next Thursday, either by Lee or the carrier, to Mr.

* It may be interesting to compare the plates in the forth-coming volume, as they were eventually published, with the correspondence respecting them whilst they were in a progressive state in the hands of the engraver. The same remark may be made with regard to those in the subsequent volumes of the History, as far as we have any correspondence concerning them. It is not necessary to refer under these letters to the various pages in each portion of the book in which the engravings are respectively contained, as the tabular view given by Hodgson himself at the head of each volume, which it is my intention to reprint, will sufficiently answer that purpose.

Ord's, in Westgate Street, that you may see them, together with a note to direct your attention to the principal faults. I do not know whether Mr. C. has ever seen the drawings either before or since the aquatints have been done, to collate them. Mr. L. wishes to know when the six plates must be done, and the sooner he has the others the better. The expense is ten guineas each plate. I cannot believe there is a want of power of closer imitation, but rather of some superintendence. I am just returned from a visit, and have not had time to think of some arrangement for improvement in the execution of any others that may be sent to him. I shall write to Mr. Callcott on Thursday. My state of progress is—three others nearly finished; and one, the last, advanced; so all will soon be ready to put out of hand. I will tell you what plan I may hit upon for obtaining better stuff.

Yours sincerely,

“ED. SWINBURNE.”

TO EDWARD SWINBURNE, Esq.

“MY DEAR SIR,

High Heworth, 14 Jan. 1820.

“The meeting of our select vestry, on business relating to the poor, prevented my getting out to Newcastle yesterday before two o'clock in the afternoon, which will account for the proofs and drawings not being returned as you requested.

“If you had sent the proofs without the drawings I dare say I should have been much gratified with them; but on comparing them together the marks of carelessness in the copies are every where apparent. The lights especially are too strong, and the shadows too feeble. The detail of the herbage is very imperfectly made out, and the outline in general without force. In Prudhoe the branches in shadow above the figure are almost wholly omitted; the shadow wants depth, and the figure is inaccurately copied. The character and attitude of the figures on the water-edge are mistaken; and there is a want of touching and sharpness about the mullions of the windows, the outlines of the battlements, and crosslet loopholes of the castle. Bamborough wants mellowness. The whole sky has a harsh and unnatural dapple, and the angles of the towers are too imperfectly defined; while the masonry of the wall below the round tower is too much made out for the light that falls upon it. I would not make these observations were I not very anxious that the taste and spirit of the drawings should not be lost in transferring them to the copper. I have no knowledge of the difficulties there may be in managing the gum which is used in giving the tint,

but surely a little more pains with the needle would not fail, in Mr. Lewis's hand, to render the outline and the detail more accurately. But, as you have taken the onus of doing so much for me, I must beg of you to use any freedom of expostulation or advice with the engraver which you may think likely to be advantageous in getting justice done to your designs.

"My printing has of late gone on very slowly: at present, and till about the end of February, I do not expect the printer will be able to give me more than four pages of proof in the week; which will put off the publication of the first volume to the latter end of May at the soonest. Difficulties and delays occur to me at every step, but I have begun and must go forward.

"As yet I have no tidings from Nesbit: very fortunately I have not wanted his exertions: but they say, that, besides his itching for politics, he has a spark in his throat which often requires to be cooled. What do you think of the woodcut of Kelloe church in the first volume of *Surtees*? The leaves of the herbage are too large.

"I wish the hard edge of shadow in the upper part of the sky of *Bam-borough* could be a little better softened down into the light.

"With respect to the tint in the sky, which Mr. Lewis speaks of, I cannot pretend to judge upon its effect; but wish in every respect to be guided by your good opinion.

"I am in Newcastle two or three times a week. If you should ever want anything done there which you may think me capable of managing, I beg that you will not fail to command my services. Believe me to be most faithfully your obedient servant,

"JOHN HODGSON."

FROM EDWARD SWINBURNE, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

20 Jan. 1820.

"I have written to Mr. Callcott about the aquatints, expressing my mind on their want of care and fidelity, so little corresponding with those powers of imitation he described, and to which, knowing Callcott's accuracy, I trusted without hesitation. I cannot yet have had an answer; though I expected to have heard from him agreeably to his promise. We shall see what he says; and perhaps he will suggest some means (if he does not differ with us as to their merits), either by remonstrance or superintendence, of getting the others more attended to, and some improvement also of the two that are done. I see there is time enough. Mr. Lewis's method is evidently a rapid one: we must

contrive to get a little more of the slow and sure. The great object is to get them to be ornamental to your book, and assist the sale. There is the same feeling here as to the general effect of the aquatints, when not collated, as you say yours would have been, without seeing the originals. I agree with you in all the omissions and inaccuracies you point out, and had observed them. I am not surprised at your difficulties growing upon you; that is a tax upon printing-authors which is never taken off. As to the carriage of the proofs, and such other incidental trifles as may occur, I should be much obliged to you if you would neither think about them yourself nor oblige me to do so. I grudge that joint trouble. If any material expense should be incurred I will not fail to come upon you for re-imbursement. Our roads are blocking up. Yours sincerely,

“ED. SWINBURNE.”

24 Jan. “I have heard from Mr. Callcott, who tells me he did not consider the plates as completed, but looked upon them as successful proofs, to be submitted for my suggestions for further finish. He has no doubt of Lewis's ultimate success.”

Feb. 2, 1820. — MR. HODGSON to MR. SWINBURNE. “I have not been well for the last week; and the news of a rival publication, which Sir John has had the goodness to inform me of, has put me into a nervous flutter. I think it right to advertise in the Newcastle papers that my work is in progress; but in drawing up an advertisement have not ventured to mention to whose kindness I am indebted for the drawings which will embellish it. Should I have occasion to repeat the advertisement, may I have the advantage of saying that the engravings are by Lewis, from drawings by E. Swinburne, Esq.? I mention this, with all deference, begging that if you have the slightest objection to see your name in the advertisement you will say so.

“It is very provoking that I can get no account from Nesbit; and Bewick has made such a set of Chipchase Castle, that he is under the necessity of making a second attempt. He says that it is not possible to give distant and indefinite objects with any tolerable effect on wood—that his style is best suited to short distances, in which the objects are well defined. Such subjects he had in Warkworth Bridge and Copeland Castle, both of which he has executed very indifferently, with respect to keeping and drawing.

“There is a young man of the name of Nicholson who, I understand,

was a pupil of Bewick, and cuts very cleanly and skilfully; but has not a good knowledge of drawing: under proper directions he can, however, execute his work in a very good style, and I am thinking of giving him a vignette for a trial.

"It gave me great pleasure to hear from you that Mr. Calcott says the proofs which Lewis sent were not finished proofs.

"Mr. Losh's speech is in my mind sensible, moderate, and full of discretion. There will never be any reform, either in the representation of the country or in the use of its money, till the moderate of all parties join, and firmly and perseveringly demand it. We are now under George the Fourth. We dare not say, 'Jam redit,' &c."

Feb. 14.—MR. HODGSON to MR. SWINBURNE. "I have not advertised my book a second time.—I think the pretensions of the Alnwick bookseller not so forcible. I have therefore deferred making use of the kind indulgence you have given me of putting your name in an advertisement. I intend to ride to Swalwell, and, if Nesbit has not committed Wyllimoteswick to wood, to secure the drawing. I have given Nicholson Bothal Castle. I am much pleased with all the drawings, and especially with the management of the sky and the foreground of Bywell Tower. There is a charming stillness and solitude about Dilston, which are in unison with the history of the place."

Feb. 20, 1820. — MR. HODGSON to MR. SWINBURNE. "Nicholson promised on Saturday to have Bothal Castle drawn upon the wood, and send it, with two or three queries, for your inspection. Should you wish to alter it he tells me that the drawing must be looked at in a mirror."

But in the midst of all this preparation of engravings, &c., Sir John Swinburne wrote, on the 28th January, 1820, to inform Mr. Hodgson that a bookseller at Alnwick, of the name of Davison, had sent him a prospectus of another, and what appeared to him to be a rival, History of Northumberland. This will explain the allusions in the preceding letters. On the 3rd of February following the Mr. Davison above mentioned announced to Hodgson his wish to become a subscriber to *his* History, and five days afterwards he wrote again, in consequence of having in the mean time received a letter from Sir John, con-

taining somewhat amounting to an expostulation for his trespass upon Hodgson's ground. In his second letter he stated in justification that he had been by himself and others engaged for upwards of four years in collecting materials for his projected History—had been promised many materials and much support—had had the description of the Roman Wall put into form for twelve months—had caused many views to be taken and some engraved—and all this before he knew anything of Hodgson's publication. He proceeded to state that he had not made his intention of publishing known until he heard that the copies of Hodgson's intended History were all subscribed for, and offered him any information in his power respecting the town of Alnwick. He further informed Hodgson that Sir John Swinburne had written to blame him for attempting a History of Northumberland at this time, and added, in conclusion, that at any rate he should have nothing ready to come out for two years. In reply to this communication, Hodgson addressed to him the following letter, conceived and written with much kindness.

MR. HODGSON to MR. DAVISON.

"SIR,

"I feel greatly obliged by the ingenuous statement of your progress in a History of Northumberland, with which you have favoured me. Sir John Swinburne has long taken great interest in forwarding my labours on the same subject; but you will be well aware that the letter which he lately addressed to you was without any previous communication with me on the subject; and now I tell you that I had never heard of your intention to publish a History of the County till I received a note from Sir John about a week ago informing me of it.

"My die is now cast, and I must go on. My plates for one volume are all either engraved, or in the hands of engravers in London. At the advice of persons well acquainted with the sale of County Histories I have only printed 300 copies; but, should I be favoured with subscribers for nearly that number, I intend to print a larger impression of the Parochial History, and reprint the present volume to make the impressions correspond.

"I cannot but feel sorry that we should, without each other's knowledge, have both begun to labour in a field which, though rich in history, offers I fear a very bare prospect of pecuniary advantage; but,

as we have not met on the same ground with any hostile intentions, I trust we shall proceed peacefully together in our endeavours to improve it. Your name is added to the list of my subscribers; and I will thank you to allow me to take a copy of your work as it comes out, and to be of use to you in collecting information respecting the more southern parts of the county. I am, Sir,—

“J. H.”

On the 11th February following Mr. Davison wrote and offered Hodgson 300 copies of impressions from plates engraved for his History of Alnwick, at little more than the price of throwing off. This offer however was declined, as the plates were of the most humble kind, and in the coarsest style of engraving. I am not aware that any part of Mr. Davison's History was ever published. Many of the plates were sold afterwards by him in a separate state, without letter-press or description. In April 1824 impressions of not fewer than forty-three different engravings, chiefly of the quarto size, were advertised by him at 1s. 6d. each, or, in the case of those of a smaller size, at that price in pairs. The subjects engraved were castles, inhabited or in ruins, monasteries, mansion-houses, camps, &c.; he announced at the same time a series of thirty-six engravings of views of churches on cards at 4d. or 6d. each, many of which were finished, and others in the hands of the engraver. With the exception of a few churches in the county of Durham, most of these engravings had apparently been intended for his contemplated History.

Feb. 26, 1820.—MR. HODGSON to MR. SWINBURNE. “After drawing Bothal Castle on wood, Nicholson feels so confident of making a true fac-simile of your drawing, as to think it unnecessary to trouble you with seeing it till it is in the state of a pretty perfect proof. Bewick's shop is at present quite tormenting. They have had one essay on Chipchase Castle, and made it so totally unlike the drawing that they wish to have another trial; and I fear, by the specimen of it upon wood, they will not succeed. The engraving of Chipchase, and the rude memory sketch from an old note-book of mine, were shewn to them to give them a notion of the form of the building, which you will see they are now attempting to give too much in detail. The wood itself has none of that fine polish which it ought to have; and the drawing is so bedaubed with dirt and etching-wax that I am ashamed to let you see it.”

March 21, 1820.—MR. HODGSON to MR. SWINBURNE. "The volume I am at present engaged in printing is intended to consist of about 400 pages, only 280 of which are printed off. After this week I am, however, promised eight pages in the week; more, I fear, than I can expect, so that the latter end of June will be upon me before I can possibly get delivered of the present volume. I certainly would not persevere in getting Chipchase done at Bewick's had they not already spent a great deal of time over a block which failed, and been at the trouble of drawing it a second time on wood. Nicholson has not finished Bothal. He is very busy with some things for Charnley's edition of Fables, to which Bewick made blocks when he was a young man. As for Nesbit I have neither succeeded in getting a woodcut nor the drawing back again, though I have commissioned a gentleman near Swalwell to have either one or both."

June 8, 1820.—MR. HODGSON to MR. SWINBURNE. "I take the liberty of troubling you with a proof of the first attempt to represent organic remains by wood-cutting. It may still be improved, both in fidelity of representation and in effect, by giving the longitudinal fibres in every leaflet. Will you have the goodness to give me your opinion whether you think such subjects will be interesting or not? The original, of which this is a representation, is from Fawdon colliery, which abounds with excellent impressions of a great variety of plants, mostly of the fern tribe. I have seen Nesbit. He says his health is much better, and that he hopes to finish the vignette very soon. At present he is busy with a head of Bewick for an edition of Æsop's Fables, which Mr. Charnley has printed, and which is embellished with woodcuts made by Bewick many years since. The work has been waiting for this head nearly three months. I get quite out of patience with the slow progress of my book. About forty pages of the historical part, besides the indexes, which will occupy at least forty pages more, are still to print."

June 14, 1820.—MR. SWINBURNE to MR. HODGSON. "The specimen you have sent me looks too much like a lady's pattern, whether from incorrectness in the design of the vegetable part, or from its being made so very black, I cannot say, without seeing the original. If intended merely as an ornamental tail-piece I should not think it would do; if illustrative and explanatory of the description of those remains in your History, the imitation should be as close as possible, both in the forms

of the plant and its appearance in the substance in which it is deposited. In your woodcut it looks as if the vacuum where the plant was were filled up with coal. I am glad to hear of Nesbit's revival. I hope the improvement of his health is an indication of his *radical* decline.—E. SWINBURNE."

June 24, 1820.—To MR. SWINBURNE. "When I sent your drawings to Messrs. Lewis, through my brother, I wrote their titles upon the back of each of them; and some time after, finding that 'Bigge's Main Staith' was put on one of them instead of 'Fawdon Staith,' I requested my brother to mention the error to Messrs. Lewis, which I hope he has done. The proof which I sent you is a very faithful representation of a vegetable preserved in a carbonaceous state, and taken from about forty-six fathoms below the surface in Fawdon colliery. I never before saw so perfect a specimen as it is. The schist upon which it is imbedded is of a lightish blue colour; and the vegetable remains of a bright and jetty black. As I shall have several similar subjects to get engraved, I thought they might as well be scattered here and there through my book. Those which I have selected are of kinds of which I have seen no description, and I suppose that such of my readers as are curious in natural history will be gratified with seeing them; but I would never attempt to give engravings of them if I supposed they would not create an interest somewhat equal to the trouble and expense which will attend them."

FROM THE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

"REVD. SIR,

Cavendish Square, 17 March, 1820.

"I have at length been enabled to execute the two commissions in which you feel so warm an interest; and calling on Messrs. Forster and Wailes, agents for Greenwich Hospital, at Newcastle, they will acquaint you with the powers they have received from the Board to communicate such papers as you want.

"Mr. Petrie, the successor to Mr. S. Lysons, has given me every assurance he will render you all the assistance which his predecessor in office had promised.

"Wishing you success in this arduous undertaking, which I am persuaded you will accomplish to your own satisfaction and that of your friends, I am, with much regard, your sincere friend,

"S. DUNELM."

The "papers" referred to by the Bishop in the above letter as belonging to Greenwich Hospital were abstracts of the long lost title-deeds of the Earl of Derwentwater, whose forfeited estates had been attached to that charitable institution by Act of Parliament in 1735. The following extract from a letter written by Hodgson to the author in 1822, detailing the history of the discovery of these records, is not without its interest. After having long been missing, they were found soon after the second Rebellion of 1745, when the word *Derwentwater* would not fail to carry suspicion along with it. I have ascertained that during his minority Lord Derwentwater had been a ward of his uncle Colonel Radclyffe, who resided for a while at Capheaton, a circumstance which may account for the finding of the boxes in that mansion-house.

1822.—To the Rev. JAMES RAINE. "I have heard from Sir John Swinburne and others, that all the Radclyffe title-deeds were, for many years after the attainder of the Earl of Derwentwater, concealed at Capheaton, and that Greenwich Hospital procured them by the information of a mason, who was employed to mend the roof of the house there. They had been kept in a garret in boxes marked 'DERWENTWATER.' A writ was issued to search for arms, and put into the hands of Sir William Middleton to execute, who, finding these boxes with a rebel's name upon them, seized them and carried them off. This is the substance of all I know about the matter. Mr. Wailes and the late Mr. Forster, Receivers for Greenwich Hospital, have told me the same tale.—J. H."

It may be necessary to add to these statements that the documents were immediately removed to Greenwich Hospital, where they are now preserved, and that elaborate abstracts were made of their contents, a copy of which was lodged with the receivers of the estates in Northumberland. It was these abstracts which Hodgson was anxious to consult, and we may now proceed to the result of the Bishop's application.

The "powers" spoken of by the Bishop in his letter will be best explained by what took place when Hodgson waited upon the Receivers with the Bishop's letter in his hand; unless, indeed, they themselves, of their own accord, threw obstacles in his way.

The abstracts were courteously placed before him, and he spent a long day in making such extracts as he was in need of; but upon taking his departure it was intimated to him that his minute-books must be left for inspection by the legal adviser of the Hospital. With this request he complied, but he saw them no more. The following extracts and letters tell the remainder of the tale:

Journal.—Feb. 9, 1822. “Called at Greenwich Hospital Office about my MS. book of extracts from their records. Mr. Wailes said Mr Forster had it.”

Ibid.—Feb. 13. “Called at Greenwich Hospital Office to get my extracts respecting Tynemouth; but Mrs. Forster could not get them, as her son was from home, and had the key of the drawer where they were.”

TO MESSRS. WAILES and BRANDLING, RECEIVERS OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

“GENTLEMEN,

Whelpington, 22 Sep. 1824.

“As I expect to be in the neighbourhood of Newcastle for several days some time during the next month, you would oblige me much by saying whether or not you think there is any probability of my being allowed to make use of such extracts as I have already taken from the abstracts of the deeds of the Greenwich Hospital Estates in your office. For if I could see a prospect of deriving any information from your books I would spend a day or two in going through them; but, if you think it is unlikely that I should be allowed that indulgence, I would not trouble you any longer with applications on the subject. I have the honour, &c.

“JOHN HODGSON.”

FROM MESSRS. WAILES AND BRANDLING.

“SIR,

Newcastle, 23 Sep. 1824.

“We shall gladly be instrumental in furnishing you with any information relating to the Estates of Greenwich Hospital that we can with prudence consent to be published. At the same time it is right to inform you that we do not intend to take this responsibility upon ourselves, but to ask Mr. Williamson's opinion upon any extracts you may wish to make from our books. With this understanding we shall willingly submit them to your inspection whenever it may suit your convenience to call at our office. We are, Sir, your most obedient servants,

“THOS. WAILES,

“RT. WM. BRANDLING.”

Mr. Williamson was Temporal Chancellor of the County Palatine of Durham, Recorder of Newcastle, and at that time far advanced in years. It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that Hodgson declined to give either that gentleman or the Receivers any further trouble. As an indication however that the difficulties thrown in his way did not proceed from the Hospital itself, it must be mentioned that upon a change in the management of the Derwentwater Estate, soon afterwards, full access to the Abstracts in question was granted to Hodgson in the most gentlemanly way, by John Grey, Esq., of Dilston, the sole Receiver, to whom the author takes this opportunity of tendering his cordial thanks for a similar obligation.

FROM EDW. SWINBURNE, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Penbrook, Hants, 26th June, 1820.

"I have heard of a mode of proceeding for vignettes, the knowledge of which might I think have been useful to you in an earlier stage of your work, and may do for another volume, which I hope you will have encouragement enough to enter into. It has been adopted by F. C. Lewis's brother (who travelled with Mr. Dibdin), in a book of Travels which Mr. D. has now in the press. The etchings, executed as vignettes, are taken off on fine India paper; and, after the letter-press is printed, they are pasted on the sheet with fine starch, and then simply passed through the printer's press. I am told it answers very well. Would not this enable you- to get any vignettes, you might wish to introduce, etched for you in London, where they would be well done, and with far less trouble than you have had to get them spoiled in the country? The pasting and pressing, I suppose, you could get done there without difficulty. I will try to get a sight of them when I return to town in the course of a few days. I hope Mr. Lewis will soon be ready for you. As your own operations appeared to be delayed, I have ventured to stop his progress a little, in order to get some details for a view of Newcastle, which I had not with me; for having thought it advisable to take a more simple point of view (very near Dunstan-Hill grounds,) instead of the one I shewed you, I expect to find those details on my return; and when they are made out in the aquatint of it which was already much advanced, I presume he will have little else to do before printing them off. Yours truly,

"ED. SWINBURNE."

From W. C. TREVELYAN, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Welbeck Street, June 29th, 1820.

"Thinking that you may not have met with a book entitled "*Catalogi Librorum MSS. Angliæ et Hiberniæ*" printed at Oxford in 1697, I take the liberty of inclosing you an extract from it of the titles of some papers relating to Northumberland, which were collected by Dodsworth, and are now preserved in the Bodleian Library, with many others relating to the North. In Ashmole's Library, vol. 834, is a paper which from the corrections, &c. in it (though I have not yet compared it with his autograph), appears to be the original draft of Flower's Grant of Arms to Newcastle on Tyne in 1575; a copy of which, from the papers belonging to the corporation, is given by Brand. In case you wish for copies of any papers in the Bodleian, they may (I believe) be obtained by writing to any of the librarians. If, during my short stay in London, I can be of any service to you, it will give me great pleasure. Believe me, dear Sir, very truly yours,

"W. C. TREVELYAN.

"Will you have the goodness to forward the accompanying note to Mr. Surtees."

The writer of the above letter is now Sir Walter Calverley Trevelyan of Wallington, Bart., a gentleman well-known for his literary and scientific pursuits. Hodgson had, as we have seen, in the preceding year, received a kind invitation to Wallington from Sir John Trevelyan, Mr. Trevelyan's father, and about that period his acquaintance with the family seems to have had its commencement. This is the first letter from his new correspondent which he has preserved, and it is probably the first with which he was favoured. Mr. Trevelyan's subsequent communications, and his contributions to Hodgson's materials for his History of Northumberland in its various departments, were extensive and of great importance. I find papers in his neat hand in most of Hodgson's volumes of collections. One book in particular consists entirely of transcripts by him from various sources, such as the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, Miss Curren's Manuscripts at Eshton Hall, &c. &c., and the assistance which this volume must have rendered to Hodgson in his labours must have

been great indeed. It is lettered "MS. MATERIALS. TREVELYANA." As we proceed we shall find that Mr. Trevelyan's sisters were equally anxious to promote the History of Northumberland by lightening the labours of its author. Miss Emma Trevelyan, in particular, afterwards Mrs. Wyndham, a lady whose name has been already mentioned, and which will often recur in the sequel, was a frequent copyist in the British Museum on his account during the visits of the family to London, and her pen and pencil were always at his service at home, when a helping hand was needed.

FROM EDWARD SWINBURNE, Esq.

"York Coffee House, St. James's Street, July 1, 1820.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I saw Mr. Lewis on Saturday. (By the way it is only Mr. F. C. Lewis who has anything to do with your aquatints.) He was just sending off five proofs to your brother for you to see. There will be some unimportant improvements made in them before they are printed. The Bridge (Dilston), the Staith (the correction from *Bigge's Main* to *Fawdon* is made), and Prudhoe are the best. The effect of Bambro' is improved: the building has more substance; the sky, though more appropriate, is liny, and some details about the rocks want taste a little; upon the whole it does tolerably. The shipping in the Fawdon Staith is somewhat clumsy; but the rest he has been happy in, and has much improved several parts. The Bywell is rather clumsy, more so than the drawing; a better subject should have been furnished by such a spot. The distant view of Newcastle I do not expect to be very well satisfied with: too little was done on the spot, and the change of the point of view, which we thought advisable, has not helped us for details. A substitute was not to be had in time. The cut, of which you sent me a proof, being a faithful representation of the vegetable so curiously preserved in a carbonaceous state, which part I erroneously apprehended was only the engraver's mode of designating the vegetable itself, and being illustrative of what you intend to describe, will I hope have its share of interest with its fellows, and assist the work. In a week or ten days Lewis will be ready to print off the six plates. The Queen has been parading the streets two days together, the mob in harness.

"I shall call the last view *Newcastle* simply. It will be known to

be from the westward, and distant enough! It can scarcely be called from Dunstan Hill, being barely from the foot of it, a little to one side of the Carr ground. If you like any other designation write it quickly to Lewis. Yours truly,

"ED. SWINBURNE."

To W. C. TREVELYAN, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Upper Heworth, near Gateshead, 10 July, 1820.

"Unavoidable circumstances have prevented me from answering your very kind and interesting letter so soon as I could have wished, but I now hasten to return you my best thanks, and to acknowledge my obligation for your communication respecting Dodsworth's collections of Northumberland muniments. The 'Catalogi Librorum MSS. Angliæ & Hiberniæ' of 1697 is in the Library of the Lit. and Philos. Soc. of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Mr. Surtees mentions Dodsworth's Collections as being in the Bodleian Library. Some years since I attempted, through an application from Mr. Collinson, to obtain a copy of a record in the Bodleian Library; but did not succeed: and why my application was unsuccessful I cannot at present remember. I shall, however, at your suggestion, through a friend in Oxford, apply to some of the librarians, and have the whole of the charters and papers respecting Northumberland transcribed; excepting such of them as I have already procured copies of; for I found Dodsworth's transcript from the Newminster, Brinkburn, and other cartularies in the British Museum; and I have had the muniments of some of the families, whose names you favour me with, already through my hands.

"Should you have an opportunity before you leave London to look into the British Museum you will greatly oblige me by naming whether any of the papers respecting the affray at the ReedsWyre have sufficient interest to be copied. They are amongst the Cott. MSS. Cal. C. v., and I have already copied those on fols. 31 and 32; those from fol. 33 to fol. 60 appeared to be on the same subject; but I had not leisure to examine them. The transcripts of Dodsworth's papers are in a volume entitled 'Apparatus Genealogicus Anglicus,' &c.; but I have no minute in which of the Catalogues it is to be found; though I apprehend it is in the Cotton Catalogue, Vitel. E. xxv.

Very proud of the permission to be ranked among the number of your correspondents, either on matters relative to the history of Northumberland, or in furtherance of the objects of our Antiquarian Society, believe me to be, dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

"JOHN HODGSON."

FROM W. C. TREVELYAN, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Wallington, Aug. 16, 1820.

"I was sorry that I had not had an opportunity before I left London of examining the papers you mentioned in the British Museum. Should you not be successful in your application to the Bodleian this time, if you will write to the Revd. A. Nicol, one of the librarians, mentioning my name, he will I am sure give you all the assistance in his power. I hope we shall have the pleasure of a visit from you this summer. We might perhaps be able to assist you a little in the Conchological department of the Natural History of the county.

"You will greatly oblige me by sending me the address of the binder who made the volumes for Sir J. E. Swinburne's muniments, as I wish to arrange some in the same manner. I remain, dear Sir, sincerely yours,

"W. C. TREVELYAN."

TO H. PETRIE, Esq.

"SIR,

Upper Heworth, near Gateshead, 2 Oct. 1820.

"Though personally a stranger to you, the Bishop of Durham, some time since, informed me that he had done me the honour of mentioning my name to you in conjunction with my intention of publishing a History of the County of Northumberland, and with some arrangements which were made by my late lamented friend Mr. Lysons and myself respecting the manner in which I might be permitted to obtain information out of the Tower. At present it is only in my power to thank you for the favour you have done me in consenting to renew the arrangement with yourself; but I hope that ere long I shall have an opportunity of making a more suitable acknowledgment for your liberality and kindness.

"One volume of my work is nearly printed off; but, before I can conclude it, I wish to have full copies of the following escheats, literally and closely written, with all the contractions exactly as they occur in the originals. Should you be unable to send them in a Post-office or Secretary of State's cover, you would oblige me by suffering them to be directed to Cuthbert Ellison, Esq., M.P., Hebburn Hall, Newcastle, in letters under one ounce, and so that only one letter be sent on the same day.

"You will also oblige me by informing me whether calendars of any more than one volume of escheats have been hitherto published, and for how many reigns such documents exist in the Tower. Mr. Lysons

told me that he was engaged in printing a calendar or index of the escheats of Elizabeth's reign, and that he would send me the sheets of it as far as it was printed; but his death, I fear, put a stop to the progress of the work, as well as deprived him of performing his promise to me.

"Escheats wanted—I. Anno xii. Ed. I. Num. 16. Dominus Rex de Consuetudinibus vocat. Fresheforce in Com. Northumbr.—II. Hen III. anno 41. Num. 25. Rad. super Teys. Norde Goseford. Strodin defensum.—III. Anno 7 Edw. III. N. 38. Ric. de Emeldon. Jesemuthe maner. Goseford South, &c. to 'super Tynam.'

"You will oblige me by giving me an account of the charge of copying the above-named records, and by suffering the copies to be forwarded to me as soon as possible. I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient humble servant,

"JOHN HODGSON."

Mr. Petrie has been already mentioned in a letter from the Bishop of Durham, to whom Hodgson was indebted for his introduction to this most kind-hearted and obliging man. Upon the death of Mr. S. Lysons Mr. Petrie's profound knowledge in the various departments of our national history, and his intimate acquaintance with the writings of our early historians, gave him at once, through the recommendation of Earl Spencer, the vacant appointment of Keeper of the Records in the Tower, where he had increased opportunities of prosecuting the studies in which he took a pleasure, and of affording every facility to those who were, like Hodgson, devoting their time to topographical pursuits. To gentlemen so engaged Mr. Petrie's courtesies were of the most extensive and disinterested nature; and the writer, for one, can never forget the patience with which he listened to the wants of his visitors, or the free and hearty way in which those wants were supplied. In his personal appearance he was robust, open-countenanced, and manly, and in his general demeanour courteous and affable. I know not that I ever saw a more perfect specimen of an English gentleman.

In the year 1821 Mr. Petrie addressed to the Commissioners on the Public Records of the kingdom a plan of his own drawing up for the publication of materials for the History of Britain. This scheme, which was of a comprehensive and elaborate nature, was approved of not only by the Government of the day, but by a vote

of the House of Commons, and in May 1823 he was appointed to be the principal editor of the contemplated work, the Revd. John Sharpe being soon afterwards assigned to him as a co-adjutor by the same authority. No time was lost in prosecuting the undertaking, but unhappily in 1832 Mr. Petrie fell into an infirm state of health, which caused a considerable interruption in his labours. Before the year 1835, however, the whole of the text of the first volume of his contemplated series of historical authorities, under the title of "*Monumenta Historica Britannica*," had been prepared, and, as we are informed by Mr. Hardy, a considerable collection of materials for other volumes had been made, when, owing to some misunderstanding, the work was suspended by the Record Commissioners, and most unhappily Mr. Petrie's labours did not see the light in his lifetime. The publication of the volume was eventually consigned to Thomas Duffus Hardy, Esq., who had long been officially connected with Mr. Petrie, and who in putting a finishing hand to this most valuable volume has caught the spirit of his master, and now sitting officially in his chair in the Tower is equally kind and communicative to those who are engaged in general or local history. In his General Introduction to Mr. Petrie's volume Mr. Hardy makes all due acknowledgments to the merits of its compiler, and speaks in the most becoming terms of his qualifications for the undertaking which he unfortunately did not live to complete. "Had not the work been suspended (says he), it is probable Mr. Petrie might have lived to have witnessed the completion of several successive volumes. After the publication of the first, the series would have gone on rapidly, as several works were nearly ready for printing, but the suspension of the undertaking completely paralysed his efforts. His ill-health, brought on chiefly by anxiety and disappointment occasioned by the interruption of his work, suspended its completion, and he died on the 17th of March, 1842, at the advanced age of 74, having acquired the well-merited estimation and deep respect of those who knew his great historical learning and high moral integrity. The feeling of unfeigned admiration of his talents and character would dictate, and possibly excuse, a warmer panegyric, but it might be thought unbecoming in this place to indulge in expressions of esteem and veneration. It is extremely

to be lamented that Mr. Petrie's valuable life had not been protracted till he had at least completed his intended work down to the period of the Norman Conquest; for he had repeatedly observed, that, could he only extend his labours to this epoch, he should establish a base on which any person of common ability and assiduity, who would be content to pursue his plan, might erect a column of authentic history which might rival those raised in any other country, and exhibit the value of our national historians."

FROM H. PETRIE, Esq.

"SIR,

Record Office, Tower, Oct. 9, 1820.

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of yours of Oct. 2, and to repeat, directly, that I shall have great pleasure in facilitating your researches at this place.

"With respect to the escheats, the printed Kalendar comes down to the end of Edward III., the instruments themselves to the end of Richard III. From that time, downwards, they are at the Rolls in Chancery Lane. The Index mentioned by Mr. Lysons related, I presume, to proceedings in Chancery during the reign of Elizabeth, as we have no escheats during that period.

"I have given directions for the copies you wish to have to be sent as you suggest under cover to Mr. Ellison, as there is no direct or official intercourse between this office and those you mention. I remain, Sir, your obedient and faithful servant,

"HENRY PETRIE."

"Dec. 6th, 1820. (Post-mark.) To Edward Swinburne, Esq.—At length I have got Nesbit's wood-cut of Willymoteswick; but it is cut so finely that impressions can only be got from it on India-paper. On the strong paper, on which the royals of my book are printed, it makes nothing but a black blot. When Mr. Bewick saw an impression of it, he said, 'It was very well, but he had forgot to put a moon into it;' meaning that it had the darkness of a night-scene. He charges me eight guineas for it; and after all I am forced to cancel the page on which it is printed, and get Nicholson to make another block. Nesbit's must be saved till I come to describe Willymoteswick, when I will contrive to have it printed on India-paper. He has totally mistaken the figure, and made it much too light; and besides that,

he appears to have no feeling for the subject; the rocks and broken banks of your drawing being most imperfectly rendered. The cutting is unquestionably fine, but it is a fineness which cannot be made use of. Many of the lines are so extremely tender that even on the India-paper they blur.

" I shall be in the binder's hands next week, and the week after that, publish without fail.—J. H."

" Mr. Swinburne to Mr. Hodgson. Capheaton, 10th Dec. 1820.—If Nesbit has forgotten the moon in his cut, he has made up for it by the introduction of a ghost. If ever you use this vignette, you must get a half-tint on the figure. There is some nice execution, but a great deal too much work for any effect from it. He might produce a good deal with such handling with better management. Your crisis is approaching, I see. Yours, Edw. Swinburne.

CHAPTER XIV. 1820—1821.

Publication of the first volume (Part III. Vol. I.) of his *History of Northumberland*—
Contents—Preface—Topographical Queries—Letter of encouragement from Mr.
Surtees—Reply.

At length, after much delay and many annoyances arising from the press and from engravers, at the close of the year 1820, a volume of the *History of Northumberland* was placed before the public by its author as the first fruit of his labour. It is described in the title-page as “Volume V. being the first volume of Part III, consisting of Antient Records and Historical Papers,” and the table of its contents is as follows:

“Article I. A series of royal and private charters, relating to lands in Knaresdale, and at Haughton, in the parish of Simonburne; copied from original muniments in the possession of Sir J. E. Swinburne, of Capheaton, Bart. F.R.S., F.A.S., &c.

“II. A list of the names of all the castles and towers in the county of Northumberland, with the names of their proprietors; made about the year 1460. From a MS. in the possession of Robert Surtees, of Mainsforth, Esq., F.S.A.

“III. Articles of Accusation preferred against Lord Dacre, warden of the East and Middle Marches between England and Scotland, by the inhabitants of Northumberland. [Between 1515 and 1530.] Copied from the original in the possession of Sir J. E. Swinburne, Bart.

“IV. The Calendar of the ‘Inquisitiones post Mortem’ or ‘Escheats,’ during the reigns of Hen. III., Edw. I., Edw. II., and Edw. III., so far as they relate to the county of Northumberland.

“V. The ‘Rotuli Hundredorum’ (a° 1275), so far as they relate to Northumberland.

“VI. The ‘Placita de Quo Warranto’ for Northumberland. [1293.]

“VII. The ‘Testa de Nevil’ so far as it relates to Northumberland. [Edw. I.]

"VIII. Rentals and Rates for Northumberland, with the proprietors' names in 1668.

"IX. 'Taxatio Ecclesiastica Angliæ' [1291.] So far as it relates to Northumberland.

"X. An Account of the Expenses of Sir Thomas Swinburne, Knt. during his sheriffalty for Northumberland, in the years 1628 and 1629; from his sheriff's book in the Mickleton Collection."

An explanation of the contractions used in the volume, occupying seven pages at the end of the Preface, is succeeded by a notice respecting its embellishments, and an acknowledgement of the handsome gift of 20*l*. by George Anderson, Esq. towards their cost, and of the kind and able assistance of Edward Swinburne, Esq. by whom many of them had been designed with that patient courtesy of which the reader has already had so many striking proofs before him. The volume is accompanied by six engravings in line or aquatint,* and, besides, there are numerous wood-cuts and fac-similes, many of them by the author himself, "solely," as he says, "to give an antiquarian character to his book." Those cuts are chiefly initial letters.† It does not appear that Hodgson contributed any decorations of a similar kind to his subsequent volumes, but it is quite clear that somewhat more of practice would have rendered him eminently successful

* The following is Mr. Lewis's Bill for his Aquatints :

July 28th 1820.		REV. J. HODGSON to F. C. LEWIS, Dr.		
Engraving Prudhoe Castle	10 <i>l</i> . 10 <i>s</i> .
„ Bamrough Castle	10 10
„ Dilston	10 10
„ Bywell Tower	10 10
„ Wall's End	10 10
„ Newcastle	10 10
8 sets of Proofs	10
Writing Engraving	1 10
Printer's bill for 1800 proofs of 6 plates at 12 <i>s</i>	10 16
75 sheets of Royal paper	18
375 sheets of Medium	3 5
Box	10
				<hr/>
				£80 9

† It was intended to have placed in the margin a few of these specimens of Mr. Hodgson's skill and ingenuity, but unfortunately the blocks have been mislaid. They may probably be found in time for a page in the Appendix.

in wood-engraving. It is interesting to witness the variety of subjects to which, in the common phrase, he could turn his hand.

The importance to any future History of Northumberland of the various documents contained in the volume before us, as materials of the most authentic nature, may not be doubted; but it may be questioned whether its compiler manifested his judgment when he sent forth to the world as the first specimen of his long-expected work a book, which, to the general reader, contained so few attractions. With the seeds of genuine Northumbrian history it was indeed pregnant in every page, but they were in a dormant state. That he himself was apprehensive of the unfavourable impression which the volume would make, is proved by more than one apologetic passage in the preparatory statements and explanations with which it was accompanied.

That Preface, containing, as it does, not only the apologies alluded to, but also many indications of Hodgson's peculiar notions on the subject on which he was engaged, and many judicious remarks upon the general interest and utility of similar topographical publications, deserves a place in our pages.

"PREFACE TO VOLUME THE FIFTH.

"In forming the plan of this work, I have thought it of importance to provide as much as possible against the introduction of foreign languages into the General and Parochial Histories; but to give full copies from the originals of some of the most important records of the county, and to arrange them so as to ensure to myself a method of digesting their contents under their proper heads, and to my reader an easy plan of referring to my authorities. On these accounts, this part of my work will be found to consist of Records and Historical Papers derived from public and private sources, and from books printed by Royal Authority, but not generally known; and to conclude with Indexes * referring to the name of every person and place as often as it occurs.

"That the contents of this volume, in their present form, are of a

* The Indexes which accompanied Mr. Hodgson's volumes (the last excepted), are perfect specimens of their kind, comprising not merely names of men and places without, it is believed, a single omission, but subjects also, and every other conceivable

dry and unamusing kind, is readily admitted. But, while they fail to entertain, I expect they will be considered as free from the attribute of offending, or of creating litigation; and from the inferences I have to draw from them, and the positions I hope to place them in, I have no doubt of rescuing them from the character of dulness; and under this conviction, I could not be tempted to forego my plan, unpromising as it appears, of publishing this volume the first, for the more flattering reception that one enlivened with anecdote and family and local history might have been expected to meet with.

"And with respect to the utility of collections of this kind, whilst it is admitted, that no immediate pecuniary advantage, an interest of a more tangible and gratifying nature than that of amusement, is to be derived from them, it is maintained that they contain the evidences of the improvements and the declensions of nations in the art of government; how law, and liberty, and knowledge, and social order, and political strength flourish or decay together; and how the application of science and of inductive philosophy to all the natural wants and policies of man dissolve and dissipate the superstitions of ignorant ages. For what tables of logarithms are to mathematicians, and of affinities to chemists, Records digested into order are to the lawyer, the landholder, the historian, and the antiquary. 'I dare assure any wise and sober man,' says Dr. White Kennet, the learned Bishop of Peterborough, 'that historical antiquities, especially a search into the notices of our own nation, do deserve and will reward the pains of any English student; will make him understand the state of former ages, the constitution of governments, the fundamental reasons of equity and law, the rise and succession of doctrines and opinions, the original of ancient and the composition of modern tongues, the tenures of property, the maxims of policy, the rights of religion, the characters of virtue and vice, and indeed the nature of mankind.'

"Out of the numerous ancient and unpublished Charters with which I have been favoured, I have selected those in the First Article solely as specimens of the utility of such instruments, in illustrating the history and customs of places, and in forming pedigrees.

"The three Records given below * were indifferently selected from

indication to lighten the labour of the inquirer and guide him to the object of his search. The absence of these Indexes in the volume which terminated his labours will be hereafter accounted for.

* The records here printed in a note (which I omit) are a writ and inquisition upon the death of Ralph super Teyse (or Surtees) in 41 Henry III. and two other inquisitions on the subject of *Frescheforce*.

the Calendar which commences at p. 41, and are introduced here as examples of the kind of evidence which the Escheats contain. They are printed from copies taken at length, and attested by Mr. Bayley. The printed Calendar reaches no further than the time of Edward III. The instruments themselves to the end of Richard III. to which time they are preserved in the Tower, and from that time downwards they are at the Rolls in Chancery Lane.

"The grand totals of the Rates and Rentals, with some reasonings on the comparative rate of assessment in different parts of the county, will be found under the article REVENUES, in Part the First. The column entitled "Names of Proprietors in 1663," and the assessment to the trainbands included between pp. 320 and 348, cannot fail of affording interesting matter for reflection, not only to wealthy families, but to every villager in the county. While they shew the stability of property in a few houses, they are indexes to numerous vicissitudes in human affairs. They call up in the mind traditions and histories of transactions in times of high political excitement, and connect themselves with a great variety of moral considerations. Many persons, too, are noticed here whose names could not have figured in a pedigree; and many places, which have few other distinctions than one, that is common to them with places that are blazoned on the pages of history, namely, that they are the dwelling places of men, who had for their forefathers the brave defenders of the English borders in Northumberland.

"Much pains have been bestowed in making the Indexes accurate and copious; and by a slight inspection it will be seen that many places disguised under barbarous spelling and erroneous reading, have been classed under the most modern names in which they occur in this volume.

"In the General Introduction, I intend, *Deo cedente*, to perform the gratifying duty of acknowledging the obligations which I owe to numerous individuals, for large and valuable contributions of materials to the General and Parochial History; for furtherances and facilities in my researches; and for much kindness and civility to myself. In the meantime, however, I feel myself called upon to state my obligations for assistance in this part of my work. And, in the first place, my acknowledgments are due to the Lord Bishop of Durham, for permission to enrich my publication with materials out of the archives of the see of Durham, and from the Mickleton and Spearman Manuscripts; and to the Dean and Chapter of Durham, for the favour of being allowed to select out of their very ancient and valuable collection of Records and Charters, whatever relates to my subject.

"To Sir John Swinburne, of Capheaton, Baronet, F.R. and A. SS., I am indebted for the use of seven large manuscript volumes of original charters, letters, and curious papers, highly illustrative of the local and general History of Northumberland; and to his brother Edward Swinburne, Esq. for the privilege of embellishing my work with designs, the beautiful simplicity of which has been happily imitated in the aquatint engravings by Mr. Lewis; but which, I lament, could not be so uniformly expressed in the wood-cuts which accompany this volume.

"I am obliged to R. W. Grey, Esq. for the loan of the manuscript which contains the first, second, seventh, and eighth columns of Article the Eighth: to C. W. Bigge, of Linden, Esq. for a copy of the present County Rate; the Rental for building the County Courts in 1809; and for a transcript of the Kerr MS. of the Rates and Rentals in 1663: and to John Adamson, Esq. M.R.A.S. of Lisbon, F.A.S.L. and E. and my fellow-secretary in the Newcastle A. S., for the use of a copy of the County Rate in 1690.

"To Robert Surtees, of Mainsforth, Esq. F.A.S. and author of the splendid and elaborate History of the County of Durham, my obligations are numerous, and especially for a copy, in an old hand, of the list of Castles and Towers in Northumberland, printed in Article the Second. There is another old copy of the same document in the Harleian Library, No. 309.

"My acknowledgements were also due to the late Samuel Lysons, Esq. Keeper of his Majesty's Records in the Tower of London, for offers of assistance, of which I was prevented availing myself to any extent by his lamented death. To Henry Petrie, Esq. however, my warmest thanks are due for his ready and frank renewal of the liberal offers of forwarding my undertaking, which I had from his predecessor Mr. Lysons. I am also much indebted to Mr. Bayley, of the Record Office, for the voluntary tender of rendering me every assistance.

"In this department of my work I am also under great obligations to Sir M. W. Ridley, of Blagdon, Bart. M.P.; to T. H. Bigge, of Little Benton, Esq.; to Ralph Spearman of Eachwick Hall, Esq.; James Ellis, of Otterburne Castle, Esq.; Thomas Davidson, Esq.; A. Donkin, Esq.; the Rev. A. Hedley, A.M.; and Messrs. John Murray and George Burnett, of Newcastle; and most particularly I am indebted to the Rev. James Raine, of Durham, for numerous facilities and valuable contributions to my work.

"That I have not been guilty of literal errors, and larger blunders, is more than I expect; but while I trust that the consideration of the

magnitude of my undertaking and that it is not rising under the influences of ease and uninterrupted leisure, but under the laborious avocations of a minister in a very extensive and populous parish, and of a father and a tutor in a numerous family, will in many minds stand as a sufficient apology for the imperfections of my work; yet I have no wish on these accounts, or on the ground that I give no pledges to the public respecting my work, to lighten my obligations as an author to fidelity and accuracy, or to hide myself from the just severity of criticism.

“ JOHN HODGSON.

“ Upper Heworth, 11th November, 1820.”

Along with this volume Mr. Hodgson published the following statements with respect to the plan of the future Parts or portions of his work, and also the Queries which are subjoined; soliciting information on almost every topic which could possibly come within the scope of his intended History. The Queries may be useful to other topographers. His proposed arrangement of volumes was, as we shall see afterwards, not strictly adhered to.

“ In presenting to the public this Fifth Volume of a History of the County of Northumberland, I beg leave to accompany it with the following sketch of the plan upon which I propose to execute it.

“ Part I. vol. i. will contain the General and Border History of the County, with separate Articles on its Natural History, Agriculture, Geology, Mining, Revenues, &c.

“ Part II. vols. ii. iii. and iv. will include the Parochial History, *i.e.*, descriptions of towns, villages, antiquities, and curiosities, pedigrees of families of rank, memoirs of remarkable persons, &c.

“ The first volume of this part, containing the History of the parishes in Castle Ward, will be the next in the order of publication.

“ Part III. vols. v. and vi. will consist of Ancient Records and Historical Papers, relative to Northumberland and the English and Scottish borders.

“ Only 300 copies are printed: 50 on royal paper at three guineas a volume, and 250 on demy at two guineas. Each volume will contain engravings on copper and wood.

“ A list of the wood-cuts and copper-plate engravings which belong to the Fifth Volume, will be found in it at page xiv. The following eight prints which accompany it are intended to be bound up in the

future volumes where the places which they represent are described. I. The Gateway to Prudhoe Castle. II. Newcastle. III. The Tyne, from Fawdon Staith. IV. Dilston. V. Bywell Tower. VI. Bamborough Castle. These six are designed by Edward Swinburne, Esq., and engraved by F. C. Lewis. VII. Alnwick Castle. VIII. Warkworth Castle: the last two reduced one half in size from Buck's Views in 1728, and engraved by M. Lambert, of Newcastle.

" Though I have collected a large mass of original and unpublished materials for this work, and intend to visit every part of the county that is worthy of notice, before I print an account of it, yet, aware that it often requires long residence on a spot to become intimately acquainted with its history, I take the liberty of soliciting answers to the following

QUERIES.

" 1. *Of a Parish.*—Its ancient and modern name and etymology—how many chapelries, townships, constaberies, villages, and hamlets it contains, with the name of each—by what parishes it is bounded—does it contain or make a part of any ancient barony or manor, and what are the nature of the courts holden within them—the number of inclosed and uninclosed acres in each township—which of the townships maintain their poor separately, and which conjointly, what is the annual rental of each township, the number of its weekly and casual poor, and the sum annually paid for their maintenance—has it a workhouse, and when was it built ?

" 2. *Church or Chapel.*—To what Saint is it dedicated—by whom built and founded—what are its dimensions, its form, and style of architecture—has it any oratories, porches, or aisles—any shrines, remarkable monuments, or inscriptions—any family vaults, heraldic devices, any painted walls or windows—had it ever any peculiar immunities—if a chapel of ease, how connected with the mother church ?

" 3. *In the Churchyard.*—Any crosses, pillars, remarkable vaults, monuments, or inscriptions—have any remarkable antiquities, such as coins or coffins, been found in it, or any human skeleton of extraordinary size ?

" 4. *Endowment of a Living.*—Can a copy of its terrier be procured—if not, what quantity of glebe land has it, and where is it situated—who has the great tythes—what do the vicarial tythes consist of, and who has them—has it any annual pension, and by whom paid, or has it been augmented by Queen Anne's Bounty, and to what extent ?

" 5. *Incumbents*.—Can any addition or correction be made to the list of them published by Mr. Allan, and usually annexed to Mr. Hutchinson's View of Northumberland? Can biographical sketches be given of such of them as were remarkable for their writings or in their ministerial capacity?

" 6. *Parish Registers*.—When do each of them commence, and do they contain any entries of persons of rank or learning, or eminent for their talents or public services, or remarkable for their stature or longevity? When do the parish books commence, and do they contain any curious information respecting the mode of relieving the poor prior to the 42 of Eliz., or any curious records or agreements?

" 7. *Concerning Abbeyes, Priories, and other Religious Houses*.—Are there any manuscripts, books, charters, or other writings belonging to them, and in whose possession? Have any curious discoveries been made among their ruins?

" 8. *Concerning Chapels and Meeting-houses of Dissenters*.—The proper designation of each of them—when built, its size, and form—names and a biographical account of the succession of its ministers—has it any endowment in trust, or otherwise?

" 9. *Of Public Libraries, Endowed Schools, Hospitals, Annual Doles, or other Charities*.—By whom were they founded or bequeathed—the annual amount of their revenues—and a description of each charity?

" 10. *Antiquities*.—Accounts of any remarkable camps, cairns, or barrows—any ancient altars, coins, arms, or utensils, that have not been noticed or imperfectly described in printed books?

" 11. *Trade and Manufactories*.—The number and kinds of mills anciently and at present used in grinding corn, forging iron, making paper, spinning, or in manufacturing or dressing cloth, making oil, &c. &c.—or any potteries, foundries, tanneries, or other kinds of manufactories—how long have they existed—the number of persons employed in each of them?

" 12. *Agriculture*.—Commons or town-fields, their names, kinds of herbage, and extent—if inclosed, whether by mutual consent, when, and to what purposes have they been turned—the quantity of ground anciently inclosed by walls, hedges, or marches, in meadow, in tillage, and the kinds and rotations of crops; in grass, and whether grazed principally by breeding or fattening stock; in wood, and whether natural or planted, the kinds of trees, and which of them are most profitable—marle and clay beds, their extent, and how applied?

" 13. *Geology, Mineralogy, Mining.*—Alluvium, what it consists of, its form, and depth, and from whence it is supposed to have been brought; does it contain any remains of organized bodies? The cropping, inclination, line of bearing, thicknesses, and kinds of strata; accounts of borings or sinkings through them; drawings or specimens of the organic remains found in each of them; notices to what purposes they are or may be put, whether they can be advantageously employed in building, will take the marble polish, can be used as millstones, grindstones, or whetstones, or contain clay for china or earthenware, crucibles, glass-house pots, or fire-bricks.—In what direction dykes and metallic veins traverse the county; the kinds of metals and spars they contain; where they are filled or surmounted with such whin as is found between Glenwhelt and Kirkwhelpington, at Coaleyhill, Dunstanborough, Bamborough, &c.; how the strata lie, are elevated or depressed on each side of such dykes, with descriptions of the strata in which the metals are found, and which of them is most and which the least metalliferous; also accounts of the mineral springs that occur near such dykes.—Of mines, when they began to work, the quantity and kinds of metals they have produced; the kind of spars that coat their sides; their depth, extent of drifts, the size of the natural caves found in exploring them; modes of working them; the kinds of furnaces and the processes used in smelting and refining metals; notices of old mines, where unsuccessful attempts have been made to obtain metals, where bloomeries have been, and of the sites and kinds of ancient heaps of scoria?

" 14. *Respecting Collieries.*—Of the winning—when it commenced and when it was completed—what is the depth and nature of the alluvium above the rock; the kinds and thicknesses of the several strata sunk through—the power of the engines employed in sinking—and the sum expended in making the shaft.—The names of the lessors of the mine, and the extent, name, and boundary of their royalty—the names of the lessees—the thickness of the several seams that have been worked—and the quantity of coal annually worked and vended since the commencement of the colliery.—Remarkable fossil substances or impressions of organized bodies found in the mine, and the name, and depth from the surface of the stratum in which they were found—have any extraneous substances, such as pieces of wood or rounded stones been found amongst the coal.—Accidents by fire or water—when they occurred, and the number of persons and horses lost in each accident; the means that have been resorted to, to give light when steel-

mills were found insecure, and before the use of safety-lamps.—Of dykes or veins—their bearing—whether upcast or downcast—and to what height or depth, and what are their contents.—Notices respecting any old workings, the names, qualities, and thicknesses of the strata worked, and the period, extent, and mode of working?

“15. *Natural History*.—Rare or curious plants—their scientific or provincial names, where they grow, especially the esculent and medicinal species found near monasteries, castles, or ancient villages.—Shells, whether found on land, in fresh water, or in the sea, their names, and drawings or specimens of them, their localities, and the habits of the animals that live in them.—Insects, the names, drawings, or specimens of each species, with such information as can be procured respecting it in its several states of an egg, a caterpillar, pupa, and perfect state.—Also anecdotes or notices on the natural history of the birds and quadrupeds that frequent the county, and the names and descriptions of the rarer sort of fishes that frequent its coasts.

“JOHN HODGSON.”

“Upper Heworth, near Gateshead, December 11th, 1820.”

Under his doubts with respect to the popularity of this his first volume, Mr. Hodgson must have been much comforted by the following letter from his fellow-labourer in the field of topography, Mr. Surtees of Mainsforth:

“DEAR SIR,

Mainsforth, Dec. 31st, 1820.

“I have just had time to cast a hasty glance at your volume. I like your brave plan of laying the foundation of Records first; and then referring to them. But, whatever it may be to the general reader, these documents are as amusing to me, and give occasion to as much reflection on the ups and downs of families and estates, as any regular narrative. The list of 1663 is very interesting in this respect. I write however, chiefly under an anxious wish that something should be done towards perpetuating the Towers and Peels of Northumberland. I would wish to see every old Strength and Castle preserved, and really, if you can get such an artist as Edward Swinburne, and have his beautiful sketches executed so as to preserve their delightful truth and simplicity, you will be a greater benefactor to Northumberland than by throwing out a few expensive plates for the benefit of connoisseurs. The plan also of reducing Buck pleases me mightily. Widdrington looks like a gorgeous old dame in full dress. The very bull's heads are on

the great flight of steps, and one imagines knights and ladies pacing up 'with solemn step and slow' to feast in the great bay-window'd room on the left. Now, is there not spirit enough in Northumberland to raise a fund for illustrating your pages with the views above hinted at? I should really hope it only wants setting a-going, and that Major Anderson would not stand alone in such a list. At all events, permit me to book myself ten guineas towards your future volumes. I am afraid I have not sufficient acquaintance in Northumberland to set the stone a-rolling; but I really hope it may be done.

"I think your Society condescends to give tradesmen's tokens of the old issue a place on their shelves. I take this opportunity of sending a few of these nick-nacks, and some other trash, which may sleep in their drawers till age makes them venerable. Raine, you probably know, is in London. His direction: E. Blore, 56, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square.

"I send an old Northumbrian deed which you may perhaps wish to copy,—John de Vaux, Lord of Beaufront, to Adam Menvyle, of lands in Whittonstall. Be so good as return it at leisure. It was found among a parcel of Durham deeds not connected with it except by the occurrence of the name of Menvyle.

"The mutilated *lar* was found at Piersebridge; give it to the Society, or keep it to preside over your own household. Yours very sincerely,

"R. SURTEES."

Hodgson's reply to this characteristic letter was as follows:

TO ROBERT SURTEES, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

8th Feb. 1821.

"I have very severely to reproach myself for neglecting so long to answer your kind congratulations on the *debut* of my book; and especially to beg your acceptance of my best thanks for your liberal contribution towards the embellishments of the future volumes, and for your scheme of having all the old Castles and fortified dwellings engraved. The truth is, when I received your favour I was confined to my bed; and for nearly a fortnight after, and since that time I have been so harassed with duty and unfit to go through it, that till within these few days I have had no heart to write more than I was forced to do by sheer necessity.

"My plan from the first was to give no engravings but on antiqua-

rian subjects: but really the materials of that kind are so numerous in Northumberland that I could not give half of them without being a loser by doing so. Not being able to attend the Anniversary of the Antiquarian Society (of Newcastle) myself, I sent my amanuensis with your present of coins, &c., and took the liberty of accompanying them with your letter; and I now find that a subscription is talked of; at the Spring Assizes it may probably be set a-going; though I am apprehensive that it will be starved between the Whig and Tory storms that rage at present. When I was in London, I got Sir John Swinburne to mention my plans of publishing a History of Northumberland to the Duke of Northumberland, and at that time thought the measure very coldly received. His Grace offered to become a subscriber to it. Before that time I had never thought of publishing by subscription. When a copy of the work was at Christmas sent to Alnwick Castle directions were given to an agent at Newcastle to inquire at the printer's whose authority he had for sending it; though I had the Duke's letter requesting his name to be put down.——But I will go on, and endeavour to write my work into notice: for I have no fear that the public will neglect me after my next volume appears. I have no arts of flattery. It is a thing I both hate to offer and to have offered to me. ——I cannot think that mere pique can be the cause of the coldness that is shown me, but interested motives; and that to arise from the idea that I may publish records &c. which may cause litigation and loss of property. (*Notes of two early documents respecting Tudhoe are here given, and the copy is unfinished.*)

CHAPTER XV.—1821.

Correspondence.—Second Visit to London.—Letters to Mrs. Hodgson.—Visit to Oxford.—Other Correspondence.—The Living of Whitfield.—Roman Altars, &c. at Ryton.—Subscription for Engravings for his History.

THE correspondence with Mr. Swinburne proceeds, and we have some further remarks upon the embellishments of the volume published in the preceding year, together with details of plans for those by which it was to be succeeded.

FROM EDWARD SWINBURNE, Esq.

“MY DEAR SIR,

Jan. 1821.

“I hope you are satisfied with the printing of your book. It appears to me very well, but I am no judge. It is handsomely got up, I apprehend at no small expense. The initial letters are good, and your knight on horseback very spirited.* What has cost the most trouble is the least creditable: the vignettes from my drawings are failures. They were not the right sort of things for engravers, who have no knowledge of landscape. Willymoteswick (second trial) is not a blot like the first, but it wants point. It will be easy to get upon a better scent for the next volume. The view of Newcastle by Lewis is rather heavy in execution, and its details less correct than the sketch, which was meagre for want of nature and attention. The one from Dunstan Hill, which had been prepared to make one of the six, was not liked by Lewis. The details of Fawdon Staith in the shipping part are coarsely imitated; the rest well. Bywell is heavier than the drawing. Prudhoe and Bridge are the best. I have as yet looked but hastily at the old deeds, &c. of your work.

“Have you got the drawings of Willymoteswick and Chipchase? Did you send me Bothal and Copeland? Warkworth I have. Don't trouble yourself much about them. Yours very truly,

“EDW. SWINBURNE.”

* A tail-piece cut by Hodgson. See p. 311 above, and p. 118 of the volume.

FROM MAJOR ANDERSON.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Anderson Place, Jan. 6, 1821.

"I feel myself much obliged to you for the very flattering compliment you have been pleased to pay me in your History of Northumberland. I should have been more pleased if I had seen it followed by the more wealthy and higher classes of the county; but they are not encouragers of the Arts and Sciences. I should have thought that the example of the neighbouring county * would have inspired them to have assisted you; but their assistance is only to be had by servility, which I think you very right in not crouching to. Your illustrations are not equal to Mr. Surtees's splendid work, but they are respectable:—With sentiments of the highest consideration and regard, I remain, your very much obliged humble servant,

"G. ANDERSON."

FROM SIR J. E. SWINBURNE, BART.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Capheaton, Jan. 6, 1821.

"I am much gratified with the volume of your History I have just received, and shall on Monday pay Walker for the two copies he has sent me, and for Lady Swinburne's copy at the same time.

"You have published my ancient deeds in so splendid a way, and have had so much trouble about them, that I must beg you will allow me to contribute my mite towards the expense by the inclosed draft. A weakness in my eye prevents me from saying more than that I most heartily wish you success, and remain, my dear Sir, ever most truly yours,

"JOHN E. SWINBURNE."

"Pray thank the Antiquarian Society in my name for the honour they have done me in again electing me their President. I live at so inconvenient a distance, and my time has of late been so entirely taken up with various serious and not pleasant businesses, that I have not had it in my power to attend; and pray assure the Society that it is not from want of respect or neglect. J. E. S."

* On the subject of the County of Durham and its splendid subscription to the embellishments of Mr. Surtees's History, the reader is referred to a subsequent page. The zeal of the county seems to have evaporated in the effort which was then made, and that noble History remains in the imperfect state in which it was left by its author.

We now find Hodgson engaged in performing a debt of gratitude, and laying further plans for future operations. He thus writes to his friend Mr. E. Swinburne on the 10th Jan. 1821.

"Jan. 10, 1821.—TO EDWARD SWINBURNE, Esq.—I have a royal copy of my book at Newcastle, of which I beg your acceptance, and will forward it as soon as I can get from home to see it before it be sent. I have been nearly a fortnight confined at home by bad health. You will perceive by the title-pages of the copies sent to Sir John and Lady Swinburne that Nesbit's cut has been rejected. *It would not print.* An impression of the title-page was worked off from it, but it was so bad as to render it necessary to cancel it. It would work on nothing but India paper. He charges me eight guineas for it, and Nicholson in one week cut the block, which has been made use of, for three. I found some fault with the stiffness and inaccuracy of the figure, and when I went back he had altered it as it now stands; and I trust you will pardon the liberty, as it has a much better effect than his first attempt produced; though he might have chosen a better subject than that of age on two sticks, and placed even it in a more natural attitude, as it does not seem to find that support from the sticks which their use would naturally demand. Mr. Surtees in a letter to me expresses an anxious wish to see many of the strongholds of Northumberland in your "beautiful sketches, and executed so as to preserve their delightful truth and simplicity." I wish I could have a day or two's leisure to consult you about future operations, and to have your influence to impress your nieces into the services of the County so far as to get a few sketches of "Peel or Tower or Castle hoary" from their pencils. Belsay is a favourite subject with me, also Haughton Castle, and I should like a nearer view of Chipchase, making the old tower of the De Insula's the chief object. Bewick's woodcut of Chipchase, though the second attempt, is a most miserable failure."

● EDWARD SWINBURNE, Esq., to Mr. HODGSON.—"Capheaton, 13 Jan. 1821.—I am much obliged to you for your handsome present, and, though it is not well bestowed on one who has not a library, I will accept of it, as I believe that I shall pay more regard to your feelings by doing so than by declining it, on account of your great expenses incurred. I had given some thoughts to subjects for your next volume, and wanted no *retaining fee* to make me anxious to give you whatever assistance lies in my power. I shall have sufficient opportunities

before the winter is over of conferring with you on the subject. I am sorry to hear you have been unwell, as we all are here. My nieces want no influence on my part to make them ready to assist you, and most cheerfully, with their pencils, whenever any thing comes in their way that can be turned to any account; and so they bid me tell you *nem. con.* If you have not forwarded the copy you destine for me, you will oblige me by sending it, in the interim, to John Brough Taylor, Esq., Villiers Street, Bishopwearmouth, who has expressed to me his anxiety to see it: the documents of former times have much interest for him. I will write him a line to-day mentioning the probability of his getting a sight of my copy. I have more to say, but am short of time this post and must defer it Yours very truly,

"ED. SWINBURNE."

FROM EDWARD SWINBURNE, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

21 Jan. 1821.

"If it would be any gratification to you to possess the drawings I did for your work, I should be happy if you would accept of them; and in that case, in what shape would you have them? If it were your wish to insert them into the books themselves, I could, I dare say, contrive to take them off the present mounting and fix them on to a single sheet, which would bind up with the work; or would you like them better hung up in your study?

"There is a great deal of clearness in Nicholson's Willymoteswick; and if he had had more time, and I could have had access to him while about it, to call his attention more to some characteristic features, and management of the drawing, and to arrange with him such deviations from it as that style of engraving may have required, it would have come out more to our satisfaction: it is the best of them; the foliage is prettily cut.

"I shall be very glad to hear you have got your health again. Don't worry yourself about the false grammar,* it is so evidently a mere oversight, and moreover cannot be helped now: but the cause of it can be explained the next time you come before the public with new matter. Yours,

"ED. SWINBURNE."

* In the quotation from Cicero on the title-page, the word *delecta* is in some copies of the volume printed *delectant*.

TO EDW. SWINBURNE, Esq.—“26 Jan. 1821.—It would be a great gratification to me to possess the drawings which you made for my work; but I am unwilling that you should have any trouble about dismounting them, because I would like best to bind them up with my work, with the description of the places which they represent; and it will be a long time before the whole of the work be printed, and consequently ready to bind uniformly. They would, therefore, be quite as well in their present form to put into my Northumberland portfolio of drawings; and when the work is complete the bookbinder could marshal and mount them on suitable steeds.

“I have discovered that the blunder *delectant* does not pervade the whole impression of my book, and consequently that the error is not chargeable upon me, but lays at the door of the compositor. I am quite well. After Easter I propose to go to Oxford and London, to complete my search for records, &c. for the next volume.

“J. H.”

TO THE REV. J. RAINE.

“DEAR SIR,

Upper Heworth, 12th Feb. 1821.

“A week since I had planned to be at Durham on the 19th instant, for the purpose of copying and availing myself of your kind offer of being my guide through the labyrinths of ancient days in Durham. But a friend having offered to take my duty for a month, and I finding it indispensable to be in London and Oxford before I put another volume to press, I have taken my seat for London this morning. Lest you should want your books, I return the whole of them. Such as are marked with *copied* or + we have transcribed, and I hope in six weeks' time for an opportunity of comparing the transcripts with the originals. My address will be at Mr. Robert Hodgson's, bookseller, 22, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, where I shall be happy to receive your commands, if I can be of any use to you. Always, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

“JOHN HODGSON.”

Hodgson, therefore, did not wait till Easter had come and gone, as had been his intention when writing to Mr. Swinburne in January, but proceeded at once to pay his second visit to London, having obtained the kind assistance of a friend in his parochial duties during his absence.

In this journey Hodgson had again two objects in view. The rebuilding of his chapel of Heworth, upon an enlarged scale, for the better accommodation of his numerous flock had now begun to occupy his mind in earnest, and for so good a purpose he was intent upon raising the necessary funds; and he was anxious also to lay in an additional stock of information for the subsequent volumes of his great undertaking. For Northumbrian History the treasure-house is of course London, in its public and private repositories of documentary evidence; and he had heard and read enough of the Bodleian Library and its stores to make him wish to pay a visit to Oxford. His proceedings during a six weeks' absence from home on this second occasion are fully detailed in the following communications, addressed by him to Mrs. Hodgson, and, as I have already remarked upon the importance of his family letters, towards a correct delineation of his character as a husband and a father, I gladly avail myself of this further assistance in the task which I have undertaken, and without any additional preamble lay them before my readers.

" 34, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, London, 15th Feb. 1821.

" MY DEAR JANE,

" It will be very gratifying to you to learn that I performed my journey to this place without fatigue. Indeed I think I grew stronger and into better enjoyment of myself the further I proceeded. But I will endeavour to-morrow morning to recollect the observations I made in my way, and put them into the form of a journal for the amusement of our children, and send them in a frank. To-day I cannot be favoured with that indulgence, and must therefore be brief in my observations.

" My journey has not been costly, and, though I have been a day in London and had some extra expenses in the outfit, the one pound fourteen shillings and sixpence of silver with which I set out is not all expended.

" Robert,* I hope, is doing very well. He is, as must be supposed, in a small way—himself, a man, a boy, and a sewing girl comprising

* His brother the bookbinder, so often mentioned in the letters of 1819.

his establishment: all his implements are new. Of bookselling he does nothing but by commission; he has therefore no shop: and I am apprehensive he would be better quit of that department of his business, as it calls him out from the persons whom he employs: and requires a larger capital to conduct it than he can possibly command. For instance, if any one in Newcastle give him an order, he cannot here, till his credit is established, get the books till he has paid for them, and his customers cannot be supposed to advance him money. But more of this hereafter.

"As soon as I got here I called on Mr. Ellison, who was as much surprised to see me as Robert had been. From him I went to William and Charles Grey, and called on Sir H. Davy, whom I did not find in the house: but, on my return from the Bull and Mouth to my lodgings, I found an invitation from him to make one of his evening party, which was large, and consisted of the first scientific men in the nation.

"To-day I dine at the Crown and Anchor with the Royal Society, and to-morrow with Mr. Ellison.

"You will have found before this that I came off with my keys. When writing-paper is wanted, a sheet of the kind we are using must be sent to Mr. Akenhead's, and a quire or two of the same kind procured.

"I write this at Robert's lodgings, where I am breakfasting, but have put my own address at the head of it.

"Robert's landlady is a Newcastle woman, a widow of a Captain Elliot, who commanded a West Indiaman.

"On Monday I hope you may expect a larger packet from me. The weather continues cold and frosty, with a dark fog. Compliments at the Shore. God bless you all. Thine sincerely,

"JOHN HODGSON."

"MY DEAR JANE, 34, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, 15th Feby. 1821.

"I promised you in a hasty note, which I wrote from Robert's lodgings this morning, that I would send you a journal of my travels to this place for the amusement of our dear children, which promise I will attempt to realise as well as I can.

"During the first stage I had three fellow-travellers, a gentleman and a lady and her infant child, a fine baby that slept, and sucked, and eat sweet-cake, but never cried. All these left me at Durham, where a young lady got in who was very fond of talking about the handsome,

pretty, and romantic walks about the places which she had visited; but further appeared to have no genius to extend her conversation.

"The fog and hoar-frost continued all way to near Rushy-ford, where we began to have a prospect into the fields at some distance from the road. As we descended into the low country towards the Tees the air grew gradually clearer, till the forms of the clouds began to appear, though the sun could not get a ray through even their thinnest part. The hoar-frost after mid-day, and till four o'clock, however, was converted into tears on the hedges, every little twig being ornamented with a row of brilliant drops, which as the sun began to sink below the earth were in their turn changed into pearls of ice.

"The road from Durham to Rushy-ford is through a cold and barren country; from Rushy-ford to Darlington it gradually improves in interest.

"The county of Durham is divided from that of Yorkshire by the river Tees, and at the village of Croft that river is crossed with a very handsome stone bridge, which for about 200 yards on the Durham side mixes delightfully with the little, low-towered, and humble but ancient and beautiful church of Croft, and the dwellings, and trees, and orchards of that charming place. When Richard begins to have a knowledge of the different sorts of stones, and of the different situations which they occupy, he will be interested in being told that the Tees at Croft rolls over red sandstone.

At Northallerton, the fourth stage from Newcastle, we arrived during a large horse-fair. The busiest part of it indeed was over; but the streets were still occupied by stalls, with horse-cloths, &c., and the dealers in inferior animals were very active. Here we got four fresh passengers, Messrs. Dyson, Shilleto, Dell, and a London dealer, whose name I cannot remember. My companion soon found that Mr. Shilleto was a distant relation; and the whole history of the Shilleto family, from Dick, a sort of jobber and cattle doctor, to the great dealer, with whom she had the honour of claiming acquaintance, was minutely related.

"It was still daylight when we got to Thirsk, and between that place and Easingwold a sudden alarm was made, and the cry raised, 'Stop! stop! here is a passenger a-missing; he has, I am sure, fallen off.' And, to be sure, on looking back a long motionless lump, not unlike a man, was seen at some distance lying on the road. The guard and two or three outside passengers ran back, and a man they found breathing and alive: on raising him up he could mumble and talk, but partly

by the fall and more from the effects of what he had got at the market at Thirsk, he had a very indifferent use of his legs: as he came up the horse-dealers gave their advice—'Bleed the drunken dog'—'Loose his neckcloth'—'Dick, where's your fleams?'—'Hoist him up again, and tie him on with a rope.' It was indeed impossible either entirely to pity him or to be merry with him. He was all blood about the face; but he could mutter that he was no worse. After being conveyed without his neckcloth or a great coat in hard frost for three or four miles further, he was set down cool enough, but still drunk enough; and it was quite a sight to observe with what full eyes and with what fear and surprise the white-apron'd old landlord of the public house where he chose to be left held the candle to his face, but kept back, as if in dread of losing the heaviest part of his body.

"From Easingwold to York we had hard frost and moonlight all the way; but, the coach being full, I was much warmer than I had been between the Cannon* and Northallerton. We stayed about eighty minutes at York, and before daylight all my amusing companions had left me, and I had not again a person to speak to through the whole of my journey.

"The morning of the 18th opened very calmly; it was grey and sober: all the way from Doncaster to Barnby Moor the light gradually unveiled the country, and the stillness of night gave way to the sounds of human voices and of human labours; for the roads were in such excellent order that through a great part of the way the horses' feet and the wheels of the coach went as silently over them as if they were passing over a carpet. At a village not very far from Bawtry I saw several children frisking about a neat school-house before 7 o'clock in the morning. Would there be any person at home in bed at that time? The fields of wheat from this part of Yorkshire all the way to the south were of a beautiful green, and completely matted the earth.

"We breakfasted at Barnby Moor, which was the first meal I paid for. This place is a large and excellent inn, much different from that at Markham Moor, where I dined in my way to London in 1819, when a rice pudding, with lumps of rancid suet in it, made a part of the dinner. At Barnby Moor I noticed that the gooseberry bushes were pruned in the same manner that James Torrence prunes his at Hebburn: all the old wood is cut away and the shoots of the last year left.

"It would be about 8 o'clock when we passed East Retford, where

* At that time a well-known inn on Gateshead Fell, at which Hodgson had joined the coach.

Mr. White's * brother-in-law is rector. The church has a very handsome stone spire; the nave and chancel are plastered, and its churchyard is ornamented with hollies and other evergreens, which give a solemn and sacred aspect to the spot. These trees I apprehend were planted in the late Mr. White's time. He resided here before he settled at Woodlands.

"The next stage was to Tuxford, a little to the south of which place there are two hop-grounds on the right; with the poles piled in bundles, in this manner (*a drawing*), from twelve to twenty feet long; and in summer they are stuck into the earth for the hops to climb upon.

"All through Lincolnshire there are great numbers of handsome churches with towers and spires.

"I think it was between Tuxford and Newark, near a village called North Muskham, that the coachman and guard stopped to regale themselves at Mr. Harrold's, the sign of the Lord Nelson. Mrs. H. was a perfect character; from the coach, which was close to the door, I could observe all her motions and hear all her speeches. You may remember Mrs. Lancaster in the Newcastle theatre. In Mrs. H. I heard the same shrill-toned voice, saw the same liting quick step; and the same hurried gestures; and, by-the-bye, the same sort of low cunning; as many of the characters which Mrs. Lancaster used to personate, were very prominent features of Mrs. Harrold's character—for I could observe her watering her rum bottle before she measured out the guard and driver's drams.

"Newark was the next stage: it stands on a very extensive, dry, and fertile plain; has a fine old castle built in the time of King Stephen, but much ruined. Some of the towers are covered with ivy. As we approached and passed this place the mild light of the sun, beaming through thin films of cloudiness, gilded the fine trees and the white windmills that appear all around: and at a little distance we began to have distant glimpses of Belvoir Castle, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Rutland. With the various turns of the road this fine edifice, seen at several miles' distance, crowning the summit of a wooded hill, in Milton's language, 'bosomed high in tufted trees,' took a 'variety of interesting shapes. Its towers were all sky-tinted and in shadow, for it appeared between us and the sun in a gush of purple and yellow light.

"From the sketch in the next page you will have some idea of the magnitude and bold situation of this famous seat; bearing in mind that you must imagine it five or six miles, if not more, from you (*a sketch*).

* His old friend Mr. White of Woodlands.

"I must now abridge my observations into a narrow compass. We changed horses at Grantham, next at Witham Common, then at Stamford, which is a curious, old, and well-built town. After this it was night all the way, and the stages were in this order—Huntingdon, . . . Lane, Buntingford, Ware, Waltham Cross, Bull and Mouth, London, where we arrived soon after 7 o'clock. After breakfast I hastened to Robert. I believe I gave you some description of Wednesday's operations in my letter of this morning.

"Friday, 16th Feby. 1821. Yesterday I dined with the members of the Royal Society, where Sir H. Davy was in the chair, and the Earl of Aberdeen, the Bishop of Carlisle, &c. &c., were of the party. At 8 o'clock we went to the weekly meeting of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies. Yesterday and to-day I have laboured hard in the British Museum, where I will finish before I go to any other repository of records. I have just received an invitation from Sir Charles Grey to dine with him on Thursday next, where I hope to meet Mr. Beaumont, the Member for Northumberland.

"The weather continues very cold, dry, and frosty. I am going to Mr. Ellison's to dinner at 7 o'clock. It is now half-past 6. I breakfasted with Robert yesterday, but do not expect to see him again till Sunday morning, which day we purpose spending together.

"I inclosed Miss Wylam's letter with a note, saying I would call on Mrs. Meek some day next week.

"Thine, my dear Jane, with my love to the children, and at the Shore, always.

"JOHN HODGSON."

"MY DEAR JANE,

34, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, 17th Feb. 1821.

"I gave to Mr. Ellison yesterday evening a letter to frank to you, but, as he had not a pen and ink in the room, he put it in his pocket, and, I fear, may forget to have it posted before it be too late for you to receive it. Mr. Ellison is very well, better I think than I have usually seen him.

"Though it is nine o'clock in the morning, there is so thick a yellow fog that I am writing with a candle. The weather still continues very cold, though I cannot think that the frost is intense.

"Since I came here I have felt every day better enjoyment of my health; for the two last nights I have slept very soundly.

"Saturday evening. I have been to-day with Messrs. Nichols and Co., making some arrangements about the advertising of my book; they seem to approve both of it and my plans of publishing the future volumes, and promise to review it in their *Gentleman's Magazine* for March. After settling with them, I called at Baldwin's, and requested them to advertise in the *Courier* and the *Times*.

"I also called on Mr. Coulthard, but found that he had returned on Thursday, and on Mr. Nichol, who was not at his office. At one, I found Robert at dinner, and had a chop with him; since that time I have been from one bookseller's shop to another, in quest of the *Calendars of Records* published by order of the House of Commons. I hope our *Antiquarian Society* will buy as many of them as have anything in them relative to Northumberland. This is the first evening I have spent by myself, and, as I have no books, you may be sure I am not over wide awake, especially as I have had some very long walks.

"19th Feb., Sunday. Robert breakfasted with me to-day, and at eleven we went to Mary-le-bone New Church, where Dr. Heslop is rector, and read the communion service; and Mr. Phillpotts, the rector of Stanhope, preached a sermon replete with nice arguments and fine distinctions, but, as I thought, ill adapted to make any strong impression on his audience, which was very great. I must give some account of the church: its dimensions I cannot guess at, but it has two tiers of elegant galleries, which occupy the south, west, and north sides; and at the east end there are also two tiers of galleries on each side of the organ, and with seats for charity-boys and charity-girls who sing. The altar-table is hung and covered with fine red cloth; and there is a beautiful picture by West, of the Nativity, behind it; and over the picture backwards is the organ gallery, the performer in which is screened from the view of the congregation by a long curtain of crimson velvet. Above these again is a large east window, with a sun-blind representing the angel Peace, with crowds of seraphs coming in clouds to proclaim 'Peace on earth and good will towards men.' The charity-girls were neatly dressed, and some of them sung well; their head-dress is remarkably neat and becoming: a plain white cap somewhat in this form (*a drawing*). Mr. Phillpotts's text was: 'As many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God.'

"The whole congregation was a very interesting sight, and very attentive. After calling at Lewis the engraver's, at nearly three, we dined at an eating-house, and went to afternoon prayers at St. Paul's, where we stood among the crowd until I began to feel tired, and then

asked one of the vergers for seats, which we readily obtained. One of the minor canons preached a plain, elegant, and impressive discourse: his arguments were strikingly convincing, his diction remarkable for propriety; his text 'And His commandments are not grievous.' St. Paul, he said, preached to infidels in the Jewish religion, and to the Gentile nations, and therefore insisted upon Faith. St. James long after wrote to correct some misconceptions which Paul's doctrines had induced, and therefore insisted upon the necessity of good works. St. John, at a still greater period from the promulgation of the gospel, laid the greatest stress upon love. Now where love is, there is the fulfilling of the law, religion is bearing its proper fruit, happiness is produced; and the grand discovery is made to the human mind that the commandments of God are not grievous; but that all the precepts that restrict our tempers and passions within the limits of moderation are merciful injunctions imposed upon us for our greatest benefit. Indeed, who can contemplate, who can but once come to see, to comprehend, and feel the beneficent designs of the great Father of Spirits in those acts of grace and favour which he has bestowed upon his rebellious creatures by the preaching and the passion of Jesus Christ, without exclaiming with the Apostle, 'Beloved, if God so loved us, how ought we to love one another!'

"St. Paul's is a very cold church, but a very interesting edifice, though I don't think its Greek style of architecture so suitable for a place of worship as that which is usually called the Gothic style. The organ was well played, and I think of exceedingly fine tones, but whether it was the noise with which it was drowned, or the bustle that constantly prevails about the place, I cannot tell, but certainly I felt none of those effects from the singing which have usually been produced upon me by the Choir of Durham, where

"Through long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults
The streaming anthem swells the note of praise."

"Tuesday Feb. 20th, 1821. Yesterday, my dear Jane, my time was so fully occupied that I had not a moment's leisure to write at my lodgings. I had great difficulty to find my friend Carlisle; but, learning that he would be at the King's Library in Buckingham House by eleven o'clock, I took the opportunity of calling at Grosvenor Place on Sir John Swinburne, with whom I also dined at half-past six. Mr. Carlisle gave me a letter of introduction to the Land Revenue Office, and now I hope that there will be very few difficulties in my way. Hitherto my researches have been confined to the Museum, where I shall not be engaged for more than another day.

"If you look into the last number of the London Magazine, which I left uncut-open, you will find in the beginning a very warm correspondence between Mr. Lockhart, of Edinburgh, and Mr. Scott, the Editor; which arose out of an article in the London Magazine for the preceding month. The affair has at length terminated fatally. A friend of Mr. Lockhart wrote such a letter to Scott as compelled him in his opinion to challenge him to fight. They met not far from London on Saturday night, and Scott was shot through the body.—Sir J. E. Swinburne told me yesterday night that he was not dead, but that there were no hopes of his recovery.

"I have had a cold, which affects my nose, ever since I came here, and the sharp weather does not suffer it to grow better.

"You will think it fortunate that I made no engagement with a Magazine,* the Editor of which is likely to go or has gone out of the world in so conspicuous a manner. I am every day more and more convinced that persons meddling in political matters are all the while forging to themselves chains of slavery. It was on political subjects that Scott and Lockhart quarrelled. Happiness is only to be had in the calm, sober, equal, and philosophical contemplation of passing events; if they are viewed in any other manner, if suffered to raise any other feelings than those which should arise out of inquiry directed by a love of truth, they are sure to create all kinds of uneasy, restless, and miserable tempers. There is no slavery equal to that into which the passions, induced by party feeling and political rancour, bring men.

"Since I wrote the above, I have seen in the "Times" that Mr. Scott is in a hopeful way of recovery: the ball passed through his body and lodged in his back, but without injuring the intestines, and has been extracted. His antagonist was a Mr. Guthrie, who fired the first time into the air; but Mr. Scott's second and himself, either not perceiving him to do so, or being determined to fight to extremity, Mr. G. levelled his pistol at the second shot, which took effect.

"I called on Mrs. Meek this evening, and found her well. But her daughter, who was lately married, has of late been suffering grievously of the tooth-ache. Since last Friday she has had three teeth extracted, and could not say she was any better. Mr. Smithers sets out for the North, I think he said, on Friday first, and will travel nearly direct for Newcastle.

* The following extract of a letter from Messrs Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, to Mr. Hodgson, dated Nov. 16, 1820, explains the above allusion, "We know not if you have ever by chance seen the London Magazine, published by us. Should you approve of it, and ever condescend to contribute to the pages of a periodical work, we would be most happy to add your name to our list of remunerated contributors."

"Nothing new has occurred to me to-day worth relating. I go to see no sights; indeed I have no inclination to do so. London is as tame and uninviting as if I had lived always in it. The only inconvenience I should be liable to feel as a lodger, were I long here and without books, would be how to dispose of myself in the evenings. Hitherto it has not been so; for I have found my spare time, when I have not dined in company, sufficiently occupied in arranging my plan of operations in the Museum, which contains very abundant and rich stores of materials for my work.

"Wednesday Feb. 21st. We had some rain yesterday evening, which made the streets dirty; so that I have had a full half-hour's work in brushing my coats and pantaloons; they were not merely bespattered with dirt, but literally had a layer of it upon them—though my walk extended no further than to Mr. Smithers' in Doughty Street, from thence to my brother's lodgings, and back to my own—as if I had gone to Crowhall, then to Nether Heworth, and thence home.

"I have been all day at the Museum; and the more I am there the more I would be; I am the first every morning into the room, and with the last to leave it; it would take a couple of months to exhaust the rich repository of historical materials of the subject into which I am inquiring. I begin to doubt whether I shall go to Oxford or not, as I have found a part of the articles which were formerly there, in the British Museum: at any rate my stay in Oxford will be very short.

"I would most gladly ask for another week or even a fortnight's absence more than I at first mentioned, but cannot tell how to do it: really all that can be got in three weeks is not worth the expense of travelling so far, and in a month's absence there are only eighteen days to work in, and in them only six hours a day; for on the Saturdays the Museum is shut, and one finds one's self an unwelcome intruder at the Public Offices on that day, though on all others there is every liberality shown to publishing authors.

"I see Mr. Ellison this time very seldom; indeed I wish to be left to myself as much as possible. Should I not be able to get a frank before to-morrow evening, you will not receive this letter before Monday.

"I hope Richard and the rest of the children are very diligent with their work. Richard I hope will show me some neat work which he has done for me, when I return. He can be copying out of the Rolls of Parliament.*

"There is no need to do anything more with the garden, till the

* A somewhat singular employment for a boy of nine years of age.

weather is mild; then plant about half-a-dozen rows of potatoes; two next to the two already planted, of the early kind, under the cellar window; and three or four rows, of the other early kind, at the upper end of the pit in the north border of the garden.

As I cannot get a fire in my room before eight in the morning, I am getting into the habit of sitting up till twelve o'clock. I have constantly breakfasted on coffee; only twice dined at an eating-house. My cold has wholly left me; indeed I believe it was nothing more than the sharpness of the air which affected my nose, for in every other way I have been uncommonly well.

"Thursday Feb. 22nd. The coach in which I came to London set me down at the Bull and Mouth, which is an inn after the old fashion of our country. Many of the monasteries were built after the same manner, and many inns on the continent are of the same kind now. It is a square differing only from the old Custom House in its having only one entrance to it, through large folding gates, which are closed in the night, so that no person can enter the premises without climbing over the roof. The second floor of the building is approached by staircases and a gallery which runs round the inside of the square; but is covered over; also the doors of the lodging rooms, or most of them, open into this gallery, and, as the building is old, the doors are none of the best kind. The room I was shown into was black and dirty, had a crazy door, and was so miserably cold, that I instantly came up into this quarter of the town to seek some roosting place that had more of the appearance of comfort in it; and I am certainly comfortably enough situated, but am much deceived as to the expense. This morning, being the beginning of a new week, I asked for my bill for the last, and find, besides my 18s. a-week for my rooms, I have 1s. a-day to pay for fire, besides candles. On inquiry, I am satisfied that it is usual to pay for fire, and therefore must submit to the charge: the whole expense of a week's breakfasting, lodging &c., amounts to 1*l.* 13*s.*; independent of which, my payments have been very small.

"This evening I dine where I hope to get a frank, and will resume my journal, God willing, to-morrow. I have none, however, of the variety to amuse my dear children with which I might have had if I could spare time and money to go and see sights. They must, however, all have some token of papa's love brought home: for Bessy some article of dress; for Richard, perhaps a Pandean pipe, so that he can get under the sycamores, and imagine himself under a beech, and, playing on his whistle, John Thornhill must come and say,

*"Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi,
Sylvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena."*

John, a new knife, Jane and Sann * dolls; and Ikee,* what? I must think of something. My affectionate remembrance to your father and all at the Shore. God bless you all. Thine, my dear Jane,

"JOHN HODGSON."

"MY DEAR JANE, "34, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, 23rd February, 1821.

"I am much distressed at your melancholy letter. I have a long one written for you, but cannot get it franked till to-morrow. It will reach Gateshead on Sunday, and will contain one for Mr. Hedley.

"I am making some arrangements about the sale of my book, and hope by Monday to have completed them. Should your father's symptoms not grow more favourable, pray let me know and I will certainly return, for I cannot enjoy a moment's happiness in being here if he continues ill.

"I have nothing that I can say to you. My health and spirits have been exceedingly good since I arrived in London: but the idea of your father and yourself both being out of health will make me anxious to have all things in readiness to return to you.

"Mr. Ellison had kept my last letter over Saturday. I shall get Mr. Beaumont to frank the one I have to send, as well as one for Mr. Hedley. Pray assure your father, how much I feel for the return of his complaint; and give me a report by return of post of the state he is in, describing how he is affected; and say how much and how sincerely I sympathize with him. Having got your letter late in the day, I am compelled to be brief to win the post. Do not write to me under cover, but address me here. My most dutiful and affectionate remembrance and regard to your father; and my love to you, my children, and the family at the Shore. I have been just one week here, and the distance from you makes the time look longer than it really is. Thine,

"JOHN HODGSON."

"MY DEAR JANE, 34, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, Feb. 23, 1821.

"Ever since the receipt of your melancholy letter I have been much depressed in spirits; and am more so to-day than I was yesterday: I know the nature of your father's complaint too well not to be apprehensive of its consequences, if it be not combated in time. The reflection that I am so far from him, and cannot sit and sympathize with him in his illness, constantly rises up in my mind, as a reproof for hav-

* Susanna and Isaac.

ing come hither on an errand which may never be of benefit to my family, nor any way useful to the public. Till yesterday morning I had bright prospects of seeing the schemes I have formed of accomplishing my work brought into realization. Now the whole thing seems to have been constructed upon a foundation little more solid than air; and presents nothing to my view but useless labour and perpetual embarrassment. I will certainly never attempt to print any more till the expenses of the present volume be all paid, and I see some fund established for defraying the heavy expense of the engravings.

"You must, my dear, by all means endeavour to raise up your own spirits, and to rest in the belief that your indisposition is only temporary; for I have no doubt or fear about me but you will soon throw it off: it might perhaps be some amusement to your father to send Richard down now and then, even if it were only for an hour or two: it would be a little variety to him, for I know how heavily the hours pass away in sickness, and without some one endeavouring to divert the mind from its proneness to partake with the body in its sufferings.

"I dined yesterday with Sir Charles Grey. Mr. Beaumont, the member for Northumberland, and one of his brothers; Mr. Collingwood, whose name was Newnham, and who married one of the daughters of the late Lord Collingwood; Mr. Pearce, who travelled in Egypt, the Holy Land, &c., Mr. Walker, Mr. Alderson,* and another gentleman, composed the party. Alderson appeared to me to be a clever fellow. He, as well as the whole of the party but the two Beaumonts and myself, are all lawyers. Alderson has much of life, wit, strong sense, and bluntness. He is a plain man, thick-lipped, and wide-mouthed, and is very free and not very gentle in his remarks. Mr. Walker is a very mild, well-informed, and gentlemanlike character. Mr. Collingwood, you would suppose, while he is talking, to be imitating some affected young lady; he draws in his chin, and sets out his chest, and simpers over his words; and after all it is but manner; for he is full of freedom, good humour, good sense, and has considerable fluency and choice of language for conversation. Mr. Beaumont, the member, I should say, is one who is very anxious to do what is right, to say nothing unadvisedly. His gravity (perhaps pomp) is very remarkable for so young a man; and when any subject is agitated which has any pretensions to interest him, his eyes and whole countenance are fixed on the speaker, with the most marked attention. Of his brother I could not hear or observe enough to form any opinion; and the gentleman whose name I

* Afterwards one of the Barons of the Exchequer.

have forgot, or indeed never thought of, had not, so far as I recollect, anything very remarkable about him. He was, as our old writers about plants and cookery would say, one of a *wearish taste*.

"February 26th, 1821. I have been two days without setting down a word respecting my proceedings. On Saturday morning it was so dark when I left my lodgings at half-past ten o'clock, that I could not see to write my name on a card but close to the window. I went out at that time and found gas-lights and lamps in great numbers of shops in Holborn and the lower part of Oxford Street. The fog was dense, bitterly cold, yellow, and stunk of soot and coal-gas most abominably. I have had ever since a slight cough; I could feel it cold about my lungs, and it produced sickness. When I reached the Regent Circus, it became suddenly lighter; but still the sun appeared shorn of his beams, not like the moon, for his margin was more distinctly marked than hers ever is, and his orb more candescent and uniform in its colour. At eleven I called on Dr. Haggitt, who is sub-dean of Durham, according to the intimation that I had from him the evening before respecting Heworth Chapel. Dr. Gray had sent him my letter which I left for Mr. Woodifield on my way through Durham, which contained a request that Mr. W. would write to me, informing me of the determination of the Chapter on our petition. Dr. Gray requested Dr. Haggitt to see Mr. Phillpotts and myself on the subject, as Mr. P. had had the petition intrusted to his care, and the Chapter could not find it. Dr. H. promised me to write back to the Chapter immediately, and recommend them to subscribe liberally; and desired me, if I possibly could, to stay in town till their answer should arrive, which I do not expect before to-morrow week. He thought 100*l.* would be liberal; and I took the liberty of saying that if they did not subscribe more it would effectually prevent any further progress in the business. After a very friendly interview with him I called upon the bishop, who, in the course of observation, fell upon the subject of the chapel, the success of building which I told him I greatly feared; and his answer was "Come, come, Mr. Hodgson, you must not be disappointed in realizing your plan; I will give 100*l.*; I have many calls upon my purse, but the Christian religion, and especially that part of it which is under the Church of England, has the strongest claim upon me."

"Among the inquiries, the bishop asked what was said in the North about Mr. Phillpotts's letter to Lord Grey. I told him, as indeed I have heard it said, that it was considered unanswerable. 'So I

think,' was the reply. Speaking about my book, he said, 'I am no antiquary, Mr. Hodgson, and at my time of life you will not expect I should begin to learn to read it. The matter you have collected together is unquestionably very valuable, and the county of Northumberland is much indebted to you for your zealous labours.'

"At half-past eleven I proceeded to the Land Revenue Office, and in going downwards dipped again into the thick cold and choking fog. After copying the titles of a few interesting surveys of places in Northumberland, such as Tynemouthshire, the Regality of Hexham, the baronies of Bolbeck and Bywell, the manor of Whalton, &c. &c. I went by appointment to Mr. Palmer's house at half-past two, in Abchurch Street. He took me down to Bromley in his gig, ten miles exactly, in one hour. My aunt and all my friends there are quite well. At the illumination for the Queen, Mr. Robert Rawes did not think it right to agree in opinion with the populace, and consequently had his windows broken to the amount of 22*l.*, which sum he intends to recover of the county. This morning I returned from Bromley in the same conveyance that took me down; and I have been occupied since eleven in the Museum.

"February 27th. While I was at Bromley I slept at Mr. Palmer's. On Sunday we dined with my aunt, and had a green goose, four months old, to dinner; it was of a Chinese breed, and the most tender and well-flavoured bird of its kind that I ever tasted. Yesterday evening I spent with Robert in his lodgings.

"The weather still continues dry and cold; the wind is in the east. I have written to Mr. Russell informing him of the Bishop's contribution to the church. We have now 800*l.*, and want 700*l.* more. I reckon-in the materials of the old chapel. It is quite indispensable that I continue here till after this day week, in order that I may have the Dean and Chapter's answer, and appear before the Society for enlarging Churches: if therefore, my duty cannot be got done on Sunday, March 11th, I must abandon my plan of returning by way of Oxford. You will by this have learned how Mr. Hedley is situated;*

* The following very kind letter from Mr. Hedley, which must have been thought of whilst Hodgson was writing, would set his mind at ease on the subject of his church duties.

★
FROM THE REV. A. HEDLEY.

MY DEAR HODGSON,

Summer Hill, Feb. 28, 1821.

To save post, I have little more than time to say that I have it now in my power to give you an unlimited extension of your furlough. You may riot among

if he cannot supply my place, perhaps Mr. Collinson would do it or one of his curates. Mr. Harrison is indebted to me two or three Sundays' duty, for the very inconvenient liberty which I gave Mr. Gibson to assist him in April and May, 1819. Mr. Snowdon, I know, would ask Mr. Collinson; and I have no doubt but Mr. Heslop, at Hebburn Quay, would ride down to Mr. Harrison's to ask him, if it were necessary. It gives me pain to think that I may cause you and many of my friends much trouble; but I am not asking assistance for myself, but for the parish; for the ultimate success of the subscription towards a new chapel depends now very much upon my staying here, to give explanations to, and to get an answer from, the Society in Lincoln's Inn Fields. On the receipt of this, I must, therefore, press you for an answer.

"I had written thus far, and was rising to go to the Land Revenue Office, when I received your very welcome and acceptable letter. It is a great relief to me to hear of your father's recovery; and either Bessy or Richard must go down and say how glad I have been to read mamma's account of him. But, my dear Jane, I cannot be exempted from being a sharer in suffering, until I hear that your accustomed good health has returned to you. In being here I have no other consolatory reflection than that I am persuaded you will have as much attention shown you, as can be hoped for, both from our dear children, and from the servants. When I was last here, I constantly wished that you had been with me. But as I am now occupied all the day, and the weather is extremely cold, I am glad you are at home; for it is comfortless to be in London for any lady in such extremely cold

the luxuries of the Brit. Mus., &c. till Easter, if you please. What a joyous and most uncanonical Lent for an antiquary!

Keep yourself quite easy as to every part of your duty, and reserve all the energies of your mind to gather in the harvest you have gone so far to reap. The pleasure I feel in serving you on such an occasion is a rich and most abundant reward.

I am obliged to you for your little *tid-bit* about Warke Castle. When you spend an evening by yourself and have nothing better to do, I shall thank you for a few more of the crumbs that are falling from your rich table. You will, of course, secure the pedigree of the Shaftoes. In Caligula, B. II. 257, are the "Names of Pensioners, with their fees, on the Borders." See if there be anything worth copying as an addition to Browne's List; but I have no time for a word more, except to add that I am now as ever, yours very faithfully,

ANT. HEDLEY.

P.S. When you see the Swinburne family, pray give my affectionate remembrance to them all.

weather, unless she has a gentleman to accompany her, or a carriage of her own. After spending three hours in the Land Revenue Office, and running back to the Museum for half-an-hour, I dined, and then went to see Mrs. Gordon at half-past six. I stayed about three-quarters of an hour, and had a cup of tea with her. Mr. G. was not at home; George is at school. Their little girl is much grown and has very pretty manners—no forwardness, no cockney tongue or airs in them: but very modest and gentle. The little boy James took more notice of the cat while he was in the room, than of me.

“On my return to my lodgings at half-past seven, I found the damsel that waits on me had lost the use of her eyes. It was with difficulty I could persuade her that the pen and ink was not a candle and a candlestick, and she was quite amazed that the top of the pen would not burn. I fear that to the crime of drunkenness she adds that of dishonesty, for I have had a pound of coffee since I came, and though I have never used it but at breakfast, and been several times out at breakfast, I have none left; but I have locked up everything. Her mistress, while I am writing this, has come to me, in great distress, having not discovered her state till she had lighted me up-stairs. My landlord, Mr. Deville, in seeking for his great-coat, missed Isabella, and came up stairs halloing “Isabell, Isabell!” She had hid herself or gone to her bed-room in the garret, and Monsieur, for he is a Frenchman, was mightily amazed at Isabell’s entrance into his presence, with her light in one hand, and her pot-de-chambre in the other.

“I forgot to say to you that I met in the narrow part of Chancery Lane the great procession carrying the address to Her Most Gracious Majesty. It was near to Temple-bar when the formidable cavalcade, accompanied with the drowning din of all sorts of music, first presented itself to my astonished senses; I was afraid of being run down, and therefore lodged myself in a recess. A turn in the street prevented the whole procession being seen in the street at once: it was preceded by a few dirty men, boys, and drunken-looking women; then came music and banners, many of them bearing mottoes taken from Southey, &c. A more wretched crowd under richly-decorated ensigns you need not imagine. The few persons in the procession were dressed in their best clothes; but their long hair and dark beards showed that they were in their holiday’s dress. No more notice seemed to be taken of them than is usually taken of the clowns and trumpeters that ride about towns and fairs giving notice of the wild beasts to be seen; the

passing crowd stared and went on; there were no plaudits, no expressions of unison in sentiment or sympathetic feeling between the populace and the addressers.

"February 28th. This morning the streets and houses are thinly covered with snow. Yesterday was the first time since before Christmas that I ventured out without a great-coat; it was very cold but dry, and I could keep myself warm with walking. After breakfast I called at ten on Sir H. Davy; he was not out of his room, having been much indisposed. On returning to my lodgings, I find, as I had left a note to request, a letter of introduction from him to the Library of the Royal Society.

"From Grosvenor Street I proceeded to Craig's Court, where I saw Mr. Burke,* who is a much older man than I thought. After getting to see that I was really the person I described myself to be (for at first he seemed very cold and suspicious that I was an impostor), he was very friendly with me, and pressed me to dine with him to-morrow, which I could not do, having previously engaged myself for that day with the Bishop of Durham. I did not see his mother, whom he represents as still enjoying good health, but so lame and infirm as not to be able to leave her room. If nothing came in the way to prevent me, I have promised to dine with him on Sunday.

"The Auditor of the Land Revenues Office, at which I have been writing for the last two days, is in Spring Gardens, very near to Craig's Court. I was permitted to remain in that office till four to-day, and have got access to it in the morning in future: it contains a great deal of interesting material for my work, and every facility and attention is shown to me.

"Since ten it has been snowing gently all day: near the river the streets are full of sludge, and in the upper parts of the town, where the passage is frequent, the snow half-melted; but it lies white and dry on the tops of the houses.

"I have been very sleepy this evening, and got little written; indeed I can think of nothing I have to write, but to tell you of what I have been doing. Of news I know nothing, as I see newspapers more seldom than I do when at home.

"Have you ever seen Widow Haggerston, of High Felling, or Widow Robson, at Windy-nook? Should you be able to get to church on Sunday, pray send Haggerston half-a-crown out of the collection.

* A relation of Mrs. Hodgson.

"At nine I am going to the Wednesday evening party of the Royal Society at Sir Humphry Davy's,* where I hope to meet some one or other who can supply me with a frank for this letter; if not, I will endeavour to spare time to call upon Mr. Ellison for the purpose.

"Pray tell Mr. Hedley that I meet with nothing I can fix upon as a paper for the Antiquarian Society, as he requested, unless such a one as this would answer his purpose.

"A Survey anno 6 Jacobi I. 'Hexham Manor and Regalitie,' anciently parcel of the possessions that belonged to the Archbishop of York and which came to the crown by exchange made between King Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey, then Archbishop of York, and in the possession of the crown at the time of this survey.' It is a curious document made by Bartholomew Haggat and George Ward, gent., by virtue of a commission.

"I have nothing more to add but my prayer to you, my dear Jane, that you will take care of yourself, and endeavour to get well as fast as possible. My affectionate remembrance to your father, mother, and sisters, my blessing to my children, my kind regard to Mr. Hedley, and all my good smiles to yourself. From thine always, my dear Jane,

"JOHN HODGSON."

P.S. You can get Mr. Thornhill or Richard to copy out from *A survey*, &c. to *this survey*, and give it to Mr. Hedley, as my letters are not fit for any person but yourself to see.

"Thursday, March 1st. Not having succeeded in getting a frank last evening, I have opened the covering of this letter to say that I now hope to fall in with something that will answer Mr. Hedley's purpose very well. Mr. Caley, the Keeper of the Records in the Augmentation Office and in the Chapter Office, Westminster, as also the Secretary to the Commissioners for Printing the Public Records, came to Sir H. Davy's party. When I was in London before, it was in vain that I tried to get him to stand straight before me; he eyed me askance, as if I was wanting to pick his pocket; but, when he found that I was a friend of the President of the Royal Society, his optics underwent some sort of philosophic change, and represented me as an animal of which, with abundance of smiles and sparkling expressions of his eye, he was pleased to express himself proud of being honoured with the acquaint-

* Sir H. Davy was at that time President of the Society.

ance, and being in the presence of. He has promised to communicate to our Society some very curious and unsunned letters of Lord Dacre's, which were this week found in an obscure corner of the Chapter House; and I have no doubt but an honorary diploma will attract much valuable information from him; for he is a walking depository of records, and is said, though I do not believe it, to know more of them than any man in the kingdom. Thine dear Jane,

"JOHN HODGSON."

"MY DEAR JANE,

34, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, March 2nd, 1821.

"I think I brought up my journal to you to yesterday morning.

"The weather these two days has been bad, having rained gently, but constantly, the whole time. At 10 yesterday I went to the Royal Society's Rooms, and by an introduction from the President obtained access to the library, in which I wished to consult a MS. for materials respecting Tynemouth. It occupied me nearly two hours, when I went to Mr. Ellison's to get the packet franked, which you will receive to-morrow. I found him at breakfast, as he had been late upon the subject of the Catholic Claims in the House of Commons. At half-past one I went to the Record Room in Spring Gardens, where I continued nearly to four, and was much hurried to get to the Bishop's by five. Mr. and Mrs. Tristram (whom you saw at Tully's sale), and Mr. Terrot, the lecturer at South Shields New Chapel, dined there. The Bishop seems in perfect health, and is very cheerful and full of spirits. The conversation turned upon longevity, and his nephew the Honourable Mr. Russell Barrington told a tale about a rich man of sixty marrying a girl of eighteen, who expected at the time to live him out, and then marry a young man to whom she was attached. 'Now,' said the Bishop, 'you have told a tale about an old man marrying a young woman of eighteen, I will give you some verses which I have here, and which were related to me a few days ago, about a man of eighty going to marry a lady of eighteen.' The old gentleman addressed his friend thus—his name was Gould:—

'Can you credit the tale, my dear friend, when you are told
That a girl of eighteen is in love with old Gould?'

"The friend's answer was:—

'A girl of eighteen may love gold, it is true;
But trust me, dear friend, it is gold without u.'

"The Bishop's memory is very accurate. He is 87 years old. He said he was ordained a deacon in 1756, being then twenty-two and a-half years old. He was consequently ten years old at the Rebellion of 1745. I left him a little before eight; and before bed-time ran over an unpublished index of the Records in the Tower, by the late Mr. Lysons.

"To-day I was occupied in going back and forwards about the chapel. The subscriptions now amount to 1,005*l.*; the Dean and Chapter having promised to give at their July meeting 105*l.*, and Dr. Haggitt has sent me a note, saying that he will give me 20*l.* There are now I hope few difficulties in the way; though I fear I shall not accomplish my scheme of seeing a chapel built this year. To-morrow I have an appointment at half-past one on the subject with one of the secretaries.

"Robert has been an hour or more with me this evening; and since he left me I have devoted the time I have been in writing this to the remembrance of you and your dear children.

"I must not, however, forget to say that I have this afternoon had a most kind letter from Mr. Hedley, giving me licence of leave till Easter, if I choose to take it.* I shall certainly endeavour to profit by his kindness, and defer my departure somewhat longer than I first intended. My health is very good. I wish I could have so good an account from yourself and your father.

"When you write again, pray address me under cover to Mr. Ellison. Mr. Hedley's letter came in that manner.

"March 8*rd.* I have not been out this morning. It is wet and uncomfortable; so that till twelve I have employed myself in writing out some statements respecting the chapel. I have also felt myself a little indisposed; my old complaint of bile having come to plague me. In future, I fear, you must not expect such long letters from me as I have already sent, as Mr. Hedley must have a few extracts, and Mr. Caley has kindly sent me some indexes to copy out of in the evenings. I am going to see the Secretary to the Society for Enlarging Churches. You will have seen that Scott, who fought with Guthrie, is dead. His second is much blamed here.

"I will not omit to tell you a word or two which the Bishop said when I entered the room yesterday. 'Oh! here he is; we have just been talking about you: I have been saying that you are not only an excellent antiquary, but an excellent poet. I assure you I have read your

* See p. 342.

poems * all through more than thrice; and I have been advising the company to do the same; they are full of genius.' I mention this, not from vanity, because I have no vanity about the work which the Bishop honoured me with his opinion of; and I often wish, on account of its faults, that every copy of it was burnt; but I mention it because he is considered a man of taste, and he could have no object in flattering me; and more so, because the world is much more apt to find fault with inferior poets like myself, than to give them their just portion of praise.

"Four o'clock. You will rejoice to hear that I have every encouragement given at the Society for Enlarging Churches; and that I may expect to have the matter finally settled on the third Monday in this month. I am to have another hearing at one o'clock on Tuesday. The gentleman with whom I have had an interview has been at Heworth, and feels interested in forwarding my views. After Tuesday he will be able to tell me finally whether my petition is to go before the Commissioners or before his Society.

"Mr. Burke left a card here yesterday when I was out. I have fixed to dine with him to-morrow. It was very wet yesterday, and I got cold by waiting so long about Doctors' Commons respecting the chapel; so that I am very uncomfortable to-day. London is a filthy dirty place with the rain.

"At the Bishop of Durham's party last Thursday there was a conversation respecting the Quakers; in the course of which the Bishop related the following anecdotes. Mr. Barrington and himself had a female friend in one of the places where they resided, who was a Quaker; and he once asked her to tell him the true secret why, under all circumstances, they preserved such a remarkable equality of mind? The reason assigned was 'they took much pains with their children to get them into the habit of neither laughing loud nor talking loud.' Another was, His saddler, who had always attended the Church of England, one day came to him in a drab coat and a broad-brimmed hat: 'Well!' said the Bishop, 'what is the reason of all this change? have you turned Quaker?' He answered 'Yes!' 'Now pray sit down and tell me the arguments which persuaded you to leave the Church of England and become a Quaker.' 'To speak the truth, I have married the widow of a Friend, and, in order to keep the business together, I have joined the Society.' This reminded me of a saying of Sir Carnaby Haggerstone, who was a Roman Catholic, that 'his wife made more converts to mass with the kale-pot than the priest did with preaching.'

* Woodlands, &c. See p. 42.

" March 4th. This is the third Sunday on which I have been absent from you : I hope I shall be away only one more. I laid upon the sofa all the afternoon yesterday, and went to bed soon ; and am now, at nine o'clock, much refreshed, though I cannot get my stomach into a right state. I know I have some cold, and the weather is so thick and wet that there is no getting out to have any exercise.

" I intend to go to St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, which is only a few doors from me. At present, I think I can see you all in a bustle preparing for the chapel, at which, I have every hope, we shall not have to assemble for many weeks more.

" It will give me pain to see the workmen begin to pull down a place which I have now been familiar with for nearly thirteen years, and which attaches itself more to me from the certainty I have before me that it will soon be removed out of sight.

" There is something, my dear Jane, very lonely and melancholy in being left entirely to one's self in this mighty metropolis, without anyone to speak to, and neither in the best enjoyment of health nor spirits; but it is a situation in which much improvement of the mind and much inward satisfaction may be gained. When we are shut up from the view and a share in the business and the hurry of worldly affairs, we the more readily and the more clearly turn ourselves to the contemplation of the end to which all our labours and our own lives are tending. It is when we are thus left alone that the questions ' From whence are we, and Whither are we going ? ' come upon us with more force, and represent themselves to us with more importance, and furnish us with answers more convincing to ourselves, than ever can be obtained in the common and almost momentary allowances of time which we commonly give ourselves for meditating on our present duties and our future destiny. If the sabbath, with all of us, were spent as it ought to be—partly in public worship and mainly in private and solitary devotions, in reading the Bible, and in contemplating the love of God to sinful man, I am persuaded that nothing could so greatly tend to our happiness or lead to such beneficial results in our several pursuits in life. For, if a servant, for instance, was anxious all the week to get everything done that she might have nothing to do on the Sabbath, and on the Sabbath endeavoured to learn for what purpose she was created, and how, and by what course of conduct, she would be most happy in this world, she would soon get to understand that her best interest, and her purest enjoyment of life, arise from a faithful discharge of her duties during the other days of the week; and this course of exercise would lead to

wider views of the love of God, and more anxious desires to do His will. Of all the subjects that can engage the human mind there is none which contains everything that it should admire, or is so capable of satisfying its large desires after knowledge, as the scheme of salvation which the Almighty has submitted to our choice through Jesus Christ. It is there we learn that all the knowledge we enjoy of God, of what we are and what we shall be, is *grace*, is a favour, is something that we have not in common with all mankind, that we derive not from birthright and bring into the world with us. The world neither by wisdom nor by nature knows God. He is only known by revelation. By nature the nations who bow down to idols, and still sit in the shadow and in the darkness of death, have flesh and blood and all the other faculties and properties of life in common with ourselves. But the grace of God, that free gift and favour which we enjoy beyond our natural functions of body and mind, has not hitherto been vouchsafed to them; and it is this talent, this piece of gold, this field, which it is our business and our wisdom to improve. It is in this point of view too, in which all the beautiful allusions in Scripture to the kingdom of God, and its progress in the souls of men, are to be taken. This knowledge, when the heart has once taken hold of it, it covets with more desire than a miser loves his gold; and that Spirit, which, like the wind, blows where it listeth, and no man can hear the sound thereof, or 'tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth,' day and night breatheth upon it, and causes it to grow up and increase, gradually and imperceptibly indeed, till that which in the beginning was small as a grain of mustard-seed, attains to such a height that the fowls of the air come to lodge amongst its branches.

"I have been to church; Robert went with me. The sermon was good and sufficiently striking; the text, 'And as Paul reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled.' In one part of the discourse the preacher compared the conduct of Felix, and his fearfulness at the reasoning of Paul, to the self-conviction of Joseph's brethren at selling him into Egypt, when they were accused of being spies. 'We were verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he sought us, and we did not hear, therefore is this distress come upon us.' Their conscience flew in their faces. Belshazzar, too, when he was sitting in the banquet, with his nobles, saw a mysterious hand, in still more mysterious characters, writing on the wall of his palace, and the consciousness of his guilty life led him to interpret the writing as some accusation against him, so

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that his countenance was changed and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another.' And Herod, when he had put John the Baptist to death, when he heard of Jesus, was struck with the injustice of his sentence, and became afraid. 'This,' said he, 'is John the Baptist whom I beheaded; he is risen from the dead, and, therefore, mighty works do show themselves in him.'

"Twelve o'clock. Now, my dear, I have been to dine at Mr. Burke's, and will relate to you, before I go to bed, what I have to say respecting my visit:—I went, by appointment, at half-past four, and found Mr. Burke and your aunt alone. She received me very kindly, and was very full of inquiries after all her friends at Heworth Shore, especially after the state of health in which I left her brothers and sister. But I shall be able to recollect all these things when I come home, and to give you more full details. She looks well, is in a perfect state of health, and not so lame as I expected to find her. Her spirits and appetite are very good; in appearance I should say that she bears a striking resemblance, in features, to Mrs. Bewicke, of Gateshead, only that she is much older, rather more jolly, and has more regular lines and better expression of countenance, than Mrs. B. At five, a gentleman, a Mr. Thomas, and his lady, came; and, I should have said, about five minutes before them Mrs. Burke made her appearance, a much younger person than Mr. Burke. She has two children, a boy called William, and a little girl, a perfect doll, about two years old, very talkative, playful, and engaging. At half-past five we sat down to dinner. Will you have a description of the dinner?—Soup at the head of the table and roast beef at the foot, with a ham in the centre, and four vegetable dishes; two with potatoes and two with greens. The soup was removed with two barn-door fowls, and the whole of that course with an apple and a Damascene plum tart; cheese to conclude with, and a dessert of oranges, almonds and raisins. I staid at tea, and to half-past eleven. Supper, of sandwiches and tarts, was introduced just before I came away, when I left the whole party. Your aunt ate heartily of the sandwiches, remarking that her meat always agreed well with her, and that while she lived, which could not be long, she would not deprive herself of it.

"I have promised to call upon her before I leave London. I must relate two anecdotes which she told me. Admiral Delaval and his servant coming late one night past Benton church,* they observed a

* Near Newcastle.

light in it. He desired his man to get off and see what was doing: but the man refused, saying he did not dare to do it. The admiral therefore gave his horse to his servant, and went himself. Through a window he observed a man and a woman busy about a corpse. He found the door unlocked, and, stepping up quickly to the persons, found them cutting off the breast of a female corpse. The man vanished, and was supposed to be the devil; the woman he secured and carried off, but when his servant was requested to take her up behind him, he again refused through fear: the admiral therefore had her put and tied on behind himself. On examining her at the proper court, she was found to be a witch, and was of course hanged.

"The other tale was this:—The clergyman who preceded Mr. Hall at Earsdon* had a school of young gentlemen. A beggar-woman came to a poor person's house in the village where a child was crying; and its mother, being angry with it, dismissed the beggar with some sharp observations. The old mendicant had scarcely gone out of their presence than the child began to cry, "Mother, mother, that old woman is tearing my heart out of me!" Alarm was given; the young gentlemen ran after the old woman, whom the child pricked in the forehead with a pin till the blood came, when the spell of torment which she had laid upon it was dissolved.

"God Almighty make all your slumbers sound, and shield you all with his arm! It is past midnight.

"March 5th. I have been from ten to four at the Land Revenue Office, and at seven go to dine with Mr. Ellison. I have little to say; only in addition to what I wrote yesterday night, that your Aunt Burke tells me that when you were in London nobody could get you to speak lest you should be laughed at: but that your sisters never minded their brogue.

"My kind compliments to all at the Shore, and love to you and all the children. How does Ikey get forward? You don't say. Thine, my dear Jane, always,

"JOHN HODGSON."

"MY DEAR JANE,

London, March 8, 1821.

"This will probably be the last letter that you will receive from me from this place, as I purpose going to Oxford on Wednesday

* Near Newcastle.

week, and I find that Mr. Ellison has very seldom a cover to spare.

"Since I last wrote to you I have been so hurried that I have not had a moment to spare to set down day by day how I have been occupied. But I will endeavour to recollect. One thing, however, let me disburden myself of—I have received another letter from Mr. Hedley, dated on Tuesday last, giving me the option of the same unlimited absence as his last allowed me. What must I say to him? I have not answered his first letter. The truth is, I have wished to give him some extracts out of the Museum which I made about a week ago, and to send them under a frank, as they are in two sheets; but finding on Monday from Mrs. Ellison that she could not but very rarely be indulged with Mr. E.'s name to an address, I have been disappointed, and would not send my thanks unaccompanied with some evidence of their sincerity.

"The affairs of the chapel since Tuesday morning have almost wholly engrossed my time, and I have promised Mr. Rodber, the secretary to the society to which my application for assistance to rebuild Heworth is to be presented, to remain in town till Tuesday morning the twentieth instant, when he will communicate to me the final answer which I am to have. But I will throw my account into the form of a journal.

"Tuesday, March 6. I wrote an hour out of an unpublished printed volume of Escheats which Mr. Caley has lent me, and at half-past nine went to breakfast with Mr. Young, the York Herald, in the College of Arms. A Mr. Benson of the Temple, and who is engaged with Sir Richard Hoare and several other gentlemen in compiling a History of the County of Wiltshire, was also of the party. It was nearly twelve before I could get from Mr. Young's books and his pedigrees, and in my way from thence heavy rain compelled me to shelter at Robert's lodgings till half-past one, the hour I had fixed to meet Mr. Rodber to hear how it was judged I could most effectually apply for assistance to rebuild the chapel—that is, whether my case should wait to be taken up by the King's Commissioners for building additional churches under a new Act, or that it should be taken before the Enlargement Society—and I found that it was thought every way most advisable to trust my case to the latter. I had therefore immediately to repair to my lodgings and draw up statements showing the whole history and nature of my cure, the quantity and kind of the population of the parish, and certain answers to a printed form of questions,

the last of which had to be signed by the Bishop, Mr. Ellison, Mr. Brown, and myself; at which work I fagged hard till five o'clock, when I went to dine with the President of the Royal Society. A Mr. Clifford was to have been there, but did not come, so that I had the benefit of enjoying the whole of the attention and conversation of Sir H. Davy and his lady. I must be very brief in the account of my visit. Mrs. Beecher, who was Miss O'Neil, was spoken of, and Lady D. wondered how a person who had enjoyed so much of the applause and popular good opinion of the country could be satisfied all at once to give it up and retire into the quiet and unobserved retirement of domestic life. She indeed had heard that Mrs. B. never liked the life she had chosen, that it was painful to her feelings to be set up every night as a show, and in that capacity to have the plaudits of the mob lavished upon her; 'but, for my part, if I had once been the object of so much public admiration, I should not have been easily satisfied with giving it up. I own that I have a taste for popular applause, and that I had rather have the hearty and undisguised shouts of the many, than the cold and capricious praise of the learned and reflecting few.' Sir Humphry agreed with her that the taste she described was one which prevailed among mankind; and Sir Francis Burdett was an example of it—a gentleman who, he believed, considered the voice of the public as the only oracular one, the only true standard of truth and merit: but for his part, both his taste for approbation and his opinion of the public as fit judges of men's merits and of all kinds of public questions were quite of a contrary kind.

"But I must not go on with anecdotes and conversations; I will only say that Sir H. D. told me that when he first came to London he lodged in Southampton Row, in rooms for which he paid 14*s.* a-week, and that his friend Mr.——(did he say the present Clerk of the House of Commons?) had rooms near him on a second floor, for which he paid only 32*s.* a-month. Both of them complain of being unwell—my lady of a cold, and Sir H. of a pain in his stomach and bowels. He however ate very plentifully, so that I should say that his disordered state of body is produced by confinement and anxiety: for on the Tuesday he dines at the club of the Royal Society, on Wednesday has a party at his own house, and on Thursday presides at the R. S.; besides the calls upon him now are very numerous, and this routine is from the middle of November into June. Trust me that the office of P. R. S., while it is surrounded with the glories of honour and distinction, is followed by a numerous and gloomy train of disquietudes, and that

these gentleman-ushers seldom fail to fill the food of their lord with condiments of indigestive and painful qualities. This evening I wrote from eleven till half-past twelve.

"March 7th. I continued to-day at the case of the chapel and plans of the parish till half-past eleven. At twelve I called upon the Bishop. I found him at his Greek Testament and with a tract by Orton and others on Ash Wednesday before him. He was in his audience-room and his porters and servants in attendance, doubtless in case any heathen should call on that day. He was very cold with me, and asked me if I knew the tract which I have mentioned, and said it was a very excellent work and recommended it to my perusal—I might get it at Hatchard's. I felt the reproof. I ought not to have gone, at least till twenty minutes after that time: perhaps it was nothing more than my own consciousness that I had been spending one of the most solemn days of our Church too secularly that made me feel the Bishop's remark as a reproof. He however signed the consent very pleasantly, talked about Mr. Raine's History, and the delay which the engravers cause 'to you antiquaries,' and dismissed me with the assurance how heartily he wished well to me and all my undertakings.

"Though I felt, and always shall, conscious that he was displeased with me as a clergyman for calling upon him during the time of service on Ash Wednesday, yet it is difficult to be in his company without being both pleased with him and one's self. His conversation always tends to have this effect: yet, among the numbers that enter his doors and are admitted to his table, how impossible it is that he can realize the expectations of even a very small part of the tithe of those whom his seductive conversation has flattered into hopes of preferment. I do not mean this observation as a censure; though I do think that a great man, who has much preferment at his disposal, should be careful not to touch the vanity of persons, whom he may suppose candidates for his favours, too magically; for there is nothing more sickening and full of death than hope often raised, deferred, and at length disappointed. There is an old maxim applicable to some who have shared the good opinion of the disposers of rewards, but have been suffered to perish under the languishment of hope thus deferred—'He is praised, but starves,' which great men should carefully, as a matter of charity, beware of inflicting; for it is better far that great talent should live and die in obscurity than that, after it has figured on the theatre of life, and received the praise and approbation of the world, it should be left to retire out of notice and to consume the oil of its own life in lighting up the darkness into which it is driven back.

On leaving his lordship I repaired to Mr. Ellison's, and readily obtained his signature, and in passing through the Strand went in to see the Panorama of Naples now exhibiting there. When I reached Mr. Brown's in Fenchurch Street, he had gone out on some parish business, and was not expected till four, so that I had about two hours and a half to wait, which time I employed in reading an account of the South Sea Islands, Owyhee and Otaheite, by the Missionaries, about the year 1797. Their description of the vegetable productions is very curious and very interesting: for it would appear that they are so well supplied, and with so great variety of excellent roots, that the garden productions of this country, which had been introduced among them from time to time, were neglected, as very inferior to their own, and as almost unfit for use. When Mr. Brown came, I had a difficulty in persuading him that his consent to pull down and rebuild Heworth Chapel should not be some disadvantage to him, though he had not an inch of land in the chapelry, nor could ever be called upon to contribute towards its rates. I could see that he could not find a reason why I should take so much interest in a matter which should not bring some great pecuniary benefit to myself. How shocking it is to see a human mind driven by the mercenary tyrannies of a worldly spirit into so narrow a space that it has scarcely a loophole left out of which it can get a glance upon anything that is liberal or strictly rational! After I had got his name, as his brother had before requested me, I showed him a list of the subscribers to rebuilding the chapel, upon which he very crossly and insolently said, "Come, Sir, you came only to ask for my name: be content without begging." His brother explained that he had requested me to write out the list and show it: and he saw well enough that I looked indignant at his remark. As soon as he found he could get off without being importuned for his money, he was all smiles and mildness. I do not believe that he would have signed the consent, if he had thought that no advantage was to arise out of it to himself.——

"At five I had my dinner on my way home: and at six called on Robert, and, though I got a part of my work done, yet I became so overpowered with sleep before ten that I judged it best to take one long night's indulgence, and therefore went to bed at that hour.

"May 8th. I finished my statement respecting Heworth and the necessary plans to illustrate its situation with respect to Jarrow, South Shields,* and its own population, to-day at one o'clock. They occupied

* South Shields, it will be remembered, was another chapel of ease within the parish of Jarrow.

three closely-written sheets of foolscap paper. At half-past one I was at Mr. Rodber's chambers; but he did not come to them-to day, owing I suppose to its being very wet. I have been an hour at the Museum to copy a paper for Mr. Hedley, and am now at the end of my narrative for this day.

"I have however forgot to mention that in the Strand, in my way from Mr. Ellison's to Mr. Brown's, I called to see a very interesting panorama of the Bay of Naples. It is indeed a very interesting sight. Mr. and Mrs. Ellison had told me that it was a very faithful representation, both of the features and colouring of the country, and Sir H. and Lady Davy both gave the same account of it, observing that it gave the character of Vesuvius and Mount St. Michael, as well as all the distances, very faithfully. I had there before me the house the Queen of England occupied at the time she went to the masquerade, and the moles and forts so near that I could see distinctly how each person upon them was occupied, and the wood of ships in the harbours, the Royal Palace, &c. &c., and at a distance the Appennines and the mountainous defiles through which the Austrians would have to march upon Naples. The sites of Herculaneum and Pompeii were so distinctly pointed out under Vesuvius, that I shall always imagine that I have been almost within sight of these celebrated cities of antiquity: but it is in vain to give you any adequate or intelligible notion of this interesting picture; for even the key of it which I got at the room gives a very imperfect notion of the original.

"Sir H. Davy told me, that when he first came to London he lodged in Southampton Row, and paid 14*s.* a-week for his rooms, and that Mr.

(I think he said), Clerk to the House of Commons, lodged near him and only paid 32*s.* a-month for his rooms. Both of them had second floors.

"Lady Davy, in talking about the different degrees and kinds of desire persons have for having praise, said she must freely own that she had rather have the applause of the multitude than of the few—that the expression of the mob was more sincere than that of the learned and wealthy. Sir Humphry said his feeling was directly of an opposite kind—a mob could not judge whether a person was deserving of the praise for which he was a candidate and became an object, or not: it most commonly followed at the heels of impostors and cried them up: and besides, its good opinion was not lasting; it was fickle and inconstant, though he owned that he believed that many persons had a taste for popular applause, and he believed that Sir Francis Burdett

thought there was more honour in the shouts of the mob as he went to the House of Commons than there was of glory in being applauded by the most upright of his fellow-senators.

“ March 9th, Friday. In the morning I was at the Museum till one, when I went in quest of Mr. Rodber, whom I found at his chambers, and after a few minutes’ conversation with him left him with the strongest hopes that I shall get something very handsome from the society to which he is the secretary. I have at present 1005*l.*, and have given in Stokoe’s larger estimate, that of 1,666*l.*, with the addition of 19*l.* for a stove. After two I copied some curious papers for Mr. Hedley, and am now, at six o’clock, left for the remainder of the evening to myself and my books.

“ March 10th. Yesterday evening I wrote out of the books Mr. Caley lent me till a late hour—till after twelve: and was at them again this morning before seven: at ten I was at the Auditor of the Land Revenue’s Office, and since my return here at half-past four have finished my extracts from Mr. Caley’s books, and sat with Robert till half-past ten. I write this after eleven, and, as I shall not post it till Monday at the soonest, I will leave it open for such reflections as may occur to me on the important duties of to-morrow.

“ Mr. Hedley in his letter reminds me that I should write to Mr. Jackson telling him that I had prolonged my visit longer than I intended, but he told me that he could take my duty till May if I chose, and he would continue to do it as long as he was sent for. Pray say, my dear, to Mr. Hedley how much I am sensible of his kindness, and that he shall have the free use of all my MSS. when I get home; and that I shall on no account stop in London any longer than Wednesday morning, 21st instant. I am executing his commission; but fear that with my knowledge of London, and especially of its ecclesiastical matters, I shall prove a very unsuccessful applicant for him. Before his last letter I had been making inquiries, and have extended them since. Franks are so bad to get, or perhaps I am so bad an asker for them, else I should send Mr. Hedley some of my extracts as I make them: for I find the masses of interesting unpublished documents are so numerous that I must in most cases be content with giving the mere titles of them and saying where they are to be found. During this week I have got a list of all the causes that have been tried in the Court of Exchequer on tithes, commons, and boundaries in Northumberland from the reign of Henry VIII. to the beginning of the reign of George III., as well as of all the decrees that issued out of that court upon Northumberland affairs.

" March 12th, Monday. I must, my dear, endeavour to be very brief. My time is of great importance; but I cannot keep my thoughts from home, and must devote a moment to you and our dear children. Yesterday I breakfasted with Robert. After ten I called for a moment at Sir J. Swinburne's, and went to the Lock Hospital Chapel, where the prayers were very well read, in a devout and natural strain of piety; especially I thought the poetry of Isaiah charmingly delivered; and there was a thrilling tone of feeling in the reader's voice given to all the awful solemnities recorded in the narrative and dialogue of the second Lesson.* The preacher delivered his discourse extemporaneously: his text was the six first verses of the second Psalm, which he explained to belong to the several circumstances respecting the reception of Christ's kingdom upon earth. I have not either room or time to give you an abstract of the discourse. The only person of note whom I saw there was Mr. Wilberforce. In the afternoon I intended to have gone to St. Martin's Church to prayers: but in my way thither, and near that church, I observed a number of Quakers flocking through a narrow alley and followed them to the meeting. It lasted a full hour-and-a-half, and not a word was said. It was however impossible not to be struck with the solemnity that reigned in the place—not to consider that one was in a house dedicated to God, and amongst a congregation of Christians employed in silent and inward prayer: and before I left the meeting I had got my mind into a temper that induced forgetfulness of the dulness and want of effect that struck me when I first entered the place. I was in fact loath to rise, and allow ideas of natural objects to break in upon the happy train of meditations into which I had fallen.

" Now, my dear Jane, tell the children that I have settled to leave this place on the morning of Wednesday, the 21st instant, for Oxford; where I shall stay a day or two at the least: it will be impossible for me to get home, I fear, to do any duty on the Sunday following, so that I must throw the onus for two Sundays more on Mr. Hedley. It will be no more expensive to me returning by Oxford, Birmingham, and Leeds, than by York. Something must be done to the garden. In half a day Boiston would sow such things as are wanted, especially onions. But I will leave everything of the kind to yourself. The carrots too should be taken up. I grow very anxious to get home, and very uneasy about it; but I am so desirous of arranging all matters so that I need not return hither on the errand on which I am, that I think it right to stay another week, if even the business of the chapel did not interfere to

* Luke xxii.

prevent my getting away till next Wednesday. I dined at five yesterday evening with Mr. Burke. They had no other person, which was much pleasanter to me than the formality of the former party, especially as we sat down to a plain family dinner.

"My kind love to all at the Shore, to the children, and to yourself. God bless you all. From thine always, dear Jane,

"JOHN HODGSON."

"I have been with Mr. Caley this morning, and am waiting to go with him to the Chapter House in Westminster. I fear this letter will abound with blunders, and be bad to make out, as I have written in great haste."

"MY DEAR JANE,

23, Hart Street, 14th March.

"Thank you a thousand times for your very affectionate and acceptable letter, and for your account of the children; and especially for Mr. Thorp's letter. Every moment I grow more and more anxious to get home, but I am sorry to say (and especially because the account you give of your father is not so favourable as I had flattered myself I might have expected,) that you must not expect me for a little more than a fortnight. I intend to go to Oxford on this day week, and to stay there for a week; at any rate, I will endeavour to get you one letter after this, before I leave this place, but while I am in Oxford I shall not be able to get one sent free. You must therefore not expect to hear from me after Tuesday next, till you hear me *vivâ voce* about to-morrow fortnight. To stay and work here would be endless: the more I extend my inquiries the greater store of unexplored information pours itself upon me; besides, every time I go out I meet with some one or other who offers, or who is ready to give me, every assistance, and access to materials. I have left a letter with Sir John Swinburne to-day to get franked, and it is a pity I did not speak to him before, because he can, through Sir W. Gordon, the Duke of York's secretary, get franks for letters above an ounce. The letter I am speaking of is for Mr. Hedley, and is pretty long, but not half so long or half so interesting as it should have been, to one who has shown you so many kindnesses, and who, with so much openness and sincerity, allowed me to remain here so much longer than I could reasonably have expected.

"On Monday I wrote a few lines to you after getting Mr. Ellison to frank my packet, and posted it myself. Yesterday I was all day in the

Museum, as well as to-day, copying some letters respecting Border quarrels &c. for Mr. Hedley; and this evening, after dining with Sir John Swinburne, I went with him to the meeting of the Royal Society at Sir Humphry Davy's; but, as the President had gone into the country for his health for a few days, and as there was nobody with whom we were acquainted, we left our names and came off very soon.

"For the last few days the weather here has been very fine, which is a great relief, for London is a shocking dirty place in wet weather, and expensive also when one has to hire coaches to take one to dinner; the dirt I often experienced, but the expense only twice; and I shall not dine out again during my stay, excepting I should go on Sunday to Mr. Burke's.

"The cold I got in St. Paul's left me soon, and since that time I have been in excellent health; though I do feel myself a little disordered to-day by staying too long on Monday in the Chapter House in Westminster, which is a very large circular room, without fires, and fitted up quite to the top with shelves and racks for books, sacks of papers, and mighty rolls of parchment, which are like so many huge pieces of collared brawn, or rather like large Cheshire cheeses brown with dirt, and a cord bound about them to keep them together. I also visited on the same day the Augmentation Office; from both of which repositories of the legal and civil transactions of our country I am promised every assistance I may want.

"Thursday, 15th March. The weather, my dear, is now delightful; somewhat cold during the day, andf rosty in the nights. This morning there is a fog, attended with its usual filthy smell of coal-gas. The sun through it appears like a rising full moon, and reminds me of the length of time I have been here; for he is now, at half-past seven, high above the horizon. I went to bed soon last night on account of my cold, and therefore am soon at work this morning, and quite well. To-day my evening and morning writing will be done unless I can get a fresh supply from Mr. Caley.

"I really am forced to write to you on trifles if I write at all; for my employment and observations are so unvaried, and to you so unimportant to describe, that if I write at all it must be either on subjects of invention, or a journal of petty things. I have thought of John Thornhill,* and also of his father, having a book for each, which

* A youth who at that time acted as his amanuensis, and is now librarian of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle. His father was the pariah clerk and schoolmaster at Heworth.

will be sent down with a parcel containing part of my wardrobe, to the wharf on Saturday, to come to you by sea. The more I know of the Swinburne family the more I am delighted with them. On Sunday I saw that they had just got Jeremy Taylor's Works, with which Lady S. was highly delighted, and yesterday they had brought home Law's Serious Call, of which they were anxious to learn the character. The volume was still uncut, and I was disappointed in not finding the account which Boswell gives of Johnson's opinion of it, in the account of Mr. Law's life, prefixed to it; certainly it is in my copy; or if it be not, the compiler of that memoir has evinced his ignorance in the commonest department of English literature. I would not be very anxious to see the Miss Swinburnes get married, unless I could be sure it was to gentlemen who had education, and feeling, and habits, to watch over and protect so much that is amiable and excellent, and unaffected, with the most affectionate care. Their brother Charles also is a very charming young man, as much delighted with the piety and excellence of Jeremy Taylor as his mother and sisters; and was anxious in his inquiries about the merits of Doyly and Mant's Bible, of which he had lately got a glimpse, and with which he was highly pleased; inasmuch as it explained the history, habits, and customs narrated in the Bible, in a plain and less dogmatical way than he had before seen them illustrated. (This reminds me that your father's and my copy of Mant's Bible should come hither to be bound; as Robert only charges 10s. a volume for doing them very neatly, and John Akenhead said they would cost me 14s. a volume at the least.) What a contrast, my dear Jane, what a gloomy contrast, I felt on leaving the company of the Swinburnes, and going into that of Sir Everard Home at the President's house: the Swinburnes encouraging the belief that when man ceases to exist here he commences a new existence—that we do not all die, but that we have immortality in our nature—that some part of us escapes the grave—and, full of this hope, anxiously preparing themselves for being welcomed into the felicities of that new existence; Sir Everard, on the contrary, inquiring no doubt very sincerely after truth, but seeing truth in that discouraging doctrine, that man is but a more beautiful and more perfect system of organization than the rest of the mechanical bodies that live and move upon the earth; that his mind and powers of reasoning are only the properties and effects of nice arrangements of matter, which receives the attributes of intelligence in the construction of the human brain, and of speech in the human lips and tongue, but wants them in those of the brute creation. This philosopher has

dissected thousands of animals to discover their construction, and to illustrate and support the doctrine of materialism; and in the first meeting at which I attended in the President's house he was all the evening engaged in experiments tending to bring back life into a frog that had been for some time shut up with ice in a coating of sheet lead.

"Friday morning has opened with a dense fog. I spent six hours of yesterday in the Museum. In the evening I went to the meeting of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies. Sir John Swinburne soon came after me, and continued with me till the meeting closed.

"At the Antiquarian Society, an extract of a letter was read respecting the hilt of a sword of curious workmanship, of bronze, found near Capua; also a paper on some rare coins discovered lately in England; and a part of a paper on Gothic architecture, which was illustrated with curious drawings.

"The proceedings of the Royal Society were more interesting. In the President's absence, on account of his health, at Buxton, Sir Everard Home took the chair, and filled it well, for he is a fat, bulky fellow, and, as far as organisation goes, the same order and beauty and exquisite mechanical arrangement, *not a doubt of it*, pervades his frame as does the rest of his species; but as to symmetry of form, or liveliness of expression in his looks, or grace, or dignity of action, or the wilings and seducings of eloquence, poor man, Sir Everard has as little of any of them as the lowest of his kind. He rolled into the chair, put on his hat of office as if he had been putting on his night-cap, and when he rose to read the list of strangers introduced, he put it off, and laid it down just as you would do a cannister lid. Having short sight and lost some teeth, he made a sad bother of the list. The names (and there were many) dropped from him one by one, slower than shillings come from the die at the Mint, and all more or less nicknamed; there was a good-tempered half-suppressed laugh during the whole of the performance, of which Sir Everard sat down as perfectly unconscious as the statue of Newton behind him. After the routine of business, such as reading over the Proceedings of the last meeting, and proposing and balloting for fellows, was gone through, Mr. Secretary Combe read a most interesting paper by Sir Humphry Davy, detailing all his experiments and observations upon the papyrus manuscript rolls found in Herculaneum (Pompeii?). I am not able to give you a sketch of the contents of this curious paper. It abounded with curious facts, deductions, and reasonings derived from the rolls themselves, and the methods he had tried to unroll them; on

the progress of the arts of making ink and the substances used to write upon; upon the state of the rolls and the foreign matters which had filtered into them. He showed that the ink of the Romans was charcoal combined with glue: but I have no more leisure till the evening, when you shall have my time for a quarter of an hour longer; I fear I cannot spare more. I am in great good health. I wish your father and you could say the same of yourselves when I get home.

"16. This evening I have bought two dolls, both alike, and both of a price, one for Jane and one for Susannah. Also a packet for Ikee, which you will find inclosed with Priestley's Catalogue, and directed for 'papa's man.' It is of the same value as one of the dolls. The parcel will be sent down to Mr. Nichol's wharf to-morrow, so that it stands a chance of arriving before myself, and even before this letter. In it you will also find some old books, which I got of Robert; one of them a Law Dictionary, price 15s., for Mr. Snowdon, if he chooses to take it; but I wish to have a further sight of it before it gets out of my possession. There is also a History of England for Richard. The parcel will be directed to Mr. Atkinson, as it contains some books for him, but will have separate covers directed to you; and I will in a letter on Monday request Mr. A. to order it to be forwarded to your father's by Laws. The little parcel, for Mr. Adamson, and that for Miss Bewicke, may be delivered as an opportunity occurs.

"You have not said whether you have seen widows Haggerston and Robson, though I have no doubt but you have. Pray say to Mr. Thornhill on Sunday that I will thank him to be preparing a class of his best scholars to be publicly catechised; and if you can get any method of having Dale and the masters of High Felling and the Shore informed of my wish that they should be doing the same, you would remove from me the uneasy reflection that I had not seen them on the subject before I left. At any rate, it must be one of my first objects of attention when I reach home.

"Robert stayed with me from nine till eleven. He is grown a much better goer to bed than he was when he was with us. It is now striking twelve by St. George's Bloomsbury, and St. Giles, in a lower tone, seems to be mocking his neighbour St. George. Still the streets sound with the quick motion of the wheels of carriages, not as at an earlier hour with a continuous din; for the noise momentarily dies away, and 'Past twelve o'clock' on all sides, and every variety of tone, fills up the interval. But it is only momentarily that the ear of night in this great theatre of activity is suffered to distinguish the sound of the human

voice at more than a few yards' distance; for no sooner does the united sound of the trampling of horses' feet and the rattling of the wheels of coaches begin to be faintly heard than that of others rises and roars up the short streets between this place and Holborn, like the rising and retiring of a heavy sea, or of a long peal of thunder. Good night, my love, good night. The blessing of God Almighty be with you all !

" March 17th, Saturday. My dear Jane, can you contrive to get a note or a message sent to Mr. Fisher, saying that as soon as I get home I will get him the money which I promised—in the latter end of March. The signatures of two clergymen of the diocese and that of the Bishop are requisite before I can procure it at the Bank, which process cannot be well gone through till I reach home.

" To-day I called in the morning on Mr. Ellison to get a parcel of seeds, which I knew he wished to send to his gardener. They will come off in a parcel, directed to Mr. Adamson, and containing some drawings for the N. Antiquarian Society; and under them is a parcel directed to you, containing the plans of the chapel, and some other things which I could not possibly take to Oxford with me, nor durst venture to send by sea. I hope Mr. A. will not delay sending them a moment, as it is of importance that they should get to James (the gardener) as soon as possible.

" After leaving Mr. Ellison I called upon Mr. Grey of Acton, who has been ill ever since he came to London. He was a fortnight at Brighton, and improved; but since that time his complaint, which is a swelling occasioned by cold in the wind-pipe and soreness in the chest, has returned, and he is not able to get out. From him I went to his brother Sir Charles, who promised to furnish me with letters to the Master of Oriel and other persons of influence in Oxford.

" From ten till three I was at the Land Revenue Office, paying my last visit there: at five I went to Mr. Lewis's* to dinner, at Paddington, at whose house I met the Academicians Callcott and Mulready, and Mr. Lewis's brother, who is the artist who made the drawings and superintended the engravings of the forthcoming work of Mr. Dibdin, viz. his Bibliographical Tour to Vienna. The engravings are very numerous and very well executed. It cannot fail of being an interesting book, from the account Mr. Lewis gives of his travels with Mr. Dibdin. I grow worse and worse in getting to bed. It was twelve before I left Mr. Lewis's house, and is now considerably past one o'clock. Again, my dear, good night; and the blessing of God be with you all !

* The engraver who had executed some plates for his lately published volume.

"Monday morning. I must be very brief. Yesterday I was at two places of worship. At a very large Methodist meeting-house in the morning, where the service was done exactly the same as in our churches, excepting that in the Litany the words 'all bishops and curates' were omitted and 'ministers' used; and the minister himself was habited in an ordinary dress of black. He read the prayers very unsolemnly, in my opinion, making no pause between each collect: the Psalms were well read, especially by the congregation; the preaching, however, seemed to be that part of the service which the minister and the congregation held as of the greatest importance. The congregation before the conclusion was very large, for they were coming in, and partly going out, during the whole of the service, and there was something in the whole that struck me as too familiar and wanting solemnity. After the minister ascended the pulpit he hawcked and spitted very disgustingly, spitting upon the floor of the pulpit, and rubbing it with his foot.

"In the afternoon I was at St. George's Bloomsbury, where the prayers were rather well read; but the sermon, by an elderly man, was laboriously performed, and an attempt was made at something sublime and magnificent; and certainly the tones of the speaker's voice were very often deep and mellow—but he filled his cheeks full, and set himself in such a determined posture to discharge his affecting and sublime passages, that to me the thing appeared to be very burlesque; though I could see it was all seriousness with him, but, poor man, there was little but pompous sound in his discourse. The Methodist I heard in the morning was incomparably the better divine. The text in the morning was—"And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." That in the afternoon was—"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near."

"I dined at 5 at Mr. Burke's: we were the same party as on the first Sunday on which I dined there.

"5 o'clock. I have sent off a letter this moment to Mr. Snowdon, informing him that the Society for assisting in the enlargement of churches have granted 400*l.* towards the rebuilding of Heworth chapel. So that the subscription is now 1145*l.*, (? 1405*l.*) independent of the materials of the old chapel, the sale of seats, and such additional subscriptions as may be gleaned up from persons having interest in the chapelry. Pray tell your father and Mr. Wylam of my success.

"I am going to dine with Mr. Ellison this evening, and promise to call at Craig's Court in my way to his house, and inform your aunt of the fate of my application respecting the chapel, and to bid good bye to the family.

"Pray think of the seeds as soon as they reach you.

"My very dutiful and affectionate remembrance to your father and mother, kisses for my dear children, and love and tenderness to thee, my dear Jane, from thine always,

"JOHN HODGSON.

"The weather is again very cold; I have been much pinched with it to-day."

34, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, March 22nd, 1821.

"MY DEAR JANE,

"I wrote an hasty note to you on Tuesday, and sent it with the plans of the parish directed to Mr. Snowdon.

"Yesterday I went to the Bishop to inform him of my success before the Enlargement Society. He was in great spirits, but I had only a moment's hearing with him, as some gentleman on business drove rapidly to the door and was announced, on which I retired; not having really anything in the way of business with his lordship. He cautioned me, not only to have a man of the law, but one who understood the matter, to draw up the minutes respecting the rebuilding of the chapel. He was engaged writing letters, and while I was with him sealed one, rising to the light and handling the wax and seal with as much dexterity as a young man. After leaving him I called for a letter of introduction at Oxford on Sir Charles Grey; but, not finding him at his lodgings, I went to see Martin's much celebrated picture of Belshazzar's Feast. It is really an astonishing thing, quite different from any painting I ever saw; though the perspective is erroneous, the diameters of the pillars being enormously greater than they ought to be, and the colouring all florid, and in detail such as no good artist or critic whose judgment has been formed upon the acknowledged rules of art could commend; yet the mightiness of the space which the picture embraces, the simple grandeur of the architecture, the colour of the granite walls, columns, and piazzas, the flood of light emanating from the mysterious characters traced on the wall, and the bursting of lightning and a thunder-storm over the battlements where the menacing sentence appears, and the consternation into which the king, his courtiers, and the thousands of people that were enjoying the banquet are thrown, make this performance upon the whole, certainly, I say the most singular effort of art that I ever saw.

"From the British Gallery I was going through the passage at St.

James's to visit Mr. Burne in the Dean's Yard. But the number of carriages passing along Pall Mall towards the King's palace at Carlton House reminded me that His Majesty's levee was holding; I therefore passed the gates of Carlton House to observe the throng: but little was to be learnt; there was a continued line of carriages passing in at one gateway, each only stopping while the party alighted from it, and going out at the other, and then sweeping round to fall into the same order in their return in which they came. As I passed the Park going by the way of Spring Gardens I observed that several carriages went and returned by the back way to Carlton House: these I supposed were those of His Majesty's Ministers.

"I called at Dean's Yard respecting Queen Anne's Bounty. Burne is far from a civil man. He is cross and cold: but I urged the consideration of the case of Heworth so strongly that he promised me at length with some good temper that he would make himself master of it and see if any thing could be done.

"On Tuesday night and all day yesterday I was very uncomfortably unwell; but I am in good enjoyment of myself this morning.

"22nd. Evening. I have been six hours to-day writing in the office of the Duchy of Lancaster, and nearly all of the time was violently affected with rheumatic pains in my knees, which have continued ever since to such a degree as to make me very lame. I have, however, hobbled out to get a few things by way of presents when I get home.

"March 23rd. This is a delightful morning: but I was so sadly afflicted with pains till I went to sleep last night that I did not dare to determine to set out for Oxford till I felt whether I should be able to bear the cold and the fatigue of travelling. I have, however, thank God! had a very refreshing sleep, but am too late in rising to take the advantage of the coaches this morning.

"Evening. I wrote in the Museum till one, dined at two, and then went to call on Mr. Nichol, but, not finding him, proceeded for the first time to the Tower, where I wrote one-and-a-half hours: but Mr. Bayley, seeing that I could not accomplish my object, kindly promised to have it copied out by one of the clerks. From the Tower I went into Wapping to search for George Glover, and readily found him. Mr. T. Barnes was with him in his warehouse. That I might see his wife and sister, I consented to go and sit down to dinner with them. They are well: the children two boys and two girls. Bell must be eventually an old maid. Mr. G. set me into Street. I called on Robert at ten, and bid good-bye to him.

Oxford, 24th March, 1821.

"I left London to-day at half-past eight, from the George and Blue Boar in Holborn. The morning was fine, but cold. At eleven it began to rain, and continued to do so till after we reached this place at 4 P.M. I took my seat on the outside of the coach, and, though the wind was both strong and cold, I suffered much less from cold than I did in my way up to London in the inside of the coach. There were few objects in this day's journey that were particularly attractive; the cold and wet, and especially the heavy wind, made everything uninteresting: the prevailing desire I had was that I might be driven as late as possible to my journey's end. I will, however, note a few things which are fastened in my memory. After crossing the small barren common of Gerard's Cross, we passed the fine Park of Bulstrode on the left: it is an irregular ground, and the property of the Duke of Portland. The country nearly the whole of the way from Uxbridge is hilly; the hills consisting of chalk out of which flints are procured for making the roads. From London to Uxbridge the flints for the roads are procured by passing the alluvium through riddles; and the quantity thus procured to the west of Kensington is so great that in many places in about eight or nine feet that are dug up, more than two-thirds are taken away. The re-covered space thus dug over is carefully levelled and re-covered with soil—the whole of the process being remarkably systematic. Near to Oxford limestone begins to prevail.

"Near Loudwater, and towards High Wycombe, the ordinary process of cultivation forms the sides of the steep hills into terraces, a process by which I have no doubt but the terraces on the sides of the hills in Westmerland were formed.

"On the west side of Stokenchurch Hill, juniper grows abundantly and in great luxuriance.

"The flints in the alluvia near London, appear to be the remains of chalk hills in the neighbourhood that have been washed away; more properly the remains of the valleys that have been formed between the hills that remain. The prospect from Stokenchurch Hill is extensive over the valley to the west, north, and south.

"March 25th. I have been to New College Chapel and heard part of a sermon, for, though it was not eleven o'clock, the service was so far gone through that it did not last above half-an-hour after I entered the chapel: there was a large attendance, nearly the whole standing, for the area of the place where the sermon was preached is neither seated

nor pewed, only there are a few forms in its centre, and seats in the manner of the stalls in cathedrals all round against the walls: its form is thus: (*A drawing with the pen*).

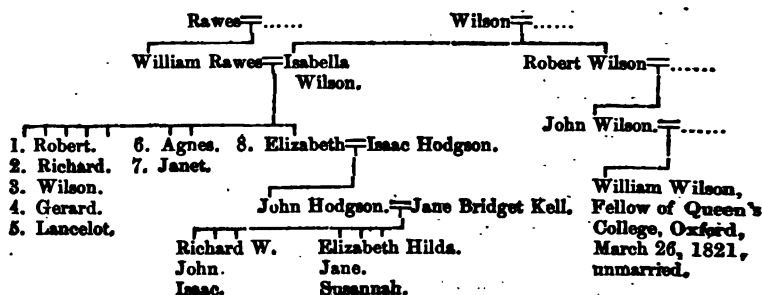
"The windows are ornamented with very beautiful paintings of glass; those in the chancel representing the Apostles and numerous other saints whose names appear in the calendar of the Latin Church; and in every window is written in Latin, 'Pray for William of Wykeham Bishop of Winchester, the founder of this college (O. pro Willelmo de Wiccam Winton. fundatore istius collegii)'. In the west window is a painting of the Nativity, which is seen through an arch in the organ gallery from the altar to good effect. The whole is a most beautiful piece of architecture and art.

"Since half-past twelve I have called on the Provost of Oriel, on Mr. Rowley of University College, Mr. Ellison of Balliol, all of whom I have seen, but have not been able to deliver my letter from the Bishop of Durham to Mr. Bandinel, Librarian of the Bodleian Library, and another letter to Mr. Lightfoot of Merton College. At half-past two I was at prayers at St. Peter's, where the Bishop of Oxford and the corporation of the city attended. They were also at New College Chapel in the morning. To-day has been very fine. In a very short time I should become well acquainted with this celebrated seat of learning; but my stay must be as short as possible; for I apprehend I have got to a most expensive inn, though it is the one the coach came to and to which Mr. Burke recommended me. It would be in vain to begin any description of this place. The walks, avenues, and buildings are all upon a grand scale. The elm tree here is in its perfection. Merton College is a peculiarly neat, ancient, and interesting building. I do not covet apartments here: but if Providence had thrown a University life in my way, and my habits and pursuits had been such as they are, it does appear to me that such a life would have been best suited to the construction of my mind: but it has not been my lot to be sheltered under academic bowers; to have my genius fostered and my habits formed by this kind mother of all good arts: and I have no right to repine that it has not been so.

"Nine o'clock. I have just returned from dining, I think they call it, in Commons, that is, the Common Hall, in University College, having been the guest of Mr. Rowley, who is Tutor and Senior Fellow of that college: I was at the Fellows' table: besides which there are two other descriptions of Undergraduates—the one called the Fellow-Commoners, &c., but I must not begin to describe, for I am utterly ignorant of the

terms. Nothing can be more pleasant. As soon as eating was done the Undergraduates retired, and in a short time the Fellows went into their room, where we had some wine and afterwards some tea.

"March 26th. This morning I breakfasted with the Provost of Oriel College (Dr. Copleston), who at ten went with me to the Bodleian Library and introduced me to Mr. Nichol the librarian. When I was in London I asked Mr. Phillpotts for letters of introduction to the Bodleian, and about a week after received a note from the Bishop of Durham, inclosing a letter to Mr. Bandinel, the head-librarian there. Very fortunately, Sir C. Grey had supplied me with an introduction to the Provost of Oriel, for Mr. Bandinel is at present out of Oxford. I continued in the library till four, and at half-past four went to dine with Mr. Wilson, a Fellow of Queen's College, and stayed with him till near eleven. I had letters of introduction from Mr. Rawes of Bromley. He is a modest and serious person: I dare say a good divine too, for he has just finished printing a work on the Thirty-Nine Articles, the plan of which I think is a good one; but I had no time to examine whether it be judiciously executed or not. He was Proctor of Oxford last year; the person who originated the inquiry into St. Bee's School: and a native of Kendal. Below you will see on what account I became anxious to be introduced to him.



"The Bodleian Library is in the form of the letter H, and has galleries around it. The roof is of oak, curiously ornamented with armorial bearings, &c. Adjoining it in the same building is an extensive gallery of pictures, and in it the Rawlinson MSS. are kept in presses, but are so ill arranged that I was unable to find the volumes which I had expected to consult. The Dodsworth collections are in the room called Gough's Room, which contains the library of the late Mr. Gough, the Editor of Camden's Britannia, to which there is a printed catalogue.

"Before breakfast I walked round Christ Church Meadow, which on

the south is bounded by the Isis. The walk called Christ Church Walk is a broad gravel walk between two rows of very large and aged elms, the finest and largest avenue I ever walked along. There is also a very fine avenue of elms belonging to Magdalene College, and called the Maudlen Walk, in the Maudlen Meadows, by the margin of the Charwell. The Isis is a fine stream, full of boats; some of them very large, like floating houses, having windows and brick chimneys; others, and the greatest number of them, light pleasure-boats, painted green.

"March 27th. I have to-day breakfasted in Queen's with Mr. Wilson. He showed me the Hall Library: in it a fine copy of Wickliffe's Bible, which has been mutilated by cutting out the first leaf of the Old Testament and a part of the first leaf in the New, for the sake of the illuminated letters.

"At ten I went to the Bodleian Library, finished there at two, and then made my third unsuccessful attempt to get into the treasury of Merton College. I have been round the upper part of the town, seen the Gaol where there is a singular old tower, called the Castle, and a very large mound of earth of the shape of a truncated cone. My seat for Birmingham is taken for Thursday.

"11 o'clock. I have been dining with the Provost of Oriel. His other guests were Mr. Rowley of University College, Mr. Ellison of Balliol, Mr. Nichol, one of the Bodleian librarians, and Dr. Bliss of St. John's College. The Provost contrived the topics of conversation to fall on Antiquarian subjects. I could get no opinion either there or at University College on Mr. Hedley's inscription. Dr. Copleston showed the list of the books given to his college by its founder: it is a catalogue raisonné, and not only classes the books in subjects, but gives the price and the name of the illuminations of each MS. He also showed me the first book of accounts of their college: it begins about the year 1400, and the series I think he said is perfect since.

"Mr. Nichol and myself on leaving the Provost of Oriel went with Dr. Bliss to St. John's College, and had bread and cheese with him in the common room there. It is an excellent room, and well furnished.

"Wednesday, Mar. 28th. I breakfasted with Mr. Nichol, one of the librarians, &c. in the department of Oriental literature, in which he has the reputation of a great master. He is a native of Aberdeen, and came to Balliol College, Oxford, as a Scotch exhibitioner, in which capacity he was entitled as a student for about eleven years to about 160*l.* per annum. He married a Danish lady, who died of a consumption three weeks after they were married; a mild, kind, excellent man.

" At ten I was introduced by Mr. Ellison to the master of Balliol, who not only refused me a sight of the records of their possessions, but even a copy of the calendar of them. When he put the calendar of the Mickle Benton box into my hand, I refused to look at it unless I might be permitted to make use of it. I told him that my avowed object was to obtain evidence how they came into their possession. The deeds respecting Heugh and Stamfordham are first enumerated; then those of Mickle Benton. A Balliol gave the first, which I think he purchased for 200*l.*, then some of the Swinburnes, &c. The Benton property was granted by the Somervilles. Their grants are curious; but he advanced the case of Brand's History losing rights to Newcastle as a reason for refusing me. He could not see how it could be interesting to the kingdom that such documents should be published, and it was in vain that I pleaded the precedent of such documents forming the main interest of Dugdale's Monasticon, that they were historical evidences as well as title-deeds, and that no manner of loss could come to their body by their being published. It did appear that there are three keys, and that I could not have gained access to their deeds without the consent of their corporation as a body; but as an individual his mind was decidedly against permitting me to see or use anything.

" At eleven I went to the Bodleian, copied, and conversed with Dr. Bliss. The Rawlinson MSS. are rich in topography. At half-past four dined in the Hall in Balliol College. Mr. Hugh Moises was there as a guest, Mr. Ellison, Mr. Cleeve, and Mr. : Mr. Cleeve thought the master had done perfectly right. Wine, dessert, and tea in the Common Hall. Mr. Ellison desired me to state in writing to him what I wanted, and he would lay it before the college when they met as a body.

" Leland's MS. works are in Gough's library, in a plain, strong handwriting. Mr. talked much this evening about the respectability of Mr. Hodgson's character and his work, and that if a person not so well known, and so well recommended, had asked the favour they might have hesitated in giving an answer. But civility and compliment are not always inseparable from a narrow-mindedness; I do conceive that the college had planned a refusal. The condescension I had shown me in the Common Room convinced me that it was so, and fruit, wine, and tea, and smiles, and compliments were given to me in lieu of records. Poor souls! I tried all I could to put them out of pain that I thought them illiberal, that their refusal was not grounded on reason, by saying that I could not expect that all persons could be

brought to have the same feeling for my work, and for illustrating its history, as myself: that I had no right to expect every one would give me what I asked, however reasonable in fact. my request might be; that I considered their evidences as historical facts, that the statute of limitations, &c. secured to them their possessions, and that Dugdale's works had published the deeds of the monasteries, &c. without injury to the proprietors, &c.——

"MY DEAR JANE, Star Inn, Oxford, Wednesday, March 28th, 1821.

"Yesterday I intended to have set off from this place this morning: but, finding that I cannot get from Birmingham till Friday morning, the Telegraph Coach only going from that place to Leeds on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, I think it better to stay here over to-day, and set my face homewards to-morrow, than to spend all day to-morrow in Birmingham, where I know nobody and have no objects of inquiry. You may therefore expect me about nine o'clock on Saturday evening; I shall get out at the Red Robins, and contrive to find there some person to help me home with my things. Mr. Ellison of Balliol College here tells me the Telegraph usually passes the Red Robins about seven o'clock, but I apprehend it is later. Every attention has been shown me here. You will not get this note till Saturday, and a few hours after it arrives papa expects to reach home. Thine, my dear Jane,

"JOHN HODGSON."

FROM JAMES ELLIS, Esq.

"DEAR SIR, Otterbourne, 23 June, 1821.

"A few days ago I accompanied Mr. Singleton * and Mr. Vernon† to look at some minerals collected by a self-taught genius in our village commonly called the Philosopher. It then struck me for the first time that he was the kind of man you wished for to assist you in

* Rector of Elsdon, afterwards Archdeacon of Northumberland—the Archdeacon Singleton of Sidney Smith's famous letters.

† Son of the Archbishop of York, and Rector of Rothbury.

‡ The philosopher's name was James Thomson.

the mineralogy of this district, and on my mentioning it to the above gentlemen they were of the same opinion. I dare say he would be glad of the employment.

"I am happy to furnish you with another subscriber, and you will please to insert in your list the name of Matthew Reed, Esq. of Old-town. If you send the present volume to me I will convey it to him. Sir, yours very sincerely,

"JAS. ELLIS."

TO JAMES ELLIS, Esq., OF OTTERBOURNE CASTLE.*

"DEAR SIR,

Upper Heworth, 4th July, 1821.

"Your letter of the 23rd of June did not reach me till last Friday, after which time I had no opportunity that week to send you the copy of my book for Mr. Reed of Old-town.

"I felt both much rejoiced and very thankful for the offer of assistance in the department of natural history from the person at Otterbourne which you have mentioned to me; and have inclosed, with the book for Mr. Reed, a small box I contrived last summer for killing insects in without injuring them.† The insects are shut up in the upper part, and some brown paper being lighted in the bottom slide, when it is flaming and smoking, the top is to be put on, and the insects by one or two smokings will be found dead; after which beetles, moths, butterflies, and in short all such as have wings, while their joints are pliable, should have their wings extended in this manner. (*A drawing with the pen in the margin.*) Fasten the insect upon a well-stained board of soft wood by a pin put through it behind the head; then with a pin put through a piece of pasteboard fix the wings in an extended position—thus. If I could be accommodated with a few of the most remarkable insects fixed in this manner, it would be of much service to me. Moist meadows before the grass is cut generally abound with small butterflies of great variety: one or two of each kind would be sufficient for all my purposes. Butterflies are seen abroad by day; the various kinds

* The Editor is indebted to Mr. Robert White of Newcastle for the copy of the letter here made use of.

† This may remind some of my readers of Isaac Walton and his worm. I fear, however, that the good old angler did not think so much of the worm's feelings as of the necessity of not giving it pain, that it might be the more lively, and consequently the more tempting, upon his hook.

of moths by night. Beetles are commonly found under stones, in rotten wood, dung, &c. Brimstone must not be used in killing them, and much flame must be avoided, else the wings of the insect will be singed through the wire gauze. Of shells my collection is hitherto but small; your neighbourhood must have many; of the tribe *snail* I know there are several, and some so excessively minute as to escape ordinary observation. A very little attention to their haunts will soon render any one expert in finding them; both the land and water abound with them, and there are none, however small and common, that I do not wish to be acquainted with, and to have specimens of from different parts of the country. Of shells I would wish to have half-a-dozen or a dozen of each kind. But to obtain assistance of this kind I fear I shall not be able to render any adequate recompence. My expenses, without paying anything for authorship, can never be repaid to me by the sale of the work.

"When I was in London this spring I copied a pedigree of the Reeds of Old-town, which I sent to Mr. Ridley, and have not yet got it back. I expect it is the only document I have found respecting the ancient family of that name. Sir William Reed, Knight, had a lease of certain tythes at Beadnale, dated 13 Sept., 30 Eliz., copy in the Auditor's office, lib. ii. fol. 108; and there was a grant of lands and houses at Cookley to Ralph Salkeld and Edward Reed, June 18, 34 Eliz. *ib.* ii. 28. Mr. Reed of Troughend is mentioned in the Lansdowne MSS. at No. 326, which belonged to R. Todd, sheriff, (not certain of this,) who collected rent respecting Northumberland, and out of whose MSS. in the British Museum and in the Bodleian Library Howard made large extracts.

"There are some curious particulars respecting the franchises of the * also of Redesdale connected with the History of Cleveland, and in (the) *depôt* in the Duchy of Lancaster Office: they consist of several charters in a full illuminated volume written in the beginning of the reign of Edward I. I have not leisure to turn at present to my memoranda made from the authentic copy: but if my memory saves me the trouble, these furnish some new history where-with Harbottle, or . . . * Castle . . . * to Mr. Thos. Clennell. I write in much haste. With many thanks for your kind assistance and interest in my work. Believe me, my dear Sir, faithfully yours,

"JOHN HODGSON."

* The original letter was here worn away.

The following letter and the memoranda by which it is succeeded would seem to prove that in this year Hodgson was thought of for the valuable rectory of Whitfield. But it may be doubtful whether Mr. Bigge had any real authority for exciting his expectations.

To C. W. Bigge, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

Newcastle, 12 Nov. 1821.

"Having had to call at your bank this morning for my Queen Anne's Bounty money, and not having had the pleasure of meeting you there, I cannot avoid expressing the strong sense of gratitude and obligation which I feel for your kind intentions towards me respecting the rectory of Whitfield. The more I have reflected upon what you said to me, the more desirable the preferment appears to me. The retirement of the place would be very congenial to my feelings, and very favourable to my plan of publishing a History of Northumberland; and the additional income which the living would bring me would enable me to send my children to school; which, with my present means, is quite out of my power. If, therefore, Mr. Ord could make it agreeable to his own views to offer me the situation, I beg to assure you that it would, under any conditions as to residence he may think fit to impose upon me, be most acceptable to me; and in the event of my succeeding to it I hope that my best endeavours would always be given to make my incumbency both satisfactory to him, and creditable to your recommendation. From, dear Sir, your very grateful and obedient humble servant,

"JOHN HODGSON."

"N.B. I saw Mr. Bigge on the day this letter was written, and he told me that 'he believed that Mr. Scott, Mrs. Ord's brother, had accepted the living; but that he had written to Mr. Ord saying that I would accept of it if it was offered to me. Also that Mr. Ord had two months since talked of offering it to me, but thought that I would (not?) accept of it on the condition of residing upon it.'—*Journal*.

"1821, 29 Dec. Mr. Bigge to-day told me that his brother-in-law Mr. Scott had passed his examination for Holy Orders and accepted of the living of Whitfield. He still thought it strange that he would take it with the condition of residing upon it, and that I would not have liked it, as there would have been little more society than walls and woods and heath; that when I was fatigued with my study I would not

have Newcastle to go to, to refresh myself with the conversation of literary and scientific men. But I told him, as I felt, that my History would occupy a large portion of my life, even if it were spared to an advanced age; that it would keep me in a sort of perpetual motion, and that solitude and quiet were very congenial to my feelings; and that Whitfield would in every respect have suited me better than Jarrow and Heworth; but most especially because it would have enabled me to provide better opportunities for the education of my family.—*Ibid.*

"14 Dec. 1821. Set off at seven with Messrs. Hedley, Adamson, and Tho. Hodgson, to Mr. Thorp's* at Ryton to see his Roman Antiquities; for the purpose of guiding us in the price we should offer for those discovered at Housesteads, and offered to the Newcastle Antiq. Soc. by Mr. Gibson of Stagshaw Close House.—*Ibid.*

"The collection of Roman Antiquities at Ryton belonged to Mr. Brand, and were left by him at his Newcastle lodgings in Hanover Square. The persons with whom he lodged, two sisters, claimed one moiety of them and Mr. Wheatley another. Mr. Wheatley gave me his share, and the two sisters sold me theirs for ten pounds. A day or two after I agreed to give this sum for them, I was dining with Mr. Thorp and mentioned the price of them; and he, expressing a wish to have them, requested me to transfer the purchase, which I readily consented to. Mr. Thorp therefore had them for half their value if the Miss's share was worth 10*l*. He however sometime after made me a present of Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Biography.—*Ibid.*

"18 Dec. 1821. To JOHN ADAMSON, Esq.—Dear Adamson,—I have considered upon the sum which the Society ought to offer for the Housesteads Roman Antiquities, and recommend it to be twenty-five guineas.

"About ten years since I purchased the late Mr. Brand's collection of Roman Antiquities for 10*l*. They contained the celebrated altar to *Jupiter Dolichenus*, and the tablet to the *Matres Campestres* found at Benwell, four inscribed stones found at Jarrow, and several perfect inscribed tablets and centurial stones, besides imperfect inscriptions, votive altars, Cologne-stone querns, &c. &c. to the number of thirty-five pieces. It is superior to the Housesteads collection in the number of its inscriptions, but inferior in other respects. For the uninscribed altars and stones bearing figures brought from Housesteads are very imposing in their appearance, but have no value in affording any proof or illustra-

* Now Canon and Archdeacon of Durham, Warden of the University, &c.—at all times a kind and steady friend of Mr. Hodgson.

tion of history or topography. They are, however, very curious, and have a claim to be preserved, because they have survived the ravages of at least fourteen centuries, and were set apart from common purposes by a celebrated people, either from devotion to their gods and emperors, or in memory of some deceased friend. Mr. Brand's collection was taken away at the expense of the purchaser; but I include the carriage which has been paid in the twenty-five guineas, which I recommend the Society to offer. I am, &c. J. H."

"1821, Dec. 22. My son Richard having 9s. and 6d., I gave him old English silver, local tokens, and foreign silver, which he sold for 1l. 16s. 6d. and with the 9s. and 6d. put it into the Savings Bank in Newcastle, his no. being 1843. I have done this with the view of getting him into an early habit of saving; being convinced that nothing is more injurious to religious and moral principle, and consequently a greater enemy to human happiness, than want of thrift. Avarice is a horrible vice; but it is not so natural as waste and thoughtlessness, and therefore not so common; for where there is one person who sells himself to the love of money, there are hundreds who sell their independence, principles, and happiness by an improvident use of the means of human subsistence.—*Journal*.

"1821. Dec. 29. Near all the great Roman Stations there are found the ruins of a bath. The soldiers came out of warm climates, and were accustomed to bathe and wash their whole bodies every day. This habit of cleanliness they could not forego, even in our colder climate.—*Journal*.

TO ROBERT SURTEES, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Dec. 31, 1821.

"Your letter sent by Raine I have received, and beg your acceptance of my best thanks for your kind contribution of 10l. towards the plates of my Northumberland, and for your promised endeavours to obtain further patronage to it. During the whole of this year I have been very much occupied with rebuilding Heworth Chapel, so much so that I have found it impossible to go on both with it and attending my second volume through the press. More than a few weeks, however, I very sanguinely hope will not now pass by, before I shall proceed with printing. My amanuensis is constantly employed five days a week, so that my materials grow very bulky, and a day seldom passes without a

portion of my own labour being employed either in the outline or filling up the detail of the extensive work that I have before me. In pulling down the chapel of Heworth, very little in the way of antiquities was found, if a few pieces of a fluted and corresponding moulded panning of a pointed arch, and some transoms and spandrils of windows be excepted. Within the altar rails we found a leaden coffin bearing the following inscription on a plate of copper, RALPH BRANDLING, ESQ., DIED FEB. 23d. 1750, AGED 20 YEARS, and removed it with the remains it inclosed within the area of the new chapel."

Upon the subject of a contribution to be made by the gentlemen of Northumberland to procure embellishments for Mr. Hodgson's History, Mr. Surtees still continued to feel a considerable anxiety. He himself had received a munificent donation of not much less than 800*l.*, from the nobility and gentry of the county of Durham for the illustration of his own splendid History, and he flattered himself with the hope that such an example would be imitated by the county of Northumberland, but he hoped in vain. After the receipt of the above letter, he thus wrote to his friend Mr. J. B. Taylor, who was also intimately acquainted with Mr. Edward Swinburne.

"Feb. 1822. I cannot find a letter of Hodgson's which explains the subject, or would send it to you. The idea originated with myself. Having a great regard for Hodgson, and thinking it a pity Mr. Swinburne's drawings should not have more justice done them, I sent Hodgson 10*l.*, but of course had no ground to stand on to begin a general subscription, but advised him to apply to Sir John Swinburne and other gentlemen of the county (see p. 321). He answers me that he fears his first, or rather fifth, volume, full of antiquarian lore, has been a damper to the public feelings, and he deemed it expedient, before his friends set anything a-foot, to show the public that some portion of his work would be of more general interest. I do not agree in this, because time is passing; and, if there were funds, plates or etchings might be preparing, but, as my powers were absolutely nothing, I could only acquiesce. I never spoke, I think, to any one but Mr. Darnell, who promised, I believe, 5*l.* 5*s.* and said he would canvass Mr. Trevelyan of Wallington, but the proposition ought to come from some powerful local interest."

No subscription however was entered into. Northumberland cared not to follow the example of Durham, and its historian was left to work his way in his public undertaking unbefriended and uncared-for by a county abounding in wealth, and still more in subjects of intense historical interest, many of them rapidly falling into decay.

CHAPTER XVI.—1822.

Communications to the Gentleman's Magazine.—Correspondence with Dr. McCulloch on Natural History.—The Rev. James Tate, Master of Richmond School, and the Memoir and Monument of Richard Dawes.—Engravings for another volume.—New Chapel at Heworth.—Consecration Sermon.—Church Restoration. Family Distresses.—Illness of his Children.—Death of two Brothers.—Sympathy of his Friends.—Discovery of a Mithraic Cave at Borecovicus or Housesteads.—Essay on the subject.—Prospect of Preferment.

In this year Mr. Hodgson communicated to the Gentleman's Magazine, under the signature of "Archæus," accounts of Copeland Castle, Bothal Castle, Warkworth Bridge, and Willimoteswick, in illustration of certain wood-cuts of those places which had appeared in his lately-published volume, and of which the Editor of that venerable publication had solicited the loan, as embellishments for its pages. That of Copeland Castle, in particular, contains much valuable information. Other notices of his various communications to the Magazine will occur hereafter.

"1822. April 1. Analysed a limestone found in the African wood of which the pulpit is made in Heworth Chapel. It was in a shake near the core and blunted the saws."—*Journal*.

In the summer of 1822 there commences a series of letters addressed to Mr. Hodgson by Dr. Thomas McCulloch, an eminent American experimental philosopher and naturalist, chiefly on the subject of insects and other objects of Natural History; and affording, at the same time, some curious information on the state of Experimental Philosophy in that country. Unfortunately, we have none of Hodgson's letters in reply, but it is easy to discover that he took a great interest in the pursuits, and did everything in his power to supply the various wants, of his correspondent.

On the 2nd of July, the Doctor thanks Hodgson for certain publications with which he had favoured him, sending to him a few American insects in return, and assuring him that if the Newcastle Society would send him insect-pins and cork he would

repay them with insects "in the fall." "The pins are made by Durnford of London, and can with difficulty be got in America." "In our Institution," continues he, "it is a part of my duty to deliver lectures upon Natural Philosophy, and I am, at times, very much at a loss for receivers, tubes, &c.——At present I am preparing a small electrical battery of twelve jars, but want the wires for connecting them. In Nova Scotia things of this kind are not to be got." On the 21st of November, the Doctor writes another letter thanking Hodgson for supplying his wants, and has further requests to make: "At this time I am hardly able to make anything like a decent appearance in the class for want of glass articles. They occasionally break upon my hands and cannot be replaced in this country; there are not more than three uncracked receivers in our seminary, not one glass globe, and, I believe only one tube of a wider bore than those which you sent——In my electrical course for want of them I am reduced to many a miserable shift.——You may judge that last summer I lost no time when I tell you that I pinned about 4000 insects. Of these four boxes go to the University of Glasgow and the remainder to that of Edinburgh.——For you I have reserved a few.——I hope to furnish you with as many as may introduce you to some Philosophical Society of which you may wish to be a member. Along with the box of insects, I have sent for your little children a few Indian playthings. I hope to send you a collection of the birds of these provinces——Would you wish a few of the reptiles of this country? Some of the toads and frogs are very curious." The Doctor proceeds to enumerate not fewer than twenty-four different articles in which his lecturing apparatus was deficient, such as articles in glass, wire, &c. &c., upon which he requests Hodgson to lay out six or seven pounds, and concludes by requesting him to see that the boxes of insects brought into the Tyne by an American ship be duly forwarded to Professor Cowper of Glasgow, and Professor Jameson of Edinburgh, for their respective universities. With this request Hodgson complies, and these two gentleman in due time acknowledge the arrival of the boxes here spoken of.

On the 24th of June 1823, Dr. McCulloch again writes, overwhelmed with gratitude for Hodgson's kind attentions in supply-

ing the deficiencies of his laboratory, and makes large promises of shells from the shores of the Gulph of St. Lawrence, the Atlantic Coast, and the Bay of Fundy, including such as could be found in the province. Circumstances seem to have prevented him from fulfilling these promises, and in October we have another letter: "The collection which I am about to send is not what I expected it to be. I never spent a more active summer, but fighting against nature is a profitless toil. We have had so little summer that many beautiful species have not been hatched. You will scarcely believe me when I tell you that I and some of our students expended several hundred miles' riding upon the largest species of our butterfly, without catching one. My whole collection contains only three, of which you will receive two. You will receive four boxes containing, I conjecture, about two thousand specimens. In moths you will find a very beautiful collection."

Of Dr. M'Culloch we hear no more till 1826, when, on the first of April in that year, he writes from Newcastle to Hodgson, who had then been some time settled at Whelpington, stating that "the trustees of our institution, in consequence of some embarrassments, had deputed" him "to solicit in its behalf the assistance of the British public." In another letter he writes that he is "sorely in want of the countenance of somebody, for never was poor mortal worse cut out for such a mission as mine. Everybody hates beggars, and whenever I try the trade I feel it at every pore." He did not however pay a visit to Whelpington. Hodgson had at this time much illness in his house, and he contented himself with giving to his friend an introduction to some one in Edinburgh. After this we hear no more of Dr. M'Culloch. Some of the insects given by this gentleman to Hodgson are now in the museum at Wallington.

TO THE REV. JAMES TATE,* RICHMOND.

"DEAR SIR, Upper Heworth, near Gateshead, 19th July, 1822.

"My engagements have put it out of my power to return you an early answer to your letter of the 21st of last month; but I have given

* The learned master of Richmond School. I print this letter in its order of time; but more will be said of Dawes and his monument in the sequel.

up the first moment I have had to spare to consider about a monument for Dawes. For 25*l.* I can have one made of statuary marble on the annexed design. It will be nearly six feet high, and will have a free space for an inscription on its tablet of 22 inches by 12 inches. If the subscription amount to more than 25*l.* then the whole monument will be proportionably enlarged.

"The sketch is not correctly drawn, as to dimensions, exactly according to the proportions in which I could wish it to be executed; but it will serve well enough to give a general notion of my plan. The book and lamp I hope you will think appropriate enough. All the rest is purely Greek, excepting the tablet, which is Roman, and therefore, perhaps, suitable enough for receiving a Latin inscription.

"If you should think of adding any account of Dawes and his writings to the paper you have planned for the Classical Journal, I could furnish a paragraph respecting his person and habits. His books and MSS., as you will know, were purchased by Dr. Askew; and, in addition to the notices of him in the encyclopædias and books of biography, some materials may be gleaned from Bishop Burgess's Preface to his Misc. Crit., and from an odd letter of his own to Dr. Taylor, in the Appendix to Bentley's Letters; also from the second volume of Mr. Surtees's History of Durham; and Brand's Newcastle, vol. i. pp. 85, 96, 97.

"The *Ἐπιγρᾶμμα* must be wholly your own. It will be much better as you suggest to represent the book in marble, inscribed MISC. CRIT., than to crowd the inscription with the title of the work; and I will take care that the book be boldly done, and the label flowing and natural. Do you think it necessary to insert some such sentence as this HVIVS • IN • ÆDIS • CEMITERIO • SEPVLTVS., as a reason for putting up the monument at Heworth?

"There is a large basaltic block lying in this village which I have some thoughts of moving and putting upon his grave, to prevent his remains being disturbed. Should this scheme be ever realised, I intend to fix a brass plate in the stone, and inscribe it with, "*The grave of Richard Dawes. Let no man move his bones;*" or "*Tumulus Ricardi Dawes. Ossa ejus ne quis commoveto.*"

"I will not be formal with you in apologising for the trouble I am giving you, or with thanking you for the zeal you have shewn for the memory of Dawes; being well aware that you enter *con amore* into the matter.

"As soon as you have completed the subscription, I shall be glad to hear from you; but we must not venture upon ordering the monument

till we have exactly ascertained our means. I have of late been buying a good deal of experience about bargains with masons, and find that nothing must be left to honour in such matters.

"Most truly yours,

"JOHN HODGSON."

To EDWARD SWINBURNE, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Aug. 4, 1822.

"The Bishop of Oxford * comes hither on Wednesday to consecrate my chapel; and, as no preacher is appointed, I am under the necessity of taking that office, for which my sermon is wholly to begin. I must therefore be brief to your very kind letter.

"If Mr. Lewis will be content to wait for payment for his work till my next volume is ready for publication, I shall be most glad to engage him to be going on with the plates. The business of my chapel, as you well know, has been constantly engrossing the whole of my time for nearly two years; but I do think that I shall in the course of a few weeks be ready to fag again at my History, and consequently to go on with printing. I cannot, however, hope to get a volume out in less than fourteen or fifteen months, which I fear Mr. L. will think a long time.

"If I adopt more expensive plates I must give fewer of them; as the price I have set upon the work and the few copies I print will not pay for expensive views. Fifteen guineas is not however anything extravagant; and if Mr. Lewis will go on with five or six on the terms I have mentioned I shall be obliged to him by his doing so.† Etching is my favourite method: it is a mode sufficiently perfect for truth, and that is what I would principally aim at. The subjects you mention are all sufficiently interesting. I would however prefer Haughton Castle, Linnels Bridge, Hexham, Chipchase, the Peele on the Chirden, and Halton or Harnham, as those I could like to see put forward.

"The only hesitation I have in this matter is the trouble I am giving you, especially in negotiating with Mr. Lewis. But, as I know that you enter *con amore* into the subject, I will not to the other burdens I have laid upon you add that of a load of apologies.

"I have no novelties to tell you of, unless a late discovery at Housesteads of some Roman antiquities can be classed amongst such things. They consist of several altars and fragments of bas-reliefs, which were

* The Hon. Edward Legge.

† By letter of the 20th August, Mr. Lewis agreed to this arrangement.

dug out of the ruins of the penetralia of a temple, which was partly under ground. One of the altars is inscribed, "DEO SOLI INVICTO MITHRÆ SECULARI PUBLIUS PROCULINUS CENTURIO PRO SE ET PROCULO SUO VOTUM SOLVIT LIBENS MERITO." One of the bas-reliefs contains the signs of the zodiac. I have a paper in hand for our A. S. to illustrate them. Very faithfully yours,

"JOHN HODGSON."

The result of Hodgson's second expedition to London, so far as his contemplated new chapel at Heworth was concerned, had been successful; and soon after his return the old chapel was removed to make way for the new fabric, the first stone of which was laid on the 23d of May, 1821. "It will," wrote he to his wife, "give me pain to see the workmen begin to pull down a place which I have now been familiar with for thirteen years, and which attaches itself the more to me from the certainty that it will soon be removed out of sight;" but, with every credit to him for that very natural feeling, there really was nothing in the old fabric except this association to excite it and keep it alive. Of the chapel before it was pulled down, there is a representation in one of Mr. Hodgson's Journals, and another in Richardson's Table Book, proving it to have been totally devoid of ecclesiastical character or antiquity; and it was most certainly utterly unable to accommodate a twentieth part of the population of its district.

The new church was designed by Hodgson himself, and is capable of holding 1500 people.* In its outward appearance it made at that day a considerable impression in the North. Never was church architecture at so low an ebb as in the commencement of the present century; and Heworth was the first new church in the district with any pretensions to character and due arrangements; but now that the art of church building is in advance towards ancient perfection it will by no means bear a strict examination. It would be unfair however to criticise too severely a fabric built at such a time for so small a cost † and under such dif-

* In the old chapel there were only 67 seats free to all comers; in the new edifice the number is 687, over and above those appropriated to houses or families.

† The total cost was 2,200*l.* The subscriptions amounted to 1,500*l.* The remaining 700*l.* were borrowed for a limited time.

ficulties. It is in the form of a cross, with a tower at the west end, but without aisles, with a low roof and a flat ceiling. The windows are numerous, and of the pointed shape, but poor in design, with a single upright mullion, headed by tracery incorrect in character; and externally the same kind of window is stuck on here and there in blank, on what would have been naked spaces of surface, in the style of panelling. The effect of this arrangement, as it will be readily conceived, is heavy and unsatisfactory.* To revert for a moment to the fame which Mr. Hodgson acquired by this effort as a church architect, it must be mentioned that he was in 1825 requested by his neighbour Mr. Collinson, rector of Gateshead, to furnish a design for the spire of the new church on Gateshead Fell (never was there such a mistake as that of a spire in such a situation); and when in 1841 the University of Durham, as we shall see, did him the honour of conferring upon him the degree of Master of Arts, it was seriously regretted by a gentleman in the Convocation House that the official person who presented him to the warden had forgotten to specify, among his other merits, that he had been the restorer of church architecture in the North of England.

The chapel of Heworth is within a stone's throw of the Great North-Eastern Railway, at the north-west end of a short tunnel near Gateshead. It was opened for Divine service by licence on the 5th of May, 1822, and on the 6th of August following was duly consecrated by Dr. Legge, Bishop of Oxford, acting for the aged Dr. Barrington, Bishop of Durham. Hodgson himself preached upon the occasion, and made many happy and touching references to the history of his parish, at a time when Jarrow was the University of England, and that man of ancient and modern fame, the Venerable Bede, its teacher and pattern of learning and piety. His sermon, which is before me in manuscript, is very remarkable for the plainness of its language, addressed as it was chiefly to working men, and it is not less striking in its earnest exhortations to his hearers to make a

* The stone, which is of good freestone was procured from a quarry at Upper Heworth, belonging to Mr. Kell, Mrs. Hodgson's father, and the masonry is well executed.

proper use of the blessing. A few of its historical allusions deserve to be made public. They were probably listened to with great attention by men who had, till that time, no correct idea of the ancient history and glories of their parish. His text was Luke vii. 5:

"Christianity was introduced into this part of England about the year 635; and forty-six years afterwards, viz. in 681, Egfrith, king of Northumberland, gave to Benedict, Abbat of Weremouth, forty farms of land for the purpose of founding an Abbey upon it at Jarrow, which the zealous and indefatigable Abbot completed in two years: for the church there was dedicated on the 24th of May, 684. Hitherto the churches in this part of the country had been made of riven timber, lighted with lattice windows and roofed with reeds and straw. But Benedict built his churches after the Roman style, which he most admired, and for that purpose traversed France, in quest of masons and artificers skilled in making glass, which till his time was unknown in these parts. He also made frequent journeys to Rome for the purpose of purchasing books for the libraries of the abbeys; and among other benefactions to his churches, in his last journey from that country he brought certain curious pictures to adorn the mother church of this place, which contained subjects admirably adapted to show the concordance between the Old and New Testament; for example, Isaac carrying the wood for his own sacrifice, and Jesus bearing his own cross, were compared; and on another table were given the corresponding subjects of the lifting-up of the serpent in the wilderness, and the last solemn scene of the crucifixion.

"These things I give on the testimony of the Venerable Bede, a man born within your parish, who spent all his life in the Abbey of Jarrow; who was the greatest scholar of his day, and whose name you will find in the Kalendar of our Prayer Books opposite to the 29th of May, as one whose memory had been honoured with a canonization.

"From him we further learn that Benedict died in 689, and was succeeded by Ceolfrid, who presided as sole Abbot of Weremouth and Jarrow for twenty-one years, during which time he was not slow in carrying into effect all the plans of his illustrious predecessor. And, among other things which time suggested to him as necessary to be done for the benefit of his monasteries, *'he built more chapels of ease.'*

"Now, though this passage affords no positive evidence that a chapel was founded here either by Benedict or Ceolfrid, it is a good historical

proof that several were built by them within the lands of their abbies; and I could advance arguments,* grounded on rational evidence, to show that one was founded here either in or soon after the reign of Egfrith, the royal founder of our church (of Jarrow). From his time to the year 1214, I have met with no allusion to it, but a record of that year mentions 'The lands of the chapel of Heworth;' and since that time the notices of it are frequent. From the Commonwealth to the commencement of the last century it would appear to have either been in ruins, or to have been very seldom used; but in 1710, on account of the increase of the population in the neighbourhood, it was rebuilt and enlarged. And, as man has gone on according to the commandment of God, increasing and multiplying and replenishing the earth, that enlarged building, while it was rapidly falling into decay, grew greatly inadequate for the purposes for which it was erected; and you are now again met together for the first time within the walls of one reared partly out of its remains, but six times larger, and how much more goodly in its appearance than the humble edifice in which we were wont to assemble!

"Can we, my friends, warm our imaginations with the picture of the inhabitants of Capernaum assembled for the first time in the Synagogue which the Centurion had built for them, and not now feel the same holy flame of gratitude glowing in our hearts as burned in theirs? Can we carry back our thoughts to the times when our parish was filled with but a handful of Saxon barbarians, newly converted to the Christian faith? See the king of the province bestowing lands for the maintenance of a College of Missionaries sent to confirm them in their new religion. See Benedict the first superior of that college traversing France and Italy for artificers to build them a church; for fixtures for its walls, and goodly vessels and ornaments for its altar, for vestments for its ministers, and books for its libraries! Can we, I say, bring into our minds the transports and the raptures of gratitude and admiration which the inhabitants of this parish felt when they saw all these things done for them—when they saw the temples, the altars, the idols that they had so lately bowed to, burnt down and demolished, and in their room obtained a Christian church in which they heard the ministers of Christ every Sabbath-day preaching to them the glad tidings of salvation? and, finally, when we contemplate one of the

* He probably alludes to the discovery of coins of Egfrith, in Heworth Chapel-yard, in 1812. (see p. 167.)

holy and the aged Abbots of that church, for the greater ease of the inhabitants of this place, building a chapel here, and on the day of its consecration assembled with them on this spot—can we imagine to ourselves the blessings they silently poured upon him, their admiration and their love for him, while they gazed on him as he stood at the altar and lifted up his hands and his voice and exhorted them all to flee from idols and turn to the living God who made heaven and earth and all things that are therein?”

During the whole of the period in which Mr. Hodgson was engaged in rebuilding his chapel of Heworth, his mind was almost entirely occupied with his holy undertaking. To him it was a labour of love as well as of duty; and great was his exultation when the work was finished, which for so many years had been the object of his earnest anxiety.

Few people, except those who have been engaged in so pious a work, are aware of the pleasurable excitement there is in building a new church, or in freeing an old one from the squalid abominations of puritanical neglect, or intentional and unchristian parsimony. In either case there is a wholesome feeling of devout gratification which is not easily described. As the new fabric rises slowly from the ground and points upwards to Heaven, the promoters of so godly a work cannot but feel that they are building a house for the holiest of purposes, a house not for themselves or their own day, but for their Maker, and posterity; and as an old one emerges from its defilements, and by degrees re-assumes its ancient character of decent arrangement and church-like appearance, in themselves no mean promoters of true devotion, they cannot but hope, in all humility of mind, that in them may be verified that notable declaration which may be found in the 8th verse of the 26th Psalm; and that they may reasonably entertain a trust that such a good deed may not fail of a reward. After Richard Earl of Cornwall had laid out ten thousand marks upon the church of Hailes, and the work was now nearly finished, he made a memorable remark in the hearing of Matthew Paris, which that historian has taken care to place upon record.* “Would to God,” said the Earl, “that all the money I have laid out upon my Castle of

* Hist. Angl. 827; and Dugd. Mon. Angl. I. 928.

Wallingford had been spent in so pious and salutary a way." All honour and praise to him who builds or restores a House of God upon the true principle of reverence and devotion, and with the conscientious feeling that he is doing no more than his bounden duty in return for blessings received!

On the subject of church restoration in particular, more must be said, to account for the necessity of such a work, in so many localities and upon so extensive a scale at the present time.

In general our ecclesiastical fabrics, where they are in a state of disorder or decay, have had to contend with one or other, or perhaps with all, of three causes which generally go hand in hand—want of architectural skill and feeling, or gross neglect on the part of the Ordinary—ignorance or, as the result of bigoted notions, intentional indifference, and disregard of decency on the part of the minister—and pennysaving selfishness on the part of the parish. It is the duty of the Ordinary, by himself, or some one lawfully deputed as his representative, to make frequent inspections of every church or chapel within his jurisdiction. When these inspections were duly attended to they were made yearly, as they ought to be; and for this purpose Rural Deans, functionaries of which every diocese had its complement, were especially useful. Visitations of this nature, however, presuppose persons duly qualified to give good and wholesome orders, and moreover deeply imbued with the feeling, not merely that a church is somewhat different from an episcopal palace or a parsonage house, but that every church or chapel has its sacred history and associations, and owes its origin to a period, in which, whatever else there might have been to be amended, there was a devotional feeling and a reverence for holy things which we in our day ought to respect, and would do well to imitate. Now, whatever the feeling of persons in authority may have been in this latter respect, it is much to be feared that they have since the Reformation rarely possessed the qualifications I have spoken of. Not, however, that this ignorance of the true principles of the fitting and the seemly has led the Ordinary in general to neglect his duty; although in every diocese such omissions arising from other causes have been far too common. In truth, qualified as he was, he performed it perhaps too frequently, if only once in

ten or twenty years he made an inspection by himself or his deputy, and gave rash orders leading to results to which we of the present generation, many of us, look back with regret, and not unfrequently with shame. In every diocese of the kingdom, churches, once stately, with fair proportions and seemly arrangements, but now mutilated and curtailed and begalliered into the bargain, would bear me out in this statement.

But there was another unhappy result in attendance upon such injudicious and pernicious proceedings on the part of the duly constituted authorities. Almost every order made on such occasions was of a *saving* kind, consulting the purse rather than the duties and liabilities of the parish. In the case of windows, for instance, churchwardens have been authorised (in truth this seems to have been the rule) to destroy the good old workmanship of graceful mullions and pictured glass by stopping a badly-glazed square-headed sash window into the opening, and filling up the space beneath the arch above it with raw masonry, supported by a wooden lintel made of unseasoned timber, cut down probably for the occasion. That various other beautiful and essential parts of our good old churches were meddled with in this ill-judging way, under a due order, is everywhere manifest; and the consequence was this, that the local authorities were not backward in making the discovery, that in such unhappy and tasteless parsimony an example was set by authority which it might be to the advantage of the parish purse for them to imitate when left to themselves and their own sage devices.

And then again, among the parochial clergy, how seldom has it happened, until recent times, that an incumbent has manifested such a feeling for the temple of his ministrations as to induce him to exert his influence in behalf of decency, or set an example of reverence and respect for the handy-work of good and devout men in ancient times!

It must be admitted that at the present time a very different feeling is in general beginning to make itself manifest, and is making a progress, slow it may be, but sure and certain, not merely among the clergy, but among the laity also; and men of all ranks and orders in every part of the kingdom are happily beginning to give hearty and affectionate proof of their love for

the honour of the Almighty, by following the example which He Himself has set us in that glorious temple in which He has placed us and all His creatures, to render Him the worship due unto His name—the mighty dome of Heaven above, gilded at noon-day with the brightness of the sun, or spangled at midnight by the moon and stars—with the surface of the earth as the floor of this magnificent church, inlaid with all the gorgeous colours and patterns of fields, and flowers, and mountains, and rocks, woods, rivers, and seas. What man with the slightest pretension to any true devotional feeling can read the cxlviith psalm without discovering one end at least of the creation of this beautiful and spacious temple, in which all things are there called upon to praise their Maker? Of the temple of Solomon, in all its glory, the avowed architect was the Almighty himself, and in it we have a distinct indication of the nature and character of the house in which He takes a delight. But He constructed a nobler temple than that, to excite the admiration of His true worshippers in every age, when He created the heavens and the earth.

Such progress has the feeling of decency and respect for the house of God, above spoken of, made in late years among rightly-minded men, that probably, before long, a squalid church, or one out of repair, and more suited for the purposes of a stable or barn, than for those for which it was constructed, will be justly considered as an indication that true religious feeling, from whatever cause it may arise, is at a very low ebb in the parish in which it stands, not as an honour but a disgrace to the people who assemble in it and call themselves Christians. From ill-judged directions on the part of the Ordinary, we are probably now safe. Public opinion is powerful, where what is wrong may be contemplated. Churchwardens are more disposed to take good advice for their guide.* Here and there there may be an incumbent

* It is almost impossible to estimate the good produced in the way of Church-restoration by a little book published anonymously now upwards of thirty years ago, entitled "Hints to Churchwardens." The real object of the work was to prevent mischief, but the lessons which it avowedly taught, were, how to commit mischief; how to maltreat and disgrace our churches in every possible feature and way, within and without, from the foundation to the weather-cock. Every single direction is illustrated by a ludicrous engraving of the happy change to be effected; and scarcely one

who presumptuously or puritanically affects to despise such decencies, and in self-justification uncharitably gives hard names to those who in humbleness and sincerity of heart entertain a different opinion. But the number of such is diminishing. Even our Dissenting brethren, who differ from us, unhappily, in points of doctrine or discipline, are building for themselves places of worship after the purest patterns of the best times of our architectural history, and are calling them no longer meeting-houses, but after our names, putting to open shame many a clergyman and influential lay member of the Church of England, who, by their apathy, or unworthy arguments for indecent plainness, give proof that their opinions on such matters are better suited to a period of our history of which there are few who do not think with regret and shame, and to the bringing in of which such opinions contributed, not a little, to pave the way.

FROM EDWARD SWINBURNE, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Richmond, Sept. 3, 1822.

"I have, since the receipt of yours (p. 387), had a conference with Mr. F. Lewis, on the subject of your *Topography*, and, finding him not only willing but desirous of undertaking the etchings on the conditions you proposed, I shall, without delay, put some of the subjects you mentioned into his hands, and the remainder before long. He desired me to say that the payment at the time of publication would do very well, and that it would be a great convenience to him to have so much time beforehand, as he could take them up occasionally, when other business was not pressing upon him. A line to him, when you have leisure, would procure you a confirmation of this from himself, which it would be satisfactory to have. We have talked over the drawings together; and he made several useful suggestions for their improvement. He rather opened

single instance is given which had not been perpetrated in some part of the kingdom. The grave title of the book led to its purchase by numerous well-inclined clergymen and churchwardens who were meditating improvements in their churches and seeking for information; and its satirical engravings and explanations were more than sufficient to keep them from doing harm. Its author must have been a man of infinite humour, and of the most correct taste and feeling.

his eyes at the Peel, which to be sure is not very *pictorial*, but it has a very appropriate interest. We have adopted Halton.

"Our list is therefore: Haughton, Chipchase, Hexham, the Peel, Halton, Linnel Bridge.

"I hope you don't slave so much, now that your masonic labours are over. Yours ever truly,

"ED. SWINBURNE."

"I have just been writing to Lewis, and have suggested to him to mention, the first time he has occasion to write to you, his having agreed to your proposal, &c."

But grief and despondency are at hand. Hodgson's new church was no sooner finished and consecrated than his joy began to die away. Almost immediately after his heart had been gladdened by those happy events various causes began to array themselves against him in painful co-operation, and turn his rejoicing into sorrow. His first volume had not met with a ready or general sale, and many of those by whom copies of the book had been purchased had neglected to fulfil their part of the engagement. The "*res augusta domi*," that far too frequent attendant upon scholars and men of an independent and liberal mind, had long been his inmate, and he had learned patience and submission under its afflicting visitations; but disease and death are now at his door. His brother Robert, the ingenious young book-binder, of whom mention was so often made in his letters from London to Mrs. Hodgson, in 1819 and 1821, had come down to Heworth to die, and while the young man was patiently wearing out his latter days in a hopeless consumption, a typhus fever of great virulence made its appearance among the children; and, although happily it was in no case fatal, yet the distress and misery, of various kinds, which it occasioned were hard to bear.

On these most painful subjects it may suffice to throw together in their order the following letters, which speak of sympathy on the one side and patient endurance on the other. Here again the house of Swinburne is at hand to comfort and condole, and we have the good and aged Bishop of Durham offering something of a more substantial kind in alleviation of domestic misery.

"To the Rev. J. Raine, 27th Sept. 1822, Heworth.—On my return from Durham I found my eldest daughter suffering under a fever, which has confined her to her bed ever since, and which is not yet come to a crisis. Our medical adviser still continues to encourage us with the hope of her recovery, though she is so much reduced as merely to seem alive. This, joined to my brother's continued indisposition, must be my apology for having delayed to give you such additional lights on Meldon as my papers afford——"

"I inclose this in a small box of organic remains to Mr. Darnell, and forbid you shrieve your Major Canons of all their sins till you get them into the mind to let the poor Chaplain of Heworth have his lands again.*—JOHN HODGSON."

FROM THOMAS PURVIS, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Newcastle-on-Tyne, 16 Oct. 1822.

"A good deal of business consequent upon a death in the family has prevented me from having the pleasure of seeing you again before my return to London, for which place I set off on Tuesday. You must therefore have the goodness to let me know on paper what you want out of the British Museum for your History, and how I may procure an admission, &c. Also tell me the particulars of the information you desire from Merton College, and I will try to interest Mr. Nath. Ellison,† a *very* late fellow, in your favour. In any other matters in which you think I can assist you apply to me *sans ceremonie*. I think you have my address in London, 7, Old Square, Lincoln's Inn.

"Yours, very truly,

"THOS. PURVIS"

This letter must not be passed over, although it interrupts our tale of affliction. Mr. Purvis, who so kindly tendered his assist-

* This letter was sent undirected in the box addressed to Mr. Darnell, one of the "Major Canons" here spoken of, who forwarded it to its destination, having written upon its back, "Opened, and believed to be for the Rev. J. Raine." This was not the only letter intended for the author by Mr. Hodgson which fell into other hands for want of having been properly directed. A very amusing tale might be told of one in particular, which found its way to Archdeacon Bowyer, whilst that intended for him was delivered to me. For the chapel lands see p. 391.

† Mr. Ellison is now the much-respected Commissioner of Bankrupts in the North of England.

ance, was afterwards a barrister of considerable eminence with the honour of a silk gown. The author may be permitted to express his obligations to Mr. Purvis, for his friendship and for somewhat more than mere professional zeal and assiduity upon a trying occasion. He died about six years ago, leaving behind him a valuable collection of pictures.

FROM EDWARD SWINBURNE, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Capheaton, 8 Nov. 1822.

"I was much concerned for you, when I heard, on passing through Newcastle yesterday week, that your brother had sunk into his early grave. When I saw him in London his half-extinguished voice and emaciated countenance shewed too evidently what havoc disease had already made; but there was a spirit and animation about him which encouraged hope that change of air, quiet, and affectionate care might, with youth in his favour, have prolonged his existence. I was much pleased with the mixture of kindness and energy that appeared in his character; and I fear you have had a great loss by his untimely end. Did he not leave a family?—I left three drawings with Lewis to go on with; the others are so far thought of that they can be ready for him before he wants them——

"ED. SWINBURNE."

TO EDWARD SWINBURNE, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

Friday morning, 8 Nov. 1822.

"I have a spare moment to say how much obliged to you I feel for your kind expressions of condolence for my poor brother's death. He had been seven weeks with me; and, though when he first came down I could not venture to indulge in the most distant hope of his recovery, yet I did not suppose that he would have been so suddenly snatched from us as he was. He had been in a lethargic state for about three weeks; but till within a few hours of his death continued to sit with me in my study, still full of life and animation. The moment he could shake off the drowsiness for a short time, all his mental energies seemed suddenly to revive, and to light up his sunken eye-balls with a fire almost preternatural. Very soon, however, after he left my study for the last time he became comatose and continued so till he expired.

Poor fellow ! it was a sad affliction to him that he came here ; for, though everything that affection could do for him was done, yet the week after he came to us my eldest child was seized with typhus fever, and, though recovering, is still lying in a very helpless and emaciated state ; and before his death the disease had attacked one of the servants, and since her recovery my second boy has been fifteen days confined to his bed by it without the least symptom of its abating. These things bore more hardly upon my brother than his own sufferings. Added to all which, I have just received the afflicting intelligence of the death of my youngest brother from the Island of Jamaica, to which place I had sent him at his own urgent request, and at great expense to myself.

——Pray accept my best thanks for your kind attention to my work, which has been much delayed ; for before the business of my church was done my father-in-law took ill, and I have ever since had to assist him in his books ; and about ten weeks of continual sickness in my house have in some degree assisted in smothering the zeal with which I silently but laboriously proceed in the undertaking.

" I beg my respectful compliments to Sir John and Lady Swinburne, and to the young ladies, and am, dear Sir, most truly yours,

" JOHN HODGSON."

FROM THE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

" REV. SIR,

Cavendish Square, 3 Dec. 1822.

" Having somewhat accidentally heard that you have been visited by much sickness in your family, I desire you to accept the accompanying 50*l*. The bank bills are divided for security. When you acknowledge the first halves, the second shall be sent. I am, with much regard, your sincere friend and brother,

" S. DUNELM."

TO EDWARD SWINBURNE, Esq.

" MY DEAR SIR,

27 Dec. (1822.)

" I have this moment received, I suppose by Mr. Orde's man, the turkey and the hare ; and beg of you and Sir John to accept my best thanks for these tokens of your kindness and regard to me. My dear children are indeed recovering, and I hope at present rapidly. One of them, who has been nine weeks confined, has begun to walk again

during the last week; but my eldest child, who has been nearly fourteen weeks confined to her room, is not yet able to get out of bed, owing to the extreme weakness of her knees and ankles. She, however, has an extraordinary good appetite, and is become cheerful and buoyant in her spirits; indeed, considering that she lay upwards of six weeks in a state of delirium, her recovery, even as far as it is advanced, seems to us in a manner miraculous; and we have every motive to induce us to thankfulness to Providence for sparing us from the lacerating pang which parents have to suffer in parting with their children at the door of death.

"My chapel answers very well. The flue fills it sufficiently with warm air. I have indeed had some difficulty in getting it well attended to and the doors kept regularly closed, but my poor old sexton is beginning to understand the rationale of the contrivance a little better than I ever hoped he would; and all goes on smoothly now. Without the stove the building could not have been used during this winter; as many parts of the walls are still damp. I could not muster money for a balustrade of open-work round the top of the tower; but have finished it with crenated battlements, having pretty high pinnacles, with gilded vanes at each corner, and four intermediate and shorter ones in the middle of each side.

"I did not get my paper on the Mithraic Antiquities quite finished before the meeting of the Antiquarian Society on the first Wednesday in last month, and have therefore been occasionally engaged in working upon it since that time. Hyde's History of the Ancient Persians, which Mr. Adamson procured for me from Sir John, has been of some use in my inquiries; but it is impossible to fall into his notions respecting the ancient religion of the Persians, as he deduces his evidences on that subject from documents of a comparatively modern date, and slights the testimony of the classic authors, many of whom were sufficiently well acquainted with Persia to speak with certainty on the state of religion in it in their times.

"What a pity that the taurine tablet should have been so sadly mutilated! I have got another bit of it which adds one more symbol, the lunette, something in this manner, [*here a slight sketch of a portion of a crescent or half-moon,*] and makes the dimensions of the stone about a foot higher.

"The Mithraic rites appear to me to have been a mixture of severities, pretty pure notions of morality, elevated ideas of a future state in the Pythagorean sense, but withal so blended with Sabeanism and Mys-

ticism, in its strictest sense, as to have been upon the whole little better than a jargon of witchcraft and astrology. Pray, when you have an opportunity, offer my respectful compliments to Sir John and Lady Swinburne, and the rest of the family. You will find this letter sealed with a gem that was connected through Abraxacism with the worship of Mithras. The figure is Harpocrates; the letters some occult philosophical signs, not to be deciphered but by a Hen. Cor. Agrippa. Most truly yours,

“JOHN HODGSON.”

The discovery to which Hodgson alludes in the conclusion of the preceding letter, and also in that dated on the 20th of August above, was probably one of the most interesting and important which had ever been, or perhaps will ever be, made along the line of the Wall, or even in the whole of England, connected with the religious rites and ceremonies of the Romans: it was made at the station called Housesteads, which is satisfactorily identified as the ancient Borcovicus, a place long known and most famous for the number and character of its various remains, even after the lapse of thirteen centuries. “It is,” writes Gordon in 1727, “unquestionably the most remarkable and magnificent Roman station in the whole island.” “It is hardly credible what a number of august remains of Roman grandeur is to be seen here to this day, seeing in every place where one casts his eye there is some curious antiquity, either the marks of streets and temples in ruins, or inscriptions, broken pillars, statues, and other pieces of sculpture, scattered all over the ground.” Horsley, Gale, Stukeley, and Brand are all diffuse in their admiration of the place, and of the wonderful indications which it manifested in their respective periods of its ancient extent and importance. After the time of the last of these most pains-taking investigators, altar after altar, and one inscribed stone after another, had been brought to light. But the grand discovery was left to be made in June 1822, when there was living at no great distance from the place, in the full vigour of intellect and learning, and burning with Roman enthusiasm, a man with ability and inclination to place upon record, for succeeding generations, a description of the historical and mythological treasures which the earth had for so many centuries concealed from public view.

In a hillock called the Chapel Hill, at the foot of the declivity upon the summit of which stands the camp itself, there was found an artificial cave of walled masonry, dedicated to the worship of the heathen god Mithras, one of the various names given to the Sun in heathen times, and containing the various altar symbols, &c. more or less perfect, which were in use in the secret underground mysteries of that deity. In Hodgson's opinion "the cave itself, and the antiquities which were found in it, afford one of the finest and most copious illustrations of the nature of that worship of any that have been hitherto discovered;" and in the midst of "professional engagements, and a long series of domestic afflictions,"—we have seen above how painfully he had been tried,—he beguiled his weary and sorrowful hours by compiling an elaborate account of this discovery, which on the 22nd November following he communicated to the Transactions of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries. This essay in its printed state occupies 57 quarto pages, and contains a full description with engravings of the subterraneous temple and its accompaniments, entering minutely into the origin of Mithraic worship, and elucidating it through a long period of time in its various phases and migrations. A perusal of this elaborate treatise will amply repay him who takes an interest in tracing the various efforts of the human mind, when left to itself to discover a fit object of adoration, and to every one it may afford a striking proof of the simplicity and purity of that bright light from above which is gradually dispelling the darkness of heathen errors and impurities from the face of the earth.

An analysis of this interesting Essay might with propriety have been made for these pages, but I must content myself with extracting the two following paragraphs, which appear to contain the results at which the writer of the paper arrives.

"There can be no doubt that all the mysteries of paganism had one common origin; that the secrets, to which the aspirants were admitted in the orgies of Isis and Osiris in Egypt, of Ceres at Elepsis, of Adonis in Phœnicia, of Bacchus in Samothrace, of Hu in Britain, and of Mithras in Persia, all emanated from one common fountain. Though, in their progress through different countries and ages, numerous causes,

such as vice, a fondness for novelty, the schemes and animosities of politics, national aversions, were incessantly employed, not only in perverting and debasing them, but increasing their numbers by setting them up in one place in opposition to their establishment in another, yet, still, such was the power with which the pageant which they exhibited preserved its ascendancy over men's minds, and kept alive the fear of departing from their forms and injunctions, that they seemed only to differ one from another as the produce of the seeds of the same plant differs from being stunted or luxuriant in its growth, in different soils and altitudes, and under different modes of treatment. In all their moral austerities and licentious impurities they kept a common likeness to each other.

"The little glimmerings of light which continue to shine on the religion of Mithras, have fallen on no part more distinctly than upon the severities which it enjoined upon the candidates for admission to its mysteries. But even this distinctness is comparative. It is brighter than those 'glimpses of the moon' which 'made night hideous' in his caverns; but it is only a twilight. It is, however, strong enough to enable us to perceive that, among the many apparent contradictions and real difficulties which accompany them, the primary object of these severities was to prepare the mind and bodies of the aspirants by a long course of rigorous discipline, to undergo every species of self-denial, and, by an exhibition of that part of the Pagan creed which relates to the passage of the soul from life to immortality, to impress upon them the necessity of that great moral regeneration which was to fit the soul for entering upon a new, happy, and eternal existence."

As a concluding remark upon this singular discovery, it must be observed that it is not unusual to find in Northumbrian camps of a Roman origin the sacred symbols of Christianity, such as crosses, crucifixes, &c.; all of them belonging to a very early period, if not of a date coeval with the Romans themselves. That some of the Roman soldiers may have been believers of the Truth is more than probable, and the discovery may thus be accounted for; but one thing would appear to be certain and of natural occurrence, that, upon the departure of that people in A. D. 476, their camps and dwelling places would be instantly converted into houses and villages by the natives of the district, who not long afterwards, as we know, became Christians, under King Oswald

and Aidan of Lindisfarne his bishop; and hence in Roman camps the Saxon emblems of the Christian religion. That the earlier Christians in the North of England were glad to avail themselves of what the Romans had left behind them, in the shape of works of art or usefulness, is proved by two very singular pieces of evidence, two prayers to be said over *vessels found in ancient places*, in order to purify them from the taint of heathenism. These prayers are contained in the venerable Durham Book of Church Services of the Saxon period, lately published by the Surtees Society. One of them must not be withheld from the reader:

BENEDICTIO SUPER VASA REPERTA IN LOCIS ANTIQUIS.

“Deus, qui adventu Filii tui, Domini nostri, omnia tuis mundasti fidelibus, adesto propitius invocationibus nostris; et hæc vascula, quæ tuæ indulgentia pietatis post spatia temporum a voragine terræ abstracta humanis uisibus reddidisti, gratiæ tuæ largitate emunda, per, &c.*”

It is more than probable that the particulars of Mr. Hodgson's distressing situation in the autumn of 1822, arising from domestic afflictions and other causes, had been communicated to the Bishop of Durham by Mr. Bouyer, the kind-hearted Archdeacon of Northumberland, a man without an enemy, and certainly without a fault, except that of unwisely meddling with chapter-houses and churches, and building a windmill within the castle walls upon the towering and far seen hill of Bamborough.† Mr. Bouyer had in the course of this autumn himself done much to

* *Rituale Eccles. Dunelm. Surt. Soc.* p. 97. In both of the prayers there is an inter-linear translation into Northumbro-Saxon.

† This mill was a while ago, happily, removed. The warmest admirers of Mr. Bouyer's memory must, it is to be feared, plead guilty in his name in the matter of Bamborough and the chapter-house of Durham. In those two cases he unfortunately did enough, and more than enough, to convince us that in an architectural point of view he was utterly devoid of taste and feeling. But in the case of the parish churches within his archdeaconry a greater weight of blame is laid upon him than he deserves. The sash-windows, and ceilings, and other abominations in the churches of Northumberland, are mostly due to an earlier Archdeacon, Dr. Sharp, who did not stop there, but, in his capacity as a prebendary of Durham, was mainly instrumental in reducing

alleviate Mr. Hodgson's distresses. He had lost no opportunity of recommending the lately published volume of the *History of Northumberland* to the notice of his friends, and had been instrumental in selling many copies in Durham and its neighbourhood for the benefit of its author. But it matters not through what channel the Bishop of Durham had become acquainted with the state of things at Heworth. We have already seen what his kindness prompted him to do at the moment. He soon afterwards conferred upon Hodgson a greater and more durable favour.

In the following statements I shall be unhappily compelled, in the faithful prosecution of my undertaking, to assign to myself a somewhat prominent part in this portion of my narrative, but I beg to assure my readers that nothing shall be committed to paper which is not, in my opinion, necessary to illustrate the considerate kindness of the Bishop of Durham to such a man and in such a case.

During the Christmas of 1822, and for a few weeks in the commencement of the year 1823, I spent much time in the British Museum on the subject of my *History of North Durham*. School holidays were then no holidays to me; from morning till night during the appointed hours my seat was at a desk in the reading-room with a manuscript before me. In the course of this visit I was favoured with much notice by the Bishop of Durham. At his own request I saw him frequently, and the conversation which he was pleased to hold with me on one evening in particular made a deep impression upon my feelings, turning as it did almost exclusively upon a friend whom I had known and valued for several years.

"I take it for granted," said the Bishop, one evening after dinner, "that you are well acquainted with poor Hodgson;" and he proceeded to make very numerous and minute inquiries into

the noble east end of that glorious church to its present bereaved and miserable condition. He was, at that time, owner of the house in the South Bailey, which is nearest to the water-gate on the south side of the street; and the old window mullions which are stuck upon the garden-wall of that house (a portion of the old Norman wall of the city) are trophies of his architectural triumphs borne away from the east windows of the Nine Altars. With Dr. Sharp we shall meet again at Hartburn.

his state of health and that of his family, the extent and population of his parish, and the real value of his benefice. Upon these various subjects I was able to give much information, to which the Bishop lent a most attentive ear. He then put to me several questions with regard to the progress which Hodgson had made in his History of Northumberland, and its probable extent and cost; and here again I had it in my power to give a reply to his inquiries. I can never forget the earnest attention which his Lordship paid to the information I placed before him, or the expressions of kindness and sympathy which fell from his lips during the conversation.

My residence was, during my visit to London, with a friend in Welbeck Street, and, at an early hour the following morning, I received a note from the Bishop requesting me to call at his house in Cavendish Square, on my way through it to the Museum. "Mr. Raine," said his Lordship, as I entered the room, "I am informed by letter this morning that one of my livings is vacant;" and, as he appeared to me to hesitate for a while, I ventured to say, presumingly perhaps, but with a full heart at the announcement, "My Lord, what an opportunity for doing a kind act to Mr. Hodgson!" "No, not this," said the Bishop, giving me to understand by his manner that my suggestion was kindly received, "I want you, if you will do me the favour, to write to your friend Mr. Headlam of Wycliffe, (afterwards Archdeacon of Richmond,) for the value of the living of Barnardcastle, which he will not fail to know. Circumstances make it desirable that I should send Mr. Davidson to Chillingham, the vacant living, and then I would endeavour to obtain for Mr. Hodgson Barnardcastle, if he would be benefited by the change." The letter was duly written, although I was afraid, from what I knew personally of the matter, that my friend would be no gainer either in emolument or ease by leaving the Tyne for the Tees. But, on the following morning, there came another note from the Bishop, requesting another call. "Mr. Raine," said his Lordship, upon my waiting upon him this second time, "I am informed that Chillingham is not vacant; Dr. Thomas is still alive!" Knowing that that was the last interview with the Bishop with which I should be favoured during that vacation, as I had arranged to

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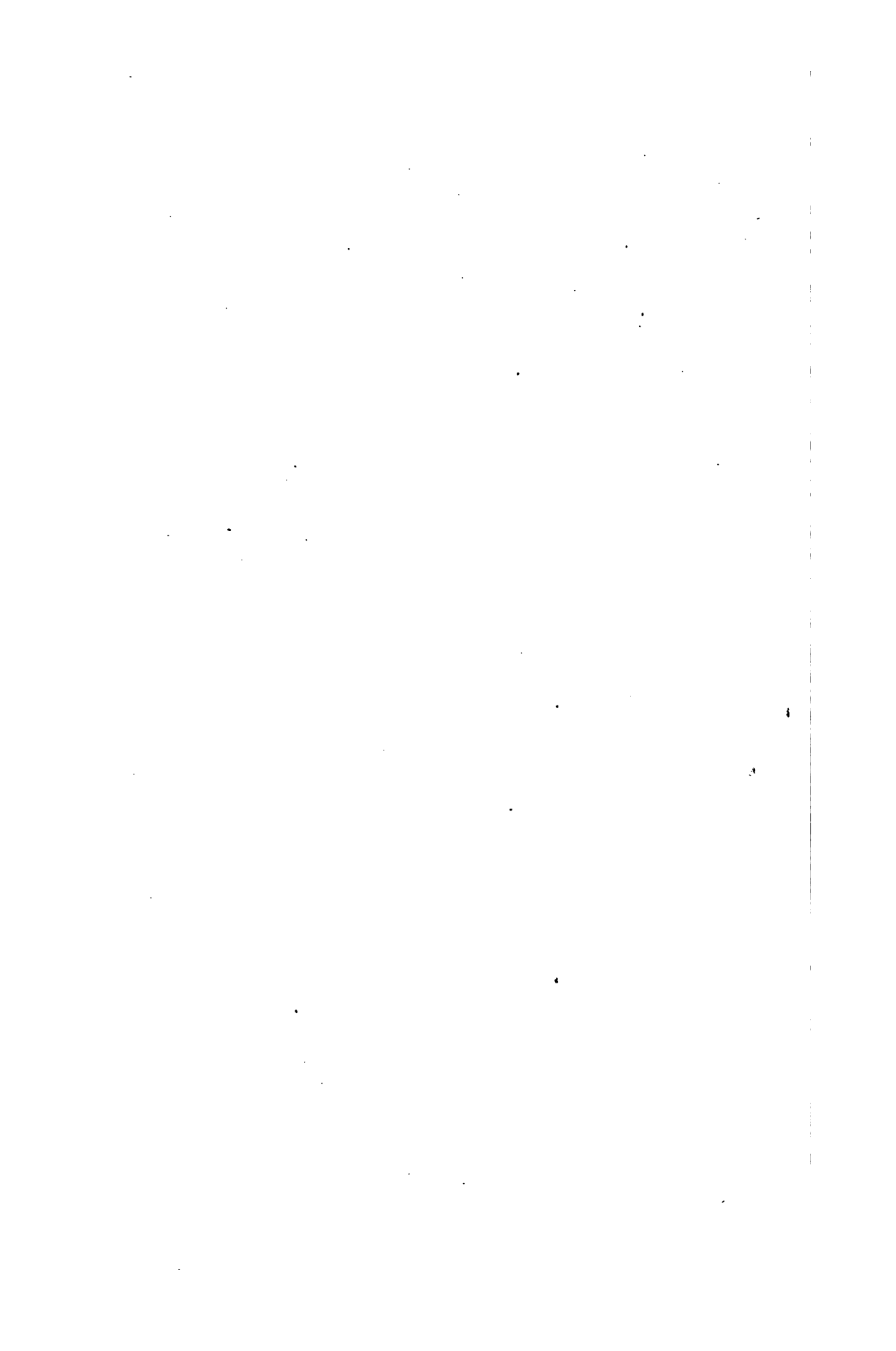
Year	Actual (%)	Projected (%)
1950	7.0	7.0
1960	8.5	8.5
1970	10.0	10.0
1980	12.0	12.0
1990	-	14.0
2000	-	16.0
2010	-	17.5
2020	-	18.5
2030	-	18.5
2040	-	18.0
2050	-	17.5



return home in the evening, I ventured to say, "My Lord, I am sorry, for Mr. Hodgson's sake." Bishop Barrington, even at an earlier period of his life, never made promises, as I have been informed, which he might not live to fulfil. At that time he was 89 years of age. But I left him with a feeling amounting to a comfortable assurance that he had that morning made one to me. He smiled, and wished me a good journey home in the kindest way; and from that moment I could not but feel assured, that, if his life should be spared a while longer, and an opportunity should present itself, Hodgson would not remain long at Heworth.

But, let us begin a new year with a new chapter and another volume, and see whether a change of residence, and lengthening days, and the pure air of Northumberland may not bring along with them more of comfort and happiness to a family greatly in need of such blessings. Let us bid farewell to the Tyne, and take our departure to the Wansbeck.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.





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